



POETRY OF FLOWERS

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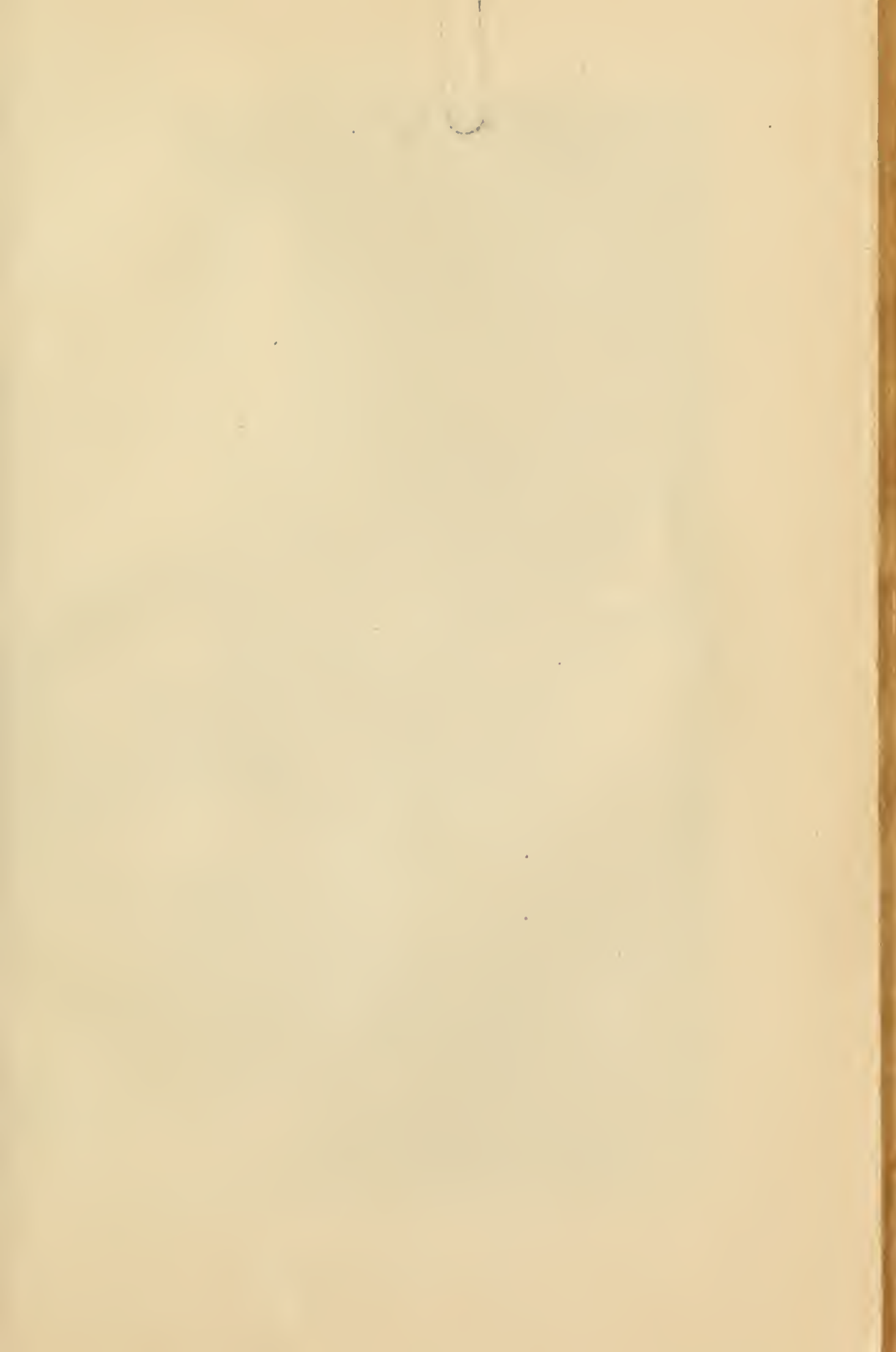
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POETRY OF THE FLOWERS:

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NEW YORK:
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., n. d.

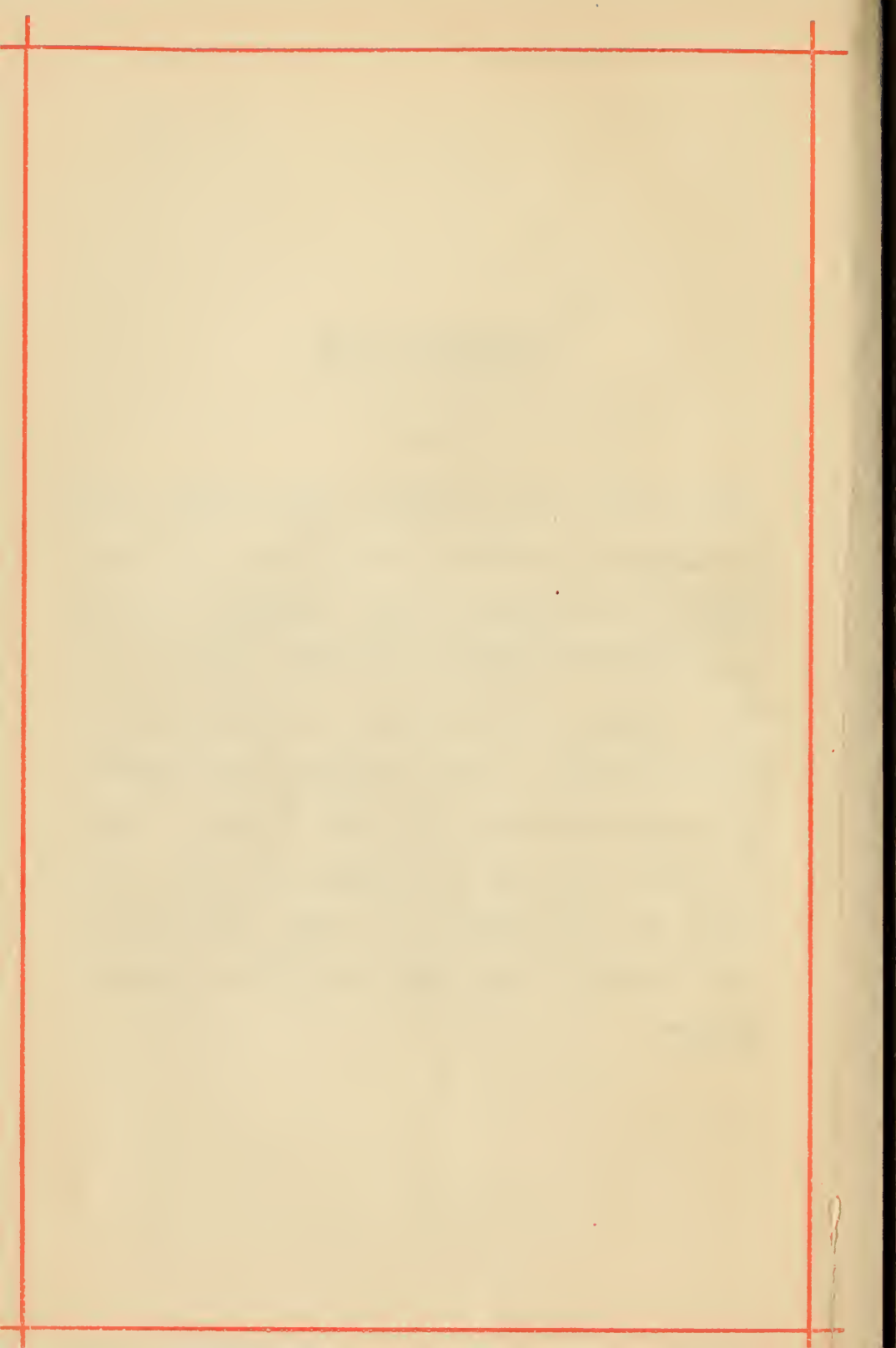
NO. 13 ASTOR PLACE.

Press of W. F. Brown & Co., 218 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE
WIND
BLOWING

PREFACE.

THIS little volume contains a brief sketch of the mythology and symbolism of flowers ; some hints with regard to their practical utility ; selections from the poetry inspired by them ; and a full explanation of their language, in the shape of a Vocabulary and Flower Dialogues. A game for home is also suggested, to be played with these lovely gifts of nature. Thus, it is hoped, that alike in sunshine and shade—when June's red roses delight us, or "rain and wind beat dark December"—our readers may enjoy a perennial Bouquet.



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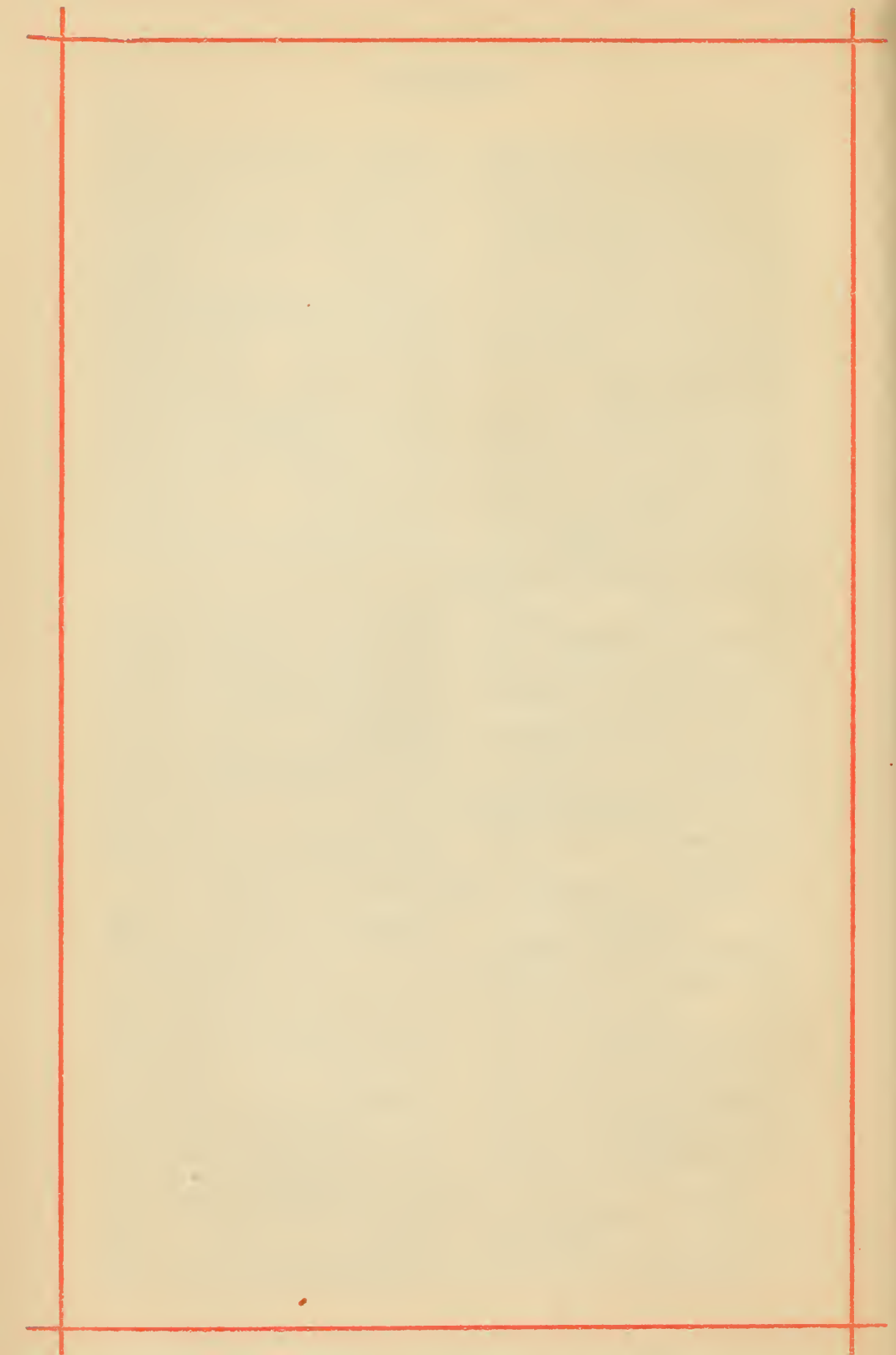
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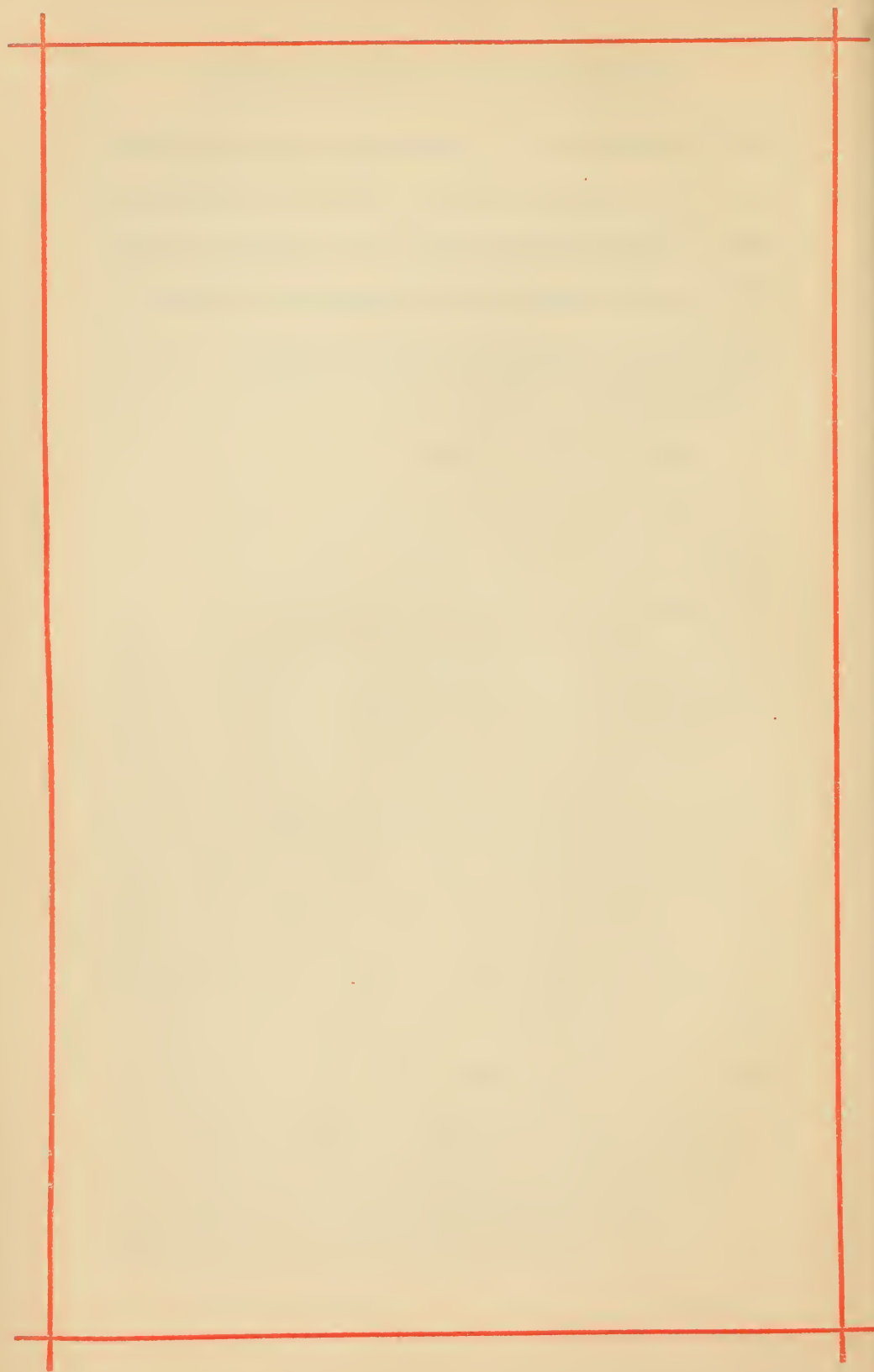
INTRODUCTION BY AMERICAN EDITOR.

NO apology is needed for having brought together, in a presentable form, a few of the many beautiful things that the poets have written on flowers. The impulse was a natural one, originating in love of the subject, and a desire that others should feel and enjoy the pleasure of familiarity with the best and highest thoughts upon them. The idea of such a collection once entertained, the only difficulty was what to omit. No one who has not examined English poetry with an especial view to the poetry of flowers, could imagine the extent to which that rich theme has inspired the sons of song. < Only Love has prompted more verses ; and even that universal topic is so indebted to the

illustration of flowers, that we cannot but perceive their claim to be almost equal in extent.

Whatever may seem capricious in this selection, is to be ascribed to redundance and excellence of material. The plan required that variety of topics and treatment should be a leading object, and this excluded some of the most charming flower-poetry. Then, again, some pieces of that kind had, from their very excellence, already found their way into every school reading-book, and it seemed superfluous to reprint them here. And more than all, the quantity of verses which the editor had supposed could be contained in a good-sized volume, proved so much beyond the capacity of any volume of tolerable proportions, that a great mass of dearly beloved poems were absolutely crowded out. There will, however, be found in this little volume something for all tastes, as well as for all seasons. It contains a brief sketch of the mythology and symbolism of flowers ; some hints with regard to their practical utility ; selections from the poetry inspired by them ; and a full explanation of their language, in the shape of a Vocabulary and Flower Dialogues. A

game for home is also suggested, to be played with these lovely gifts of nature. Thus, it is hoped, that alike in sunshine and shade—when June's red roses delight us, or "rain and wind beat dark December"—our readers may enjoy a perennial Bouquet.



FLORAL POESY.



FLORAL POESY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE most charming of all gifts is one of flowers. A queen may give them to her subjects ; and the poorest subject may offer them to a monarch.

They are the representatives of all times and of all nations ; the pledges of all feelings. The infant plays with them, and gains his first idea of beauty from their blossoms ; the lover gives them to his beloved ; the bride wears them. We offer them to our beloved dead ; dynasties are represented by a flower ; nations adopt them as their emblems. Universal is their hold on human sympathies ; universal their language.

Floral Poesy is, therefore, the most appropriate of all presents ; and, in giving this title to a language of flowers, and a collection of charming poems on them, we believe we have not been guilty of a misnomer.

Hood, in the following pretty lines, has afforded us an admirable introduction to our poetical Posie :—

“ Welcome, dear Heart, and a most kind good-morrow :
The day is gloomy, but our looks shall shine :—
Flowers I have none to give thee, but I borrow
Their sweetness in a verse to speak for thine.

“Here are red Roses, gathered at thy cheeks,—
 The white were all too happy to look white :
 For love the Rose, for faith the Lily speaks ;
 It withers in false hands, but here 'tis bright !

“Dost love sweet Hyacinth ? Its scented leaf
 Curls manifold,—all love's delights blow double :
 'Tis said this floweret is inscribed with grief,—
 But let that hint of a forgotten trouble.

“I plucked the Primrose at night's dewy noon ;
 Like Hope, it showed its blossoms in the night ;—
 'Twas, like Endymion, watching for the Moon !
 And here are Sunflowers, amorous of light !

“These golden Buttercups are April's seal,—
 The Daisy stars her constellations be :
 These grew so lowly, I was forced to kneel,
 Therefore I pluck no Daisies but for thee !

“Here's Daisies for the morn, Primrose for gloom,
 Pansies and Roses for the noontide hours :—
 A wight once made a dial of their bloom,—
 So may thy life be measured out by flowers !”

Our readers will perceive that the symbolism and language of flowers were not unknown to the poet. Mrs. Browning says truly and charmingly :—

“Love's language may be talked with these ;
 To work out choicest sentences,
 No blossoms can be meeter ;
 And, such being used in Eastern bowers,
 Young maids may wonder if the flowers
 Or meanings be the sweeter.

“And such being strewn before a bride,
 Her little foot may turn aside,
 Their longer bloom decreeing,
 Unless some voice's whispered sound
 Should make her gaze upon the ground
 Too earnestly for seeing.

“And such being scattered on a grave,
 Whoever mourneth there, may have
 A type which seemeth worthy
 Of that fair body hid below,
 Which bloomed on earth a time ago,
 Then perished as the earthy.

“And such being wreathed for worldly feast,
 Across the brimming cup some guest
 Their rainbow colors viewing,
 May feel them, with a silent start,
 The covenant his childish heart
 With Nature made,—renewing.”

And Leigh Hunt playfully declares :—

“An exquisite invention this,
 Worthy of love’s most honeyed kiss,
 This art of writing *billet doux*
 In buds and odors, and bright hues ;
 In saying all one feels and thinks
 In clever daffodils and pinks,
 Uttering (as well as silence may)
 The sweetest words the sweetest way :
 How fit, too, for the lady’s bosom,
 The place where *billet doux* repose ’em.

“How charming in some rural spot,
 Combining *love* with *garden* plot,
 At once to cultivate one’s flowers,
 And one’s epistolary powers,
 Growing one’s own choice words and fancies
 In orange-tubs and beds of pansies ;
 One’s sighs and passionate declarations
 In odorous rhet’ric of carnations ;
 Seeing how far one’s stocks will reach ;
 Taking due care one’s flowers of speech
 To guard from blight as well as bathos,
 And watering every day one’s pathos.

"A letter comes just gathered : we
 Dote on its tender brilliancy ;
 Inhale its delicate expression
 Of balm and pea ; and its confession
 Made with as sweet a maiden blush
 As ever morn bedewed in bush ;
 And then, when we have kissed its wit,
 And heart, in water putting it,
 To keep its remarks fresh, go round
 Our little eloquent plot of ground,
 And with delighted hands compose
 Our answer, all of lily and rose,
 Of tuberose and of violet,
 And little darling (*mignonette*),
 And gratitude and polyanthus,
 And flowers that say, "Felt never man thus !"

How the flowers may be made to hold a conversation,
 Christine Pire tells us in the following dialogue :—

THE LOVER.

"I give to thee the Autumn rose,
 Let it say how dear thou art ;
 All my lips dare not disclose,
 Let it whisper to thy heart ;
 How love draws my soul to thee,
 Without language thou may'st see.

THE LADY.

"I give to thee the aspen-leaf—
 'Tis to show I tremble still
 When I muse on all the grief
 Love can cause, if false or ill ;
 How, too, many have believed,
 Trusted long, and been deceived.

* * * * *



LOVER.

“ I give to thee a faded wreath,
Teaching thee, alas ! too well,
How I spent my latest breath,
Seeking all my truth to tell ;
But thy coldness made me die
Victim of thy cruelty.

LADY.

“ I give to thee the honey-flower,
Courteous, best, and bravest knight :
Fragrant in the summer shower,
Shrinking from the sunny light :
May it not an emblem prove
Of untold, but tender love ? ”

Flowers also are used for divination. All readers of Goethe will remember Marguerite's flower. Our own poet Lowell sends the following pretty lines on the subject, with a pressed flower :—

- “ This little flower from afar,
Hath come from other lands to thine ;
For once its white and drooping star
Could see its shadow in the Rhine.
- “ Perchance some fair-haired German maid
Hath plucked one from the self-same stalk,
And numbered over, half afraid,
Its petals in her evening walk.
- “ ‘ He loves me, loves me not ! ’ she cries ;
‘ He loves me more than earth or heaven ! ’
And then glad tears have filled her eyes
To find the number was uneven.
- “ And thou must count its petals well,
Because it is a gift from me :
And the last one of all shall tell
Something I've often told to thee.

“ But here at home, where we were born
 Thou wilt find flowers just as true,
 Down-bending every Summer morn
 With freshness of New England dew.

“ For Nature, ever kind to love,
 Hath granted them *the same sweet tongue*,
 Whether with German skies above,
 Or here our granite rocks among.”

There is another mode, resembling the Scottish and English superstitions on Hallowe'en and St. Agnes' Eve, by which maidens in Germany seek to dive into futurity. It is by the St. John's Wort. The story is prettily told in these lines, which we transcribe from the “Flora Symbolica :”—

“ The young maid stole through the cottage door,
 And blushed as she sought the plant of power ;
 ‘ Thou silver glowworm, O lend me thy light,
 I must gather the mystic St. John's-wort to-night ;
 The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide
 If the coming year shall make me a bride ! ’
 And the glowworm came
 With its silvery flame,
 And sparkled and shone
 Thro' the night of St. John ;
 And soon as the young maid her love-knot tied,

“ With noiseless tread
 To her chamber she sped,
 Where the spectral moon her white beams shed.
 ‘ Bloom here, bloom here, thou plant of power,
 To deck the young bride in her bridal hour ? ’
 But it drooped its head, that plant of power,
 And died the mute death of the voiceless flower ;
 And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,
 More meet for a burial than bridal day.

And when a year was past away,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay !
 And the glowworm came
 With its silvery flame,
 And sparkled and shone
 Thro' the night of St. John ;
And they closed the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay."

Games also are made of flowers. In fact, time would fail to tell of all the joy and beauty which these sweet creations bestow upon humanity. Through life to death they cheer us ; and it is not one of the least of our anticipated joys hereafter that we shall dwell amid those flowers of Paradise, of which these earthly blossoms are but faint shadows.

And in these days of utility, when a thing is nothing if not useful, we must remind our readers that the vegetable and floral world holds in it the secret of health to a greater degree, we believe, than is yet dreamt of in our philosophy. They make the air we breathe pure and life-giving. It is a known fact that Lavender and many other flowers supply ozone to the atmosphere ; the humble Lichen was one of the ingredients in the dye of imperial purple, for which Tyre and Sidon were famous ; and the search for it brought Phœnician commerce to the Irish shores in the days of Ptolemy. Another Lichen, the *Rocella tinctoria*, afforded the first dye for British broad cloths. The Mosses shared in this utility.

The Dandelion affords the *Taraxacum*, a valuable medicine. The tubers called "Lords and ladies," dear to babyhood, furnish a species of Arrowroot. The tubers of the *Orchis* afford a similar preparation called salep, a favorite posset with our great-grandmothers.

The Rock Samphire bestows a pickle on our tables.

The Red rose leaf is an admirable tonic ; the Lily leaf heals a cut. Chamomile is a tonic. Cowslip affords a wine and a pudding, besides an infant's ball ; the Lesser Celandine is still used in medicine for the relief of a painful disease ; and who is ignorant of the blessed soothing powers of the Poppy and Henbane ? Greek mythology has left a floral record ; the Mistletoe, Vervain, and St. John's Wort recall Druidic rites of ancient Britain.

Thus we may give with a bouquet memories of mythology, history, usefulness, beauty, and fragrance ; and in modern times we have added to the ancient claims of flowers that of language—a gift bestowed on them by the East, and transplanted thence by one of the most gifted of Englishwomen, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

In our Floral Gift we have endeavored to unite all this goodly heritage of flower-land. And with these few lines of introduction, we leave them to their worthy chroniclers—the Poets.

DAISY.

(*Innocence.*)

“Whose white investments figure innocence.”—SHAKSPEARE.

THE flower which, next to the rose, appears to have received the most attention from the poets is the *Daisy*.

Formerly it was termed the “e’e of daie,” and under that name Chaucer speaks of it.

According to the classic account, this little flower owed its origin to Belides, one of the dryads, the nymphs who presided over woodlands. It is fabled that whilst this damsel was dancing with her favored suitor, Ephigeus, she attracted the attention of Vertumnus, the guardian deity of orchards : and it was in order to shelter her from his pursuit that she was transformed into *Bellis*, or the daisy—the “day’s eye,” as our old poets call it—the flower of faithful love, which opens and closes with the sun.

It is called in French *la Marguerite*, or pearl.

The unhappy Margaret of Anjou chose it as her device ; and when she reigned a beauty and crowned queen, the nobles of England wore wreaths of it, or had it embroidered on their robes.

Marguerite de Valois, the friend of Erasmus and Calvin—the Marguerite of Marguerites—also adopted this flower as her device ; and it was more appropriate certainly to the princess who withdrew from the glitter of courts to study her Bible than to the ambitious Lancastrian queen of England.

THE DAISIE.

CHAUCER.

DAISIE of light ! very ground of comfort !
 The sunnis doughtir ye hight, as I rede,
 For when he westrith, farwell your disport ;
 By your nature anone, right for pure drede
 Of the rude Night, that with his boistous wede
 Of derkenesse shadowith our hemisphere,
 Then closin ye, my liv'is ladie dere.

Daunying the daie unto his kind resort,
 And Phœbus your fethir with his stremes rede
 Adorneth the morrowe, consuming the sort
 Of mistie cloudes, that wouldin ovirlede
 True humble hertis with ther mistie hede,
 Nere comfort adaies, when your eyin clere
 Disclose and sprede, my liv'is ladie dere.

Je vouldray ; but the grete God disposeth
 And makith casuell by His providence
 Soche thing as mannis frele wit purposeth,
 All for the best, if that your conscience
 Not grutche it, but in humble pacience
 It receve ; for God saith withoutin fable,
 A faithfull herte evir is acceptable.

From "A Godely Balade."

TO THE DAISY.

WORDSWORTH.

BRIGHT flower ! whose home is everywhere,
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,
 And all the long year through the heir
 Of joy or sorrow ;

Methinks that there abides in thee
 Some concord with humanity,
 Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough !

Is it that man is soon deprest ?
 A thoughtless thing ? who, once unblest,
 Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason,
 And thou wouldst teach him how to find
 A shelter under every wind,
 A hope for times that are unkind,
 And every season ?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
 Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,
 With friends to greet thee, or without,
 Yet pleased and willing ;
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
 And all things suffering from all,
 Thy function apostolical
 In peace fulfilling.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH A PLOW.

BURNS.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour,
 For I maun crush amang the stoure *
 Thy slender stem ;
 To spare thee now is past my power.
 Thou bonnie gem.

* *Stoure*, dust.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,*
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward springing, blithe to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter, biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted† forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's‡ maun shield,
 But thou, beneath the random bield§
 O' clod or stane
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who lang with wants and woes has striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 'Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
 He ruined, sink !

* *Weet.* rain, wetness.

† *Glinted,* peeped.

‡ *Wa's,* walls.

§ *Random bield,* casual shelter.

Even thou, who mourn'st the daisy's fate
 That fate is thine—no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's plowshare drives elate
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till, crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

SNOWDROP:

OR,

FAIR MAID OF FEBRUARY.

(Friend in Need—Hope.)

THE snowdrop is dedicated to the Virgin Mary ; and tradition asserts that it blooms on the second of February, or Candlemas Day—the day kept in celebration of the Holy Virgin taking the Child Jesus to the Jewish Temple, and there presenting the appointed offering of two turtle doves.

THE SNOWDROP.

WESTWOOD.

THE snowdrop is the herald of the flowers,
 Sent with its small white flag of truce to plead
 For its beleaguered brethren : suppliantly,
 It prays stern winter to withdraw his troop
 Of winds and blustering storm ; and having won
 A smile of promise from his pitying face,
 Returns to tell the issue of its errand,
 To the expectant host.

THE SNOWDROP.

WORDSWORTH.

LONE flower, hemmed in with snows, and white as they,
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day
Storms, sallying from the mountain tops, waylay
The rising sun, and on the plains descend,
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise ! Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils, their odors lavishing
On the soft west wind and his frolic peers ;
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste snowdrop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years !

THE SNOWDROP.

MRS. HOWITT.

THE snowdrop ! 'Tis an English flower,
And grows beneath our garden trees ;
For every heart it has a dower,
And old and dear remembrances !
All look upon it, and straightway
Recall their youth like yesterday,
Their sunny years when forth they went,
Wandering in measureless content ;
Their little plot of garden ground,
The mossy orchard's quiet bound ;

Their father's house so free from care,
And the familiar faces there ;
The household voices kind and sweet,
That knew no feigning—hushed and gone !
The mother that was sure to greet
Their coming with a welcome tone ;
The brothers that were children then,
Now anxious, toiling, thoughtful men ;
And the kind sister whose glad mirth
Was like a sunshine on the earth—
These come back to the soul supine,
Flower of the spring, at look of thine :
And thou, among the dimmed and gone,
Art an unaltered thing alone !
Unchanged—unchanged—the very flower
That grew in Eden droopingly—
And now beside the peasant's door
Awakes his little children's glee,
Even as it filled his heart with joy
Beside his mother's door, a boy !—
The same—and to his heart it brings
The freshness of those vanished springs !
Bloom then, fair flower, in sun and shade,
For deep thought in thy cup is laid ;
And careless children, in their glee,
A sacred memory make of thee !

TO THE SNOWDROP.

KEBLE.

THOU first-born of the year's delight,
Pride of the dewy glade,

In vernal green and virgin white,
Thy vestal robes arrayed :

'Tis not because thy drooping form
Sinks grateful on its nest,
When chilly shades from gathering storm
Affright thy tender breast ;

Nor from yon river islet wild,
Beneath the willow spray,
Where like the ringlets of a child,
Thou wearest thy circle gay ;

'Tis not for these I love thee dear,—
Thy shy averted smiles
To fancy bode a joyous year,
One of life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry moon,
And cheer the ungenial day,
And tell us all will glisten soon,
As green and bright as they.

Is there a heart that loves the spring,
Their witness can refuse ?
Yet mortals doubt when angels bring
From Heaven their Easter news :

When holy maids and matrons speak
Of Christ's forsaken bed,
And voices, that forbid to seek
The living 'mid the dead ;

And when they say, "Turn, wandering heart,
Thy Lord is risen indeed,
Let pleasure go, put care apart,
And to His presence speed ;"

We smile in scorn ; and yet we know
They early sought the tomb,
Their hearts that now so freshly glow,
Lost in desponding gloom.

They who have sought, nor hope to find,
Wear not so bright a glance :
They who have won their earthly mind,
Less reverently advance.

But where, in gentle spirits, fear
And joy so duly meet,
These sure have seen the angels near,
And kissed the Saviour's feet.

Nor let the pastor's thankful eye
Their faltering tale disdain,
As on their lowly couch they lie,
Prisoners of want and pain.

O guide us, when our faithless hearts
From thee would start aloof,
Where patience her sweet skill imparts
Beneath some cottage roof :

Revive our drooping fires, to burn
High as her anthems soar,
And of our scholars let us learn
Our own forgotten lore.

THE SNOWDROP.

MRS. ROBINSON.

THE Snowdrop, Winter's timid child,
Awakes to life, bedewed with tears,
And flings around its fragrance mild ;
And, where no rival flowerets bloom
Amidst the bare and chilling gloom,
A beauteous gem appears.

* * * *

Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,
Thou still art sweet and dear to me !
For I have known the cheerless hour,
Have seen the sunbeams cold and pale,
Have felt the chilling wintry gale,
And wept and shrunk like thee.

THE SNOWDROP.

As Hope, with bowed head, silent stood,
And on her golden anchor leant,
Watching below the angry flood,
While Winter, 'mid the dreariment
Half-buried in the drifted snow,
Lay sleeping on the frozen ground,
Not heeding how the wind did blow,
Bitter and bleak on all around :
She gazed on Spring, who at her feet
Was looking at the snow and sleet.

Spring sighed, and through the driving gale
Her warm breath caught the falling snow,
And from the flakes a flower as pale
Did into spotless whiteness blow ;
Hope, smiling, saw the blossom fall,
And watched its root strike in the earth,—
“ I will that flower the Snowdrop call,”
Said Hope, “ in memory of its birth ;
And through all ages it shall be
In reverence held, for love of me.”

“ And ever from my hidden bowers,”
Said Spring, “ it first of all shall go,
And be the herald of the flowers,
To warn away the sheeted snow :
Its mission done, then by thy side
All summer long it shall remain.
While other flowers I scatter wide
O'er every hill, and wood, and plain,
This shall return, and ever be
A sweet companion, Hope, for thee.”

Hope stooped and kissed her sister Spring,
And said, “ For hours when thou art gone,
I'm left alone without a thing
That I can fix my heart upon ,
'Twill cheer me many a lonely hour,
And in the future I shall see
Those who would sink, raised by that flower,
They'll look on it, then think of thee ;
And many a weary heart shall sing,
The Snowdrop bringeth Hope and Spring.

THE COWSLIP.

(Pensiveness—Winning Youthful Grace.)

THE “pretty Mullein,” as it is called, is one of the sweetest of our meadow flowers. The yellow oxlip is larger, and not quite so common.

Cowslip wine is pleasant, and said to be slightly narcotic.

Shakspeare, speaking of the Fairy Queen, says :

“ The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots we see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,—
In those freckles live their savors ;
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip’s ear.”

Milton, in his masque of “Comus,” has given an exquisite song to Sabrina, in which the airy tread of that goddess “o’er the cowslip’s velvet head” is most delicately expressed :

“ By the rushy, fringed bank,
Where grow the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays ;
Thick set with agate and the azure sheen
Of turkis blue and emerald green,
That in the channel strays ;
Whilst from off the waters fleet,
Thus I set my printless feet,
O’er the cowslip’s velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here.”

These flowers furnish an abundant supply of honey to the bee ; for

“ Rich in vegetable gold,
From calyx pale the freckled cowslip born,
Receives in amber cups the fragrant dews of morn.”

THE COWSLIP.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Good neighbor cowslip, I have seen the bee
Whispering to you, and have been told he stays
Quite long and late amid your golden cells.
Is it not business that he comes upon—
Matter of fact ? He never waits an hour.
Know you that he's a subtle financier,
And shows some gain for every day he spends ?
Oh ! learn from him the priceless worth of time,
Thou fair and frail ! So shalt thou prove the truth,
That he who makes companion of the wise
Shall in their wisdom share.

COWSLIPS.

MARY HOWITT.

OH ! fragrant dwellers of the lea,
When first the wildwood rings
With each sound of vernal minstrelsy,
When fresh the green grass springs !

What can the blessed spring restore
More gladdening than your charms,
Bringing the memory once more
Of lovely fields and farms !

Of thickets, breezes, birds, and flowers ;
Of life's unfolding prime ;
Of thoughts as cloudless as the hours ;
Of souls without a crime.

Oh! blessed, blessed do ye seem,
For, even now, I turned
With soul athirst for wood and stream,
From streets that glared and burned.

From the hot town, where mortal care
His crowded fold doth pen ;
Where stagnates the polluted air
In many a sultry den.

And are ye here ? and are ye here ?
Drinking the dew like wine,
'Midst living gales and waters clear,
And heaven's unstinted shine.

I care not that your little life
Will quickly have run through,
And the sward with summer children rife
Keep not a trace of you.

For again, again, on dewy plain,
I trust to see you rise,
When spring renews the wildwood strain,
And bluer gleam the skies.

Again, again, when many springs
 Upon my grave shall shine,
 Here shall you speak of vanished things
 To living hearts of mine.

THE COWSLIP.

MISS LONDON.

THE cowslip, that bending
 With its golden bells,
 Of each glad hour's ending
 With a sweet chime tells.

CROCUS.

(Cheerfulness—Hope.)

ACCORDING to some authors, these bright little
 flowers, which

“Come before the swallow dares,
 And take the winds of March with beauty,”

derive their name from a Greek word signifying *thread*,
 from the fact of their thread or filament being in such
 request for saffron dye.

The Greeks fabled that Crocu, a beautiful youth,
 was transformed into this flower; as his lady-love,
 Smilax, was at the same time into a yew-tree.

It is in England consecrated to St. Valentine.

Bees are excessively fond of the crocus ; and Moore thus alludes to this fact in "Lalla Rookh" :

"The busiest hive
On Bela's hills is less alive,
When saffron-beds are full in flower,
Than looked the valley in that hour."

Mrs. Howitt says of the purple crocus :

"Like lilac flame its color glows,
Tender and yet so clearly bright,
That all for miles and miles about
The splendid meadow shineth out,
And far-off village children shout
To see the welcome sight."

TO A CROCUS.

BLOOMING BENEATH A WALLFLOWER.

BARTON.

WELCOME, wild harbinger of spring !
To this small nook of earth ;
Feeling and fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fixed thy lowly lot.

To thee,—for thy rich golden bloom,
Like heaven's fair bow on high,
Portends, amid surrounding gloom,
That brighter hours draw nigh,
When blossoms of more varied dyes
Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

Yet not the lily, nor the rose,
Though fairer far they be,
Can more delightful thoughts disclose
Than I derive from thee :
The eye their beauty may prefer ;
The heart is thy interpreter !

Methinks in thy fair flower is seen,
By those whose fancies roam,
An emblem of that leaf of green
The faithful dove brought home,
When o'er the world of waters dark
Were driven the inmates of the ark.

That leaf betokened freedom nigh
To mournful captives there ;
Thy flower foretells a sunnier sky,
And chides the dark despair,
By winter's chilling influence flung
O'er spirits sunk, and nerves unstrung.

And sweetly has kind Nature's hand
Assigned thy dwelling-place
Beneath a flower whose blooms expand
With fond congenial grace,
On many a desolated pile,
Brightening decay with beauty's smile.

Thine is the flower of Hope, whose hue
Is bright with coming joy ;
The wallflower's that of Faith, too true
For ruin to destroy ;—
And where, O ! where should Hope up-spring
But under Faith's protecting wing.

TO THE CROCUS.

PATTERSON.

LOWLY, sprightly little flower !
Herald of a brighter bloom,
Bursting in a sunny hour
From thy winter tomb.

Hues you bring, bright, gay, and tender,
As if never to decay ;
Fleeting in their varied splendor—
Soon, alas ! it fades away.

Thus the hopes I long had cherished
Thus the friends I long had known,
One by one, like you, have perished,
Blighted—I must fade alone.



APPLE-BLOSSOM.

(Preference.)

IN the Scandinavian mythology the apple-tree played an important part. In the "Edda," the goddess Iduna is related to have had charge of the apples which had the power of conferring immortality, and which, in consequence of their miraculous property, were especially retained for the gods to eat when they felt themselves growing old. The evil spirit, Loki, carried off Iduna and the wonderful apple-tree, and hid

them away in a forest where the deities were unable to find them. The results of this spiteful theft were that everything went wrong, both in the realms mundane and divine. The gods grew old and infirm, and, becoming enfeebled in mind and body, were no longer able to regulate the affairs of the earth ; and mortals, no longer having any one to look after them, fell into evil ways, and became a prey to the evil spirit. Affairs grew worse daily, until the gods, combining the remains of their strength, overcame Loki, and compelled him to restore the stolen apple-tree.

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

L. E. L.

OF all the months that fill the year
 Give April's month to me,
 For earth and sky are then so filled
 With sweet variety !

The apple-blossoms' shower of pearl,
 Though blent with rosier hue—
 As beautiful as woman's blush,
 As evanescent too.

On every bough there is a bud,
 In every bud a flower ;
 But scarcely bud or flower will last
 Beyond the present hour.

Now comes a shower cloud o'er the sky,
 Then all again sunshine ;

Then clouds again, but brightened with
The rainbow's colored line.

Ay, this, this is the month for me !
I could not love a scene
Where the blue sky was always blue,
The green earth always green.

TO BLOSSOMS.

HERRICK.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past ;
But you may stay here yet awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

DAFFODIL.

(Unrequited Love.)

THE name of this flower is only a corruption of Dis's lily, as it is supposed to be the flower that dropped from Pluto's chariot when he was carrying off Proserpine to the infernal regions. Jean Ingelow, in the beautiful poem of "Persephone," thus introduces this flower into a resuscitation of the antique fable :

"She stepped upon Sicilian grass,
Demeter's daughter fresh and fair,
A child of light, a radiant lass,
And gamesome as the morning air.
The daffodils were fair to see,
They nodded lightly on the lea.

"Lo ! one she marked of rarer growth
Than orchis or anemone ;
For it the maiden left them both,
And parted from her company.
Drawn nigh, she deemed it fairer still,
And stooped to gather by the rill
The daffodil, the daffodil.

"What ailed the meadow that it shook ?
What ailed the air of Sicily ?
She wondered by the brattling brook,
And trembled with the trembling lea.
'The coal-black horses rise—they rise !
O mother, mother !' low she cries.

"'O light, O light !' she cries, 'farewell :
The coal-black horses wait for me.
O shade of shades, where I must dwell,
Demeter, mother, far from thee !

Oh, fated doom that I fulfill !
 Oh, fateful flower beside the rill !
 The daffodil, the daffodil ! ”

Chaucer alludes to this story, and Shakspeare introduces it into his “ Winter’s Tale : ”

“ O Proserpina,
 For the flowers now that, frighted, thou lett’st fall
 From Dis’s wagon: daffodils
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty.”

DAFFODILS.

HERRICK.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 Ye haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon :
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the even-song,
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with ye along.

We have short time to stay as ye,
 We have as fleet a Spring,
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you or anything :
 We die
 As your hours do and dry
 Away

Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

DAFFODILS.

WORDSWORTH.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the milky-way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company ;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

VIOLET.

(Modesty.)

“The violet is for modesty.”—BURNS.

VIOLETS, considered by some as typical of *modesty*, by others are deemed emblematic of *faithfulness*; and the latter have the support of one of Shakspeare’s contemporary poets :

“Violet is for faithfulness,
Which in me shall abide ;
Hoping likewise that from your heart
You will not let it slide.”

“The violet was as proud a device of the Ionic Athenians,” says a well-known author, “as the rose of England and the lily of France. In all seasons it was to be seen exposed for sale in the market-place at Athens, the citizens being successful in rearing it in their gardens even when the ground was covered with snow.”

The Greeks called this flower “Ion,” and it was said that Jupiter caused the first violet to spring up in the grass, when the unhappy Io, metamorphosed into a heifer, bent her lips to eat.

Perdita, when wishing for flowers to give her guests, in the “Winter’s Tale,” thus speaks of the beauty and perfume of violets :

“Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes,
Or Cytherea’s breath.”

The frequent allusions made to “the nodding violet” by our great dramatist cause it to be regarded as his

favorite flower ; and in the eyes of many, the fact will not be one of its slightest charms. There is not a more exquisite passage in the whole range of English poetry than that in "Twelfth Night," where the Duke, listening to plaintive music, desires

"That strain again ; it had a dying fall :
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

Shakspeare employs his beloved flower as the type of *modesty* and *maidenhood*. Indeed, poets are continually using this retiring blossom as an emblem of those qualities.

"She steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in Summer's ray."—MOORE.

Barry Cornwall gives it the preference over the rose :

"The king told Gyges of the purple flower ;
It chanced to be the flower the boy liked most :
It has a scent as though Love, for its dower,
Had on it all his odorous arrows tost ;
For though the rose has more perfuming power,
The violet—haply 'cause 'tis almost lost,
And takes us so much trouble to discover—
Stands first with most, but always with a lover."

"No flowers grew in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale—
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep blue violet."—L. E. L.

"When the grave shall open for me—
I care not how soon that time may be—

Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,
It breathes too much of hope and bloom ;
But there be that flower's meek regret,
The bending and deep blue violet."—L. E. L.

Whilst the first Napoleon was in exile, this little blossom was adopted by his followers as an emblem ; he was styled *Père la Violette*, and a small bunch of violets hung up in the house, or worn by a Frenchman, denoted the adherence of the wearer to his fallen chieftain's cause. It is still the emblem of the Bonapartes.

The White Violet, which is not invariably scentless, as is sometimes erroneously presumed, is emblematic of *candor*, although some authors adopt it as the representative of *innocence*.

TO A FADING VIOLET.

SHELLEY.

THE color from the flower is gone,
Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me ;
The odor from the flower is flown,
Which breathed of thee, and only thee !

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not ;
I sigh—it breathes no more on me ;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

VIOLETS.

J. MOULTRIE.

UNDER the green hedges after the snow,
There do the dear little violets grow,
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little violets lie,
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen ;
By the leaves you may know where the violet hath
been.

THE ALPINE VIOLET.

BY LORD BYRON.

THE Spring is come, the Violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun ;
With us she is but a winter flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower ;
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

But when the Spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower, beloved the most,
Shrinks from the crowd, that may confuse
Her heavenly odors and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their herald, out of dire December ;

The morning star of all the flowers,
The pledge of daylight's lengthen'd hours,
And 'mid the Roses, ne'er forget
The virgin, virgin Violet.

THE ANGRY VIOLETS.

DRAYTON.

THE pansy and the violet here,
As seeming to descend
Both from one root, a very pair,
For sweetness do contend.

And pointing to a pink to tell
Which bears it, it is loth
To judge it ; but replies, for smell,
That it excels them both.

Wherewith displeased they hang their heads,
So angry soon they grow,
And from their odoriferous beds
Their sweets at it they throw.

VIOLETS.

MISS LONDON.

I do love violets.
They tell a history of woman's love ;
They open with the earliest breath of spring ;
Lead a sweet life of perfume, dew, and light,

And if they perish, perish with a sigh
Delicious as that life. On the hot June
They shed no perfume ; the flowers may remain,
But the rich breathing of their leaves is past ;
Like woman, they have lost their loveliest gift
When yielding to the fiery hour of passion.
+The violet-breath of love is purity.

A BOUQUET OF SPRING VIOLETS.

SHELLEY.

AFTER the slumber of the year
The woodland violets reappear ;
All things revive in field and grove,
And sea and sky ; but two, which move
And form all others, life and love.

A VIOLET BANK.

SHAKSPEARE.

I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows :
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.

THE VIOLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

A VIOLET blossom'd on the green,
With lowly stem, and bloom unseen ;

It was a sweet, low flower.
A shepherd maiden came that way,
With lightsome step and aspect gay,
Came near, came near,
Came o'er the green with song.

Ah ! thought the Violet, might I be
The fairest flower on all the lea,
Ah ! but for one brief hour :
And might be plucked by that dear maid,
And gently on her bosom laid,
Ah ! but, ah ! but
A few dear moments long.

Alas ! the maiden, as she pass'd,
No eye upon the Violet cast ;
She crush'd the poor wee flower ;
It sank, and, dying, heaved no sigh,
And if I die, at least I die
By her, by her,
Beneath her feet I die.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

BRYANT.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mold ;
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk ;
But 'midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried,
I copied them — but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

NARCISSUS.

(Self-love.)

THE white or poetical *Narcissus* is adopted as the emblem of *egotism*, because, according to the mythologists, it owes its origin to a beautiful youth of Bœotia, of whom it had been foretold that he should live happily until he beheld his own face. One day, when heated by the chase, Narcissus sought to quench his thirst in a stream ; in so doing he beheld the reflection of his own features, of which he immediately became enamored. He was spellbound to the spot, where he pined to death, and was metamorphosed by the gods into the flower that now bears his name. When the Naiads had prepared the funeral pile for Narcissus, his body was missing :

“ Instead whereof a yellow flower was found,
With tufts of white about the button crowned ;”

and ever since is seen

“ Narcissus fair,
As o’er the fabled fountain hanging still.”

The poetic Narcissus has a snow-white flower, with a yellow cup in the center, fringed on the border with a brilliant crimson circlet. It is sweet scented, and

flowers in May. The cup in the center is supposed to contain the tears of the ill-fated Narcissus. Keats terms it "a lovely flower :"

"A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride."

And Shelley speaks thus of it :

"The pied windflowers and the tulip tall,
And Narcissi; the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die at their own dear loveliness."

ECHO AND NARCISSUS.

MILTON.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are ?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere,
So mayest thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

NARCISSUS.

LET long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violet languish, and the roses glow ;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline ;
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.

TO A MIRROR.

FROM GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

SINCE still my passion-pleading strains
Have failed her heart to move,
Show, mirror, to that lovely maid,
The charms that make me love.

Reflect on her the thrilling beam
Of magic from her eye ;
So, like Narcissus, she shall gaze,
And, self-enamored, die.

DEATH OF NARCISSUS.

ADDISON.

THEN on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.

To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn :
And now the sister nymphs prepare his urn ;
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crowned.

NARCISSUS.

COWPER.

I SAW the pride of all the meadow
At morn, a gay Narcissus blow
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
Bloomed in the silver waves below.
By noontide's heat its youth was wasted,
The waters as they passed complained ;
At eve its glories all were blasted,
And not one former grace remained.

TO THE NARCISSUS.

BEN JONSON.

ARISE, and speak thy sorrows, Echo, rise ;
Here, by this fountain, where thy love did pine,
Whose memory lives fresh to vulgar fame,
Shrined in this yellow flower, that bears his name.

ECHO.

His name revives, and lifts me up from earth ;
See, see, the mourning fount, whose springs weep yet,
Th' untimely fate of that too beauteous boy,
That trophy of self-love, and spoil of nature,
Who (now transformed into this drooping flower)
Hangs the repentant head back from the stream :
As if it wished, — would I had never looked
In such a flattering mirror ! O Narcissus !
Thou that wast once (and yet art) my Narcissus,
Had Echo but been private with thy thoughts,
She would have dropt away herself in tears,
Till she had all turned waste, that in her
(As in a truer glass) thou mightst have gazed,
And seen thy beauties by more kind reflection.
But self-love never yet could look on truth,
But with bleared beams ; slick flattery and she
Are twin-born sisters, and do mix their eyes,
As if you sever one, the other dies.
Why did the gods give thee a heavenly form
And earthly thoughts to make thee proud of it ?
Why do I ask ? 'Tis now the known disease
That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense
Of her own self-conceived excellence.
Oh hadst thou known the worth of Heaven's rich gift,
Thou wouldst have turned it to a truer use,
And not (with starved and covetous ignorance)
Pined in continual eyeing that bright gem
The glance whereof to others had been more
Than to thy famished mind the wide world's store.

THE NARCISSUS.

KEATS.

WHAT first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?
In some delicious ramble he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round.
And in the midst of all a clearer pool
Than ere reflected in its pleasant cool
The blue sky, here and there serenely peeping,
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied.
A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride,
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,
To woo its own sad image into nearness:
Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move,
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's wail.

THE NARCISSUS.

GAY.

HERE young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
And viewed his image in the crystal flood;
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleased image strives to meet his arms.
No nymph his inexperienced breast subdued,
Echo in vain the flying boy pursued.
Himself alone, the foolish youth admires,
And with fond look the smiling shade desires;

O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves ;
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves ;
 Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
 And in a short-lived flower his beauty blows.
 Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
 That beauty's but a transient good at best ;
 Like flowers it withers with th' advancing year,
 And age like winter robs the blooming fair.

THE NARCISSUS.

MISS LANDON.

THE pale and delicate Narcissus' flowers
 Bending so languidly, as still they found
 In the pure wave a love and destiny.

BUTTERCUPS.

(*Riches—Memories of Childhood.*)

BEAUTIFULLY does the great poet, Robert
 Browning, call these emblems of *riches*, "the
buttercups, the little children's dower."

BUTTERCUPS.

ELIZA COOK.

'Tis sweet to love in childhood, when the souls that
 we bequeath
 Are beautiful in freshness as the coronals we wreathe ;

When we feed the gentle robin, and caress the leaping
hound,
And linger latest on the spot where buttercups are
found :

When we seek the bee and ladybird with laughter, shout,
and song,
And think the day for wooing them can never be too
long.

Oh ! 'tis sweet to love in childhood, and though stirred
by meanest things,
The music that the heart yields then will never leave
its stings.

'Tis sweet to love in after years the dear one by our
side ;

To dote with all the mingled joys of passion, hope, and
pride ;

To think the chain around our breast will hold still
warm and fast,

And grieve to know that death must come to break the
link at last.

But when the rainbow span of bliss is waning, hue by
hue ;

When eyes forget their kindly beams, and lips become
less true ;

When stricken hearts are pining on through many a
lonely hour,

Who would not sigh ' 'tis safer far to love the bird and
flower ?'

'Tis sweet to love in ripened age the trumpet blast of
Fame,

To pant to live on Glory's scroll, though blood may
trace the name ;

'Tis sweet to love the heap of gold, and hug it to our
breast,—
To trust it as the guiding star and anchor of our rest.
But such devotion will not serve—however strong the
zeal—
To overthrow the altar where our childhood loved to
kneel.
Some bitter moment shall o'ercast the sun of wealth
and power,
And then proud man would fain go back to worship
bird and flower.

HAWTHORN.

(*Hope.*)

BY the Greeks the hawthorn was deemed one of the fortunate trees. The Romans accounted it a symbol of marriage because it was carried at the rape of the Sabines ; it was ever after considered propitious. Its flowering branches were borne aloft at their marriages, and the newly-wedded pair were even lighted to the nuptial chamber with torches of its wood.

The Turks regard the presentation of a branch of hawthorn as donating the donor's desire to receive from the object of his affection that token of love denominated a *kiss*.

Ronsard—sometimes styled the French Chaucer—wrote a beautiful address to the hawthorn, thus faithfully rendered :

“ Fair hawthorn flowering,
With green shade bowering

Along this lovely shore ;
 To thy foot around
 With his long arms wound
 A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

“ In armies twain,
 Red ants have ta'en
 Their fortress beneath thy stock ;
 And in clefts of thy trunk
 Tiny bees have sunk
 A cell where honey they lock.

“ In merry Spring-tide,
 When to woo his bride
 The nightingale comes again,
 Thy boughs among
 He warbles his song,
 That lightens a lover's pain.

* * * * *

“ Gentle hawthorn, thrive,
 And, forever alive,
 May'st thou blossom as now in thy prime ;
 By the wind unbroke,
 And the thunder-stroke,
 Unspoiled by the axe of time.”

Chaucer thus sings of it :

“ Furth goth all the Courte, both most and lest,
 To fetehe the flouris freshe, and braunche and blome
 And namely hauthorne brought both page and grome,
 With freshe garlandis partly blew and white,
 And than rejoisin in their grete delight.

“ Amongst the many buds proclaiming May
 (Decking the meads in holiday array,
 Striving who shall surpass in bravery)
 Mark the fair blooming of the hawthorn tree ;
 Who, finely clothèd in a robe of white,
 Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight,

Yet for the bravery that she is in
 Doth neither handle card nor wheel to spin,
 Nor changeth robes but twice ; is never seen
 In other colors than in white or green.

Learn then, content, young shepherd, from this tree,
 Whose greatest wealth is Nature's livery."

Spenser tells us in his "Shepherd's Calendar,"

"Youth's folk now flocken everywhere,
 To gather May-baskets and smelling breere;
 And home they hasten the posts to dight,
 And all the kirk-pillars ere daylight,
 With hawthorn-buds, and sweet eglantine,
 And garlands of roses, and sops-in-wine."

Herrick, in his "Hesperides," has a beautiful idyl descriptive of the manner in which maids went a-Maying.

GOING A-MAYING.

JOHN INGRAM.

OH, we will go a-Maying, love,
 A-Maying we will go,
 Beneath the branches swaying, love,
 With weight of scented snow.
 Laburnum's golden tresses, love,
 Float in the perfumed air ;
 Which heedless their caresses, love,
 Seeks violets in their lair ;
 And with their scents a-playing, love,
 It gambols to and fro—
 Where we will go a-Maying, love,
 Where we will Maying go.

The bees are busy humming, love,
Amid the opening blooms,
Foretelling Summer's coming, love—
Farewell to wintry glooms.
The primrose pale, from crinkly sheen,
Up from the ground now speeds ;
And cowslips slim, 'mid leafy green,
Rise in the unknown meads.
And buttercups are weighing, love,
The gold they soon must strow—
Where we will go a-Maying, love,
Where we will Maying go.

The hawthorn's bloom is falling, love,
We must no longer wait ;
Each bird is blithely calling, love,
Unto his chosen mate ;
Each bud unblown is swelling, love,
Green grow the vernal fields ;
Each insect leaves its dwelling, love,
And all to Summer yields :
The mowers are out haying, love,
Woodbine is in full blow—
Where we will go a-Maying, love,
Where we will Maying go.

GOING A-MAYING.

ELIZA COOK.

MY own land ! my own land ! where freedom finds her
throne-land ;
Fair thou art, and rare thou art, to every true-born
son.

Though no gold ore veins thee, though no grape-juice
stains thee,

We've harvest fields, and quartered shields, well kept
and nobly won.

And we have pleasant tales to tell,
And spot in many a native dell,
Which we may prize and love as well
As Troubadour his story.

The lilting troll and roundelay
Will never, never pass away,
That welcomed in the herald day
Of Summer's rosy glory.

And goodly sight of mirth and might,
In blood that gained us Cressy's fight,
Was hearts and eyes, all warm and bright
About the high and gay pole ;

When flower bedight, 'mid leaves and light,
Shouts echoed—as it reared upright—

Of "Hurrah for merry England, and the raising
of the Maypole !"

When the good old times had carol rhymes,
With morris games and village chimes ;
When clown and priest shared cup and feast,
And the greatest jostled with the least,
At the "raising of the Maypole !"

My brave land ! my brave land ! oh ! mayest thou be
my grave-land ;

For firm and fond will be the bond that ties my
heart to thee.

When Summer's beams are glowing, when Autumn's
gusts are blowing,

When Winter's clouds are snowing, thou art still
right dear to me.

But yet, methinks, I love thee best
 When bees are nurst on whitethorn breast,
 When Spring-tide pours in, sweet and blest,
 And joy and hope come dancing !
 When music from the feathered throng
 Breaks forth in merry marriage song,
 And mountain streamlets dash along,
 Like molten diamonds glancing !
 Oh ! pleasant 'tis to scan the page,
 Rich with the theme of bygone age,
 When motley fool and learned sage,
 Brought garlands for the gay pole ;
 When laugh and shout came ringing out
 From courtly knight and peasant lout,
 In " Hurrah for merry England, and the raising
 of the Maypole ! "

When the good old times had carol rhymes,
 With morris games and village chimes ;
 When clown and priest shared cup and feast,
 And the greatest jostled with the least,
 At the " raising of the Maypole ! "

PRIMROSE.

(*Youth.*)

" The primrose I will pu', the firstling of the year. " — BURNS.

THE *Primrose*, emblematical of *youth*, has received innumerable deservedly warm encomiums from our poets, but none sweeter than those popular lines of Carew :

" Ask me why I send you here
 This firstling of the infant year ;

Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose all bepearled with dew ;
 I straight will whisper in your ears
 The sweets of love are washed with tears.

Ask me why this flower doth show
 So yellow, green, and sickly too ;
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break ;
 I must tell you, these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover."

Shakspeare, whose floral symbolism was perfect, introduces this delicate blossom into his pathetic drama of "Cymbeline," as typical of the youthful dead :

"With fairest flowers,
 Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack
 The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose."

Again, in the "Winter's Tale," the grand dramatist still more exquisitely expresses his knowledge of its symbolic character :

"The pale primroses,
 That die unmarried ere they can behold
 Bright Phœbus in his strength."

Milton also styles this vernal bloom "the pale primrose." It was described by Carew as "the firstling of spring ;" thus Burns also terms it in "The Posie," and Linnæus appropriately named it in his botanical system ; whilst in his native Swedish it is known as *Maj-nycklar*, or the "key of May." Its English appellation is derived from *primus*—"the first"—and happily expresses one of its charms, and shows why it is such a meet emblem of youth.

This fragile flower is known classically as *Parahsos*.

and was thus styled in commemoration of a youth so named, who pined away with grief for the loss of his betrothed, Melicerta, and was metamorphosed into

“The rathe primrose that, forsaken, dies.”

It has been observed of poor Clare that his poems are as thickly strewn with primroses as the woodlands themselves. In his “Village Minstrel” he sings :

“Oh, who can speak his joys when Spring’s young morn
From wood and pasture opened on his view,
When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,
And the first primrose dips his leaves in dew ?

“And while he plucked the primrose in its pride,
He pondered o’er its bloom ’tween joy and pride,
And a rude sonnet in its praise he tried,
Where nature’s simple way the aid of art supplied.”

In another place he tells how, as a child, he rambled o’er the fields for flowers, and

“Robbed every primrose-root I met,
And ofttimes got the root to set ;
And joyful home each nose-gay bore ;
And felt—as I shall feel no more.”

In the following lines the old poet, Browne, associates this flower with a scene of rustic idle thoughtlessness:

“As some wayfaring man, passing a wood,
Goes jogging on, and in his mind naught hath,
But how the primrose finely strews the path.”

And the sketch is suggestive of Wordsworth’s oft-quoted idea in “Peter Bell :”

“A primrose by a river’s brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.”

THE PRIMROSE.

MRS. HEMANS.

I SAW it in my evening walk,
A little lonely flower ;
Under a hollow bank it grew,
Deep in a mossy bower.

An oak's gnarled root to roof the cave
With gothic fretwork sprung,
Whence jeweled fern, and arum-leaves,
And ivy garlands hung.

And close beneath came sparkling out
From an old tree's fallen shell
A little rill that clipt about
The lady in her cell.

And then, methought, with oashful pride
She seemed to sit and look
On her own maiden loveliness,
Pale imaged in the brook.

No other flower, no rival grew
Beside my pensive maid ;
She dwelt alone, a cloistered nun,
In solitude and shade.

No ruffling wind could reach her there ;
No eye, methought, but mine,
Or the young lambs that came to drink,
Had spied her secret shrine.

And there was pleasantness to me
In such belief—cold eyes
That slight dear Nature's loveliness,
Profane her mysteries.

THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire !
 Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
 Was nursed in whirling storms,
 And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's
 sway ;
 And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
 Thee on this bank he threw,
 To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
 Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
 Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk
 Of life she rears her head,
 Obscure and unobserved ;—

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
 Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
 And hardens her to bear
 Serene, the ills of life.

PRIMROSES.

KEATS.

A TUFT of evening primroses,
 O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes ;

O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers.

SAD PRIMROSES.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

BUT we have daisies, which, like love
Or hope, spring everywhere ;
And primroses, which droop above
Some self-consuming care.

So sad, so spiritual, so pale,
Born all too near the snow,
They pine for that sweet southern gale,
Which they will never know.

TO A PRIMROSE.

PRESENTED TO A FRIEND IN JANUARY.

CARRINGTON.

SWEET herald of the ever gentle spring,
How gently waved o'er thee the winter's wing !
Around thee blew the warm Favonian gale,
Devonia nursed thee in her loveliest vale ;
Beneath she rolled the Plym's pellucid stream,
And heaven diffused around its quickening beam.
But, ah ! the sun, the shower, the zephyr bland,
Made thee but fair to tempt the spoiler's hand.
I cannot bear thee to thy bank again,
And bathe thy breast in soft refreshing rain,

Nor bid the gentle zephyr round thee play,
 Nor 'raptured eye thee basking in the ray ;
 But snapped untimely from thy velvet stem,
 Be thou my daily care, my "bonnie gem,"
 And when thus severed from thy native glade,
 The radiance of thy cinque-rayed star shall fade,
 And pale decay come creeping o'er thy bloom,
 A sigh, dear flower, shall mourn thy early doom.

THE PRIMROSE.

MRS. HUNTER.

THE sun declines, his parting ray
 Shall bear the cheerful light away,
 And on the landscape close :
 Then will I seek the lonely vale,
 Where sober evening's primrose pale
 To greet the night star blows.

Soft melancholy bloom, to thee
 I turn, with conscious sympathy,
 Like thee my hour is come ;
 When length'ning shadows slowly fade,
 Till lost in universal shade,
 They sink beneath the tomb.

By thee I'll sit, and inly muse,
 What are the charms in life we lose
 When time demands our breath.
 Alas ! the load of lengthened age
 Has little can our wish engage,
 Or point the shaft of death.

No, 'tis alone the pang to part
With those we love, that rends the heart ;
That agony to save,
Some nameless cause in nature strives ;
Like thee in shades, our hope revives,
And blossoms in the grave.

TO PRIMROSES.

ROBERT HERRICK.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes ? can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew ?
Alas ! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower ;
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind ;
Nor are ye worn with years ;
Or warped as we
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep ;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby ?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet ?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this ?

No, no ; this sorrow, shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read :
 That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

A BOUQUET.

M. E. LEE.

PRIMROSES,
 Which when the shadows fall
 Like soft dreams o'er the earth,
 And all around a Sabbath reigns
 As at Creation's birth,
 Burst the magic bonds of clay,
 And greet with smiles the sun's last ray.

HYACINTH.

PURPLE HYACINTH.

(Sorrow—Play.)

ACCORDING to the mythologists, this fairy-like fragile flower had its origin in the death of Hyacinthus, a Spartan youth, greatly favored by Apollo. He fell a victim to the jealous rage of Zephyrus, who, in revenge for the preference manifested for him by the Sun-god, had determined to effect his destruction. Accordingly, one day when

Hyacinthus was playing at quoits with his divine friend, Zephyrus blew so powerfully upon the quoit flung by Apollo that it struck the unfortunate prince on the temple and killed him, to the intense grief of his innocent slayer. To commemorate the grace and beauty of the dead youth, Apollo, unable to restore him to life, caused the flower which now bears his name to spring from his blood.

An annual solemnity, called Hyacinthia, was established in Laconia, in honor of Hyacinthus. It lasted three days, during which the people, to show their grief for the loss of their darling prince, ate no bread, but fed upon sweetmeats, and abstained from adorning their hair with garlands as on ordinary occasions.

The following day was spent in feasting. Hence, perhaps, one of the floral meanings—"Play." The purple hyacinth signifies sorrow, as it is said to bear on its petals Apollo's lament for his friend—Ai, Ai—but we fail to trace the letters now.

An allusion to Hyacinthus will also be recognized in Milton's "Lycidas :"

"Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe."*

THE HYACINTH.

CASIMIR.

CHILD of the Spring, thou charming flower,
No longer in confinement lie,
Arise to light, thy form discover,
Rival the azure of the sky.

* Apollo wrote on its leaves his lament, Ai, Ai.

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er,
 Winter retires to make thee way ;
 Come, then, thou sweetly blooming flower,
 Come lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is dressed in beaming smiles,
 To give thy beauties to the day :
 Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales,
 To fan thy bosom as they play.

HYACINTHUS.

KEATS.

OR they might watch the quoit-pitchers, intent
 On either side, pitying the sad death
 Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath
 Of Zephyr slew him ; Zephyr penitent,
 Who now, ere Phœbus mounts the firmament,
 Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain.

ROSEMARY.

(*Remembrance.*)

“ There’s rosemary for you : that’s for remembrance.”

SHAKSPEARE.

OUR forefathers invariably adopted *Rosemary* as the symbol of *remembrance* ; it was believed to possess the power of improving the memory, and was frequently employed as a means of invigorating the

mental faculties. Perdita, in the "Winter's Tale," says :

"For you there's rosemary and rue ; these keep
Seeming and savor all the winter long :
Grace and remembrance be with you both !"

And in "Hamlet," Ophelia says :

"There's rosemary for you : that's for remembrance.
Pray you, love, remember."

Michael Drayton, in his "Pastorals," also alludes to this emblem in similar terms :

"He from his lass him lavender hath sent,
Showing her love, and doth requital crave ;
Him rosemary his sweetheart, whose intent
Is that he her should in remembrance have."

Respecting its employment at funerals, Mr. Martyn observes that in some parts of England, in his time, it was still customary to distribute it among the company, who frequently threw sprigs of it into the grave. Slips of it were also sometimes placed within the coffin ; and in some secluded villages these innocent customs are still practiced.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

SWEET scented flower ! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear,
To waft thy waste perfume !
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow,
And as I twine the mournful wreath,

I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be and long,—
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower ! who lovest to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the deepest gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me,
Beneath the lowly alder tree ;
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And hark ! the wind god as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower ! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lowly shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead ;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where, as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes
shed.

DIE HERZ BLUME.

TOM HOOD.

THERE grew a little flower once,
That blossomed in a day,
And some said it would ever bloom,
And some 'twould fade away ;

And some said it was Happiness,
 And some said it was Spring,
 And some said it was Grief and Tears,
 And many such a thing ;
 But still the little flower bloomed,
 And still it lived and throve,
 And men do it call " Summer Growth,"
 But angels call it " Love ! "



THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

(*Return of Happiness.*)

" Be thy advent the emblem of all I would crave."

BERNARD BARTON.

THE *Lily of the Valley*, sometimes called the May Lily, and in some country villages Ladder to Heaven, in the floral languages of Europe is emblematic of the *return of happiness*, doubtless in allusion to the season of the year when it puts forth its blossoms.

Keats was very fond of it, and says :

" No flower amid the garden fairer grows
 Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
 The queen of flowers."

And further on

" Valley-lilies, whiter still
 Than Leda's love."

In that enchanted garden where the sensitive plant grew, Shelley lovingly placed

" The naiad-like lily of the vale,
 Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
 That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
 Through their pavilions of tender green."

THE CHILD AND THE LILY.

BRYANT.

INNOCENT child and snow-white flower !
Well are ye paired in your opening hour,
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White, as those leaves just blown apart,
Are the folds of thy own young heart ;
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one ! though thou gazest now
O'er the white blossoms with earnest brow,
Soon will it tire thy childish eye,
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the fair white flower,
Yet, as thy tender years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

CROLY.

WHITE bud ! that in meek beauty so dost lean,
The cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seem'st beneath thy huge high leaf of green,
An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud ; thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,—
The broken spirit that its anguish bears
To silent shades, and there sits offering
To Heaven, the holy fragrance of its tears.

THE LILY.

PERCIVAL.

I HAD found out a sweet green spot
Where a lily was blooming fair ;
The din of the city disturbed it not ;
But the spirit that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love was there.

I found that lily's bloom
When the day was dark and chill :
It smiled like a star in a misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a sweet perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the lily's bell,
And watched it many a day :—
The leaves that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away.

I looked where the leaves were laid,
In withering paleness, by ;
And as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
There's many a sweet and blooming maid
Who will soon as dimly die.

THE LILY.

COLERIDGE.

THE stream with languid murmur creeps
In Lumin's flowery vale :
Beneath the dew the lily weeps,
Slow waving to the gale.

“Cease, restless gale !” it seems to say,
“Nor wake me with thy sighing !
The hours of my vernal day
On rapid wings are flying.

“To-morrow shall the traveller come
Who late beheld me blooming ;
His searching eye shall vainly roam
The dreary vale of Lumin.”

I SEND THE LILIES GIVEN TO ME.

BY BYRON.

I SEND the lilies given to me,
Though, long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must withered be ;
But yet reject them not as such :
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round ;
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound,
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear.
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

PIMPERNEL.

(*Change.*)

“ More bitter far than all
It was to know that love could change and die.”

A. A. PROCTER.

THE Pimpernel does not unfold its brilliant petals until eight o'clock in the morning, and refolds them towards noon : this habit has obtained for it the cognomen of “the poor man's weather-glass ;” whilst for its usefulness in foretelling the approach of rain, it is frequently known as “the shepherd's warning.” Few who have passed a portion of their life in the country but are acquainted with this property of the pretty little pimpernel. Whenever its tiny scarlet blossoms are seen folding up their delicate petals, it may be deemed a certain indication of approaching rain ; and as such a sign Darwin notices it :

“ Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel ;
In fiery red the sun doth rise,
Then wades through clouds to mount the skies ;
’Twill surely rain, we see ’t with sorrow,—
No working in the fields to-morrow.”

PIMPERNEL.

O. W. HOLMES.

SOME years ago, a dark-eyed maid
Was sitting in the shade—
There’s something brings her to my mind
In that young dreaming maid—
And in her hand she held a flower,
A flower whose speaking hue
Said, in the language of the heart,
“ Believe the giver true.”

And as she looked upon its leaves,
The maiden made a vow
To wear it when the bridal wreath
Was woven for her brow.
She watched the flower, as, day by day,
The leaflets curled and died ;
But he who gave it never came
To claim her for his bride.

Oh, many a Summer’s morning glow
Has lent the rose its ray,
And many a Winter’s drifting snow
Has swept its bloom away ;

But she has kept that faithless pledge
 To this her Winter hour,
 And keeps it still, herself alone,
 And wasted like the flower.

HEART'S-EASE.

OR,

PANSY.

(*Think of me—Thoughts.*)

“There are pansies : that’s for thoughts.”—SHAKSPEARE.

THE *Heart's-ease*, as its French name of *pansy* or *pensée* intimates, is in the language of flowers symbolical of *remembrance*. It is a beautiful variety of the violet, far surpassing that flower in diversity and brilliancy of color, but possessing little, if any, of the exquisite fragrance for which that is so renowned.

The name given to it by the Italians is *flammola*, the “little flame,” at least, this is an appellation with which I have met, and it is quite in the taste of that poetical people. The French call it *pensée*, “a thought.” “There are pansies,” says poor Ophelia : “that’s for thoughts.” Drayton, in the “Muses’ Elysium,” makes his nymph say—

“Amongst these roses in a row,
 Next place I pinks in plenty,
 These double daisies then for show.
 And will not this be dainty ?

The pretty pansy then I'll tye,
Like stones some chain enchasing ;
 The next to them, their near ally,
 The purple violet placing.

Another of its names is "love-in-idleness," under which it has been again celebrated by Shakspeare.

Besides these names, this tricolored violet is also called, in various country places, "jump-up-and-kiss-me-quick ;" "the herb Trinity ;" "three-faces-under-a-hood ;" "kiss-me-behind-the-garden-gate ;" and "cuddle-me-to-you," which seems to have been altered by time into the less vivacious request of "call-me-to-you."

HEART'S-EASE.

MARY HOWITT.

HEART'S-EASE ! one could look for half a day
 Upon this flower, and shape in fancy out
 Full twenty different tales of love and sorrow,
 That gave this gentle name.

ORIGIN OF THE PANSY'S NAME.

(*"Love in Idleness."*)

Told by Oberon, King of the Fairies, to Puck.—SHAKSPEARE.

Oberon. My gentle Puck, come hither ; thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Oberon. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all armed : a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal thronèd by the west ;
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
 And the imperial votress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.
 Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
 It fell upon a little western flower—
 Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound,—
 And maidens call it " Love-in-Idleness."

PANSIES.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

" THE lily minds me of a maiden brow,"
 Hugh Sutherland would say ; " the marigold
 Is full and sunny like her yellow hair,
 The full-blown rose her lips with sweetness tipt ;
 But if you seek a likeness to her eye,—
 Go to the pansy, friend, and find it there."
 " Ay, leeze me on the pansies !" Hugh would say,
 Hugh Sutherland, the weaver,—he who dwelt
 Here in the whitewashed cot you fancy so,—

Who knew the learnèd names of all the flowers,
And recognized a lily, though its head
Rose in a ditch of dull Latinity !

Pansies ? You praise the ones that grow to-day
Here in the garden : had you seen the place
When Sutherland was living ! Here they grew
From blue to deeper blue, in midst of each
A golden dazzle like a glimmering star,
Each broader, bigger than a silver crown ;
While here the weaver sat, his labor done,
Watching his azure pets and rearing them
Until they seemed to know his step and touch,
And stir beneath his smile like living things !
The very sunshine loved them, and would lie
Here happy, coming early, lingering late,
Because they were so fair.

HEART'S-EASE.

MRS. SHERIDAN.

IN gardens oft a beauteous flower there grows,
By vulgar eyes unnoticed and unseen ;
In sweet security it humbly blows,
And rears its purple head to deck the green.

This flower, as Nature's poet sweetly sings,
Was once milk-white, and Heart's-ease was its name,
Till wanton Cupid poised his roseate wings,
A vestal's sacred bosom to inflame.

With treacherous aim the god his arrow drew,
Which she with icy coldness did repel ;
Rebounding thence with feather speed it flew,
Till on this lonely flower at last it fell.

Heart's-ease no more the wandering shepherd found ;
No more the nymphs its snowy form possess ;
Its white now changed to purple by Love's wound,
Heart's-ease no more,—'tis Love-in-idleness.

HEART'S-EASE.

ANON.

I USED to love thee, simple flower,
To love thee dearly when a boy ;
For thou didst seem in childhood's hour,
The smiling type of childhood's joy.

But now thou only work'st my grief,
By waking thoughts of pleasures fled.
Give me, give me the withered leaf,
That falls on Autumn's bosom dead.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,
But warns me what I soon shall be ;
It looks not back on pleasure's scene,
But points unto futurity.

I love thee not, thou simple flower,
For thou art gay, and I am lone ;
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—
The heart's-ease from my path is gone.

WALLFLOWER.

(*Fidelity in Misfortune.*)

A COMMON garden blossom, that seldom receives all the attention it is worthy of, is the *Wallflower*, symbolical of *fidelity in misfortune*. It was a great favorite in the Middle Ages, when troubadours and minstrels wore it as an emblem of the unchangeableness of their affection. Wallflowers belong to the Stock family ; and by far the finest is the common one, which Thomson, in his “Seasons,” describes as—

“The yellow wallflower, stained with iron brown.”

Bernard Barton says of the wallflower :

“An emblem true thou art,
Of love’s enduring luster, given
To cheer a lonely heart.”

And elsewhere :

“To me it speaks of loveliness,
That passes not with youth,
Of beauty which decay can bless,
Of constancy and truth.

“But in adversity’s dark hour,
When glory is gone by,
It then exerts its gentle power,
The scene to beautify.”

THE WALLFLOWER.

MOIR.

THE wallflower—the wallflower,
How beautiful it blooms !
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs !
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of time ;—
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The wallflower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place !
Gray ruin's golden crown !
Thou lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old renown ;
Thou mantlest o'er the battlement,
By strife or storm decayed ;
And fillest up each envious rent
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Whither hath fled the choral band
That filled the abbey's nave ?
Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
O'er many a level grave ;
In the belfry's crevices the dove
Her young brood nurseth well,
Whilst thou lone flower ! dost shed above
A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
And scent thee on the breeze !

The butterfly is then abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet wallflower—sweet wallflower !
Thou conjurest up to me,
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee ;
When joy from out the daisies grew
In woodland pastures green,
And summer skies were far more blue
Than since they e'er have been.

Now Autumn's pensive voice is heard
Amid the yellow bowers,
The robin is the regal bird,
And thou the queen of flowers !
He sings on the laburnum trees,
Amid the twilight dim,
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
Such scents as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
The rose is summer's guest ;
Bland are thy charms when these decay—
Of flowers, first, last, and best !
There may be gaudier on the bower,
And statelier on the tree ;
But wallflower, loved wallflower,
Thou art the flower for me !

THE WALLFLOWER.

ANON.

CHEERFUL 'midst desolation's sadness—thou—
Fair flower, art wont to grace the moldering pile,
And brightly bloom o'er ruin, like a smile
Reposing calm on age's furrowed brow—
Sweet monitor ! an emblem sure I see
Of virtue, and of virtue's power, in thee.
For though thou cheerest the dull ruin's gloom,
Still when thou'rt found upon the gay parterre,
There thou art sweetest—fairest of the fair ;—
So virtue, while it robs of dread the tomb,
Shines in the crown that youth and beauty wear,
Being best of all the gems that glitter there.

THE NAMING OF THE WALLFLOWER.

HERRICK.

WHY this flower is now called so,
List, sweet maids, and you shall know.
Understand this firstling was
Once a brisk and bonny lass,
Kept as close as Danaë was,
Who a sprightly springald loved ;
And to have it fully proved,
Up she got upon a wall,
'Tempting down to slide withal ;
But the silken twist untied,
So she fell, and, bruised, she died.

Jove, in pity of the deed,
 And her loving, luckless speed,
 Turned her to this plant we call
 Now "the flower of the wall."



FORGET-ME-NOT.

THIS lovely little flower has a charming legend attached to it. We give it in its best poetic form at once.



THE BRIDE OF THE DANUBE.

MISS PICKERSGILL.

"SEE how yon glittering wave in sportive play
 Washes the bank, and steals the flowers away.
 And must they thus in bloom and beauty die,
 Without the passing tribute of a sigh?"

"No, Bertha, those young flowerets there
 Shall form a braid for thy sunny hair;
 I yet will save one, if but one
 Soft smile reward me when 'tis done."
 He said, and plunged into the stream—
 His only light was the moon's pale beam.
 "Stay! stay!" she cried—but he had caught
 The drooping flowers, and breathless sought
 To place the treasures at the feet
 Of her from whom e'en death were sweet.

With outstretched arms upon the shore she stood,
With tearful eye she gazed upon the flood,
Whose swelling tide now seemed as if 'twould sever
Her faithful lover from her arms forever.
Still through the surge he panting strove to gain
The welcome strand—but, ah ! he strove in vain !

Yet once the false stream bore him to the spot
Where stood his bride in muteness of despair :
And scarcely had he said, “ Forget me not ! ”
And flung the dearly ransomed flowerets there,
When the dark wave closed o'er him, and no more
Was seen young Rodolph on the Danube's shore.

Aghast she stood ; she saw the tranquil stream
Pass o'er him—could it be a fleeting dream ?
Ah, no ! the last fond words, “ Forget me not ! ”
Told it was all a sad reality.
With frantic grasp the dripping flowers she prest,
Too dearly purchased, to her aching breast.

Alas ! her tears, her sorrows now were vain,
For him she loved she ne'er shall see again !
Is this then a bridal, where, sad in her bower,
The maid weeps alone at the nuptial hour ;
Where hushed is the harp, and silent the lute—
Ah ! why should their thrilling strains be mute ?
And where is young Rodolph ? where stays the bride-
groom ?
Go, ask the dark waters, for there is his tomb.

Often at eve when maidens rove
Beside the Danube's wave,

They tell the tale of hapless love,
And show young Rodolph's grave ;
And cull the flowers from that sweet spot,
Still calling them " Forget-me-not."

FORGET-ME-NOT.

THERE is a little modest flower,
To friendship ever dear,
'Tis nourished in her humble bower,
And watered by her tear.

If hearts by fond affection tried,
Should chance to slip away,
This little flower will gently chide
The heart that thus would stray.

All other flowers when once they fade
Are left alone to die,
But this e'en when it is decayed,
Will live in memory's sigh.

FORGET ME NOT.

D. M. MOIR.

SUMMER was on the hills when last we parted.
Now the bright moon is shining
O'er the gay mountain and the stilly sea,
As, by the streamlet's willowy bend reclining
I pause, remembering thee.

Yes ! as we roamed, the sylvan earth seemed glowing
With many a beauty, unremarked before :
The soul was like a deep urn overflowing
With thoughts, a treasured store ;
The very flowers seemed born but to exhale,
As breathed the west, their fragrance to the gale.

Methinks, even yet I feel thy timid fingers
With their bland pressure thrilling bliss to mine ;
Methinks, yet on my cheek thy breathing lingers
As—fondly leant to thine,
I told, how life all pleasureless would be,
Green palm-tree of life's desert ! wanting thee.

Not yet, not yet had disappointment shrouded
Youth's summer calm with storms of wintry strife :
The star of hope shone o'er our path unclouded.
And fancy colored life
With those elysian rainbow hues, which Truth
Melts with his rod, when disenchanting youth.

Yet should it cheer me, that nor woe hath shattered
The ties that link our hearts, nor hate nor wrath ;
And soon the day may dawn, when shall be scattered
All shadows from our path,
For ah ! with others wealth and mirth would be
Less sweet, by far, than sorrow shared with thee !

Yes ! vainly, foolishly the vulgar reckon,
That happiness resides in outward shows :
Contentment from the lowliest cot may beckon
True love to sweet repose :
For genuine bliss can ne'er be far apart,
When soul meets soul, and heart responds to heart.

SONG OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

How many bright flowers now around me are glancing,
Each seeking its praise, or its beauty enhancing !
The rose-buds are hanging like gems in the air,
And the lily-bell waves in her fragrance there.
Alas ! I can claim neither fortune nor power,
Neither beauty nor fragrance are cast in my lot ;
But contented I cling to my lowly bower,
And smile while I whisper—*Forget-me-not !*

FORGET-ME-NOT.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

I CULLED each flow'ret for my fair,
The wild thyme and the heather bell ;
And round them twined a tendril rare—
She said the posy pleased her well.
But of the flowers that deck the field,
Or grace the garden of the cot,
Though others richer perfumes yield,
The sweetest is forget-me-not.

We roamed the mead, we climbed the hill,
We rambled o'er the breckan brae ;
The trees that crowned the mossy rill,
They screened us from the glare of day.
She said she loved the sylvan bower,
Was charmed with ev'ry rural spot ;
And when arrived the parting hour,
Her last words were “ forget-me-not ! ”

CAN YOU FORGET ME ?

L. E. L.

AUTUMN, while into languid Winter drooping,
 Gave its last blossoms, opening but to fall.
 Can you forget them ?

Can you forget me ? I am not relying
 On plighted vows—alas ! I know their worth.
 Man's faith to woman is a trifle, dying
 Upon the very breath that gave it birth.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

WITH SOME FORGET-ME-NOTS.

JOHN INGRAM.

DEAR girl I send the spray of flowers—
 All withered now, once brightest blue—
 To call to mind those happy hours,
 Those happy hours I passed with you.
 Forget me not ! though others win
 The glorious right to call thee “ theirs ; ”
 Forget me not ! that might have been
 The answer to my fervid prayers.

For I have had thy hand in mine,
 And once our ways in life seemed blended ;
 And once I thought our loves might twine,
 But now, alas ! that dream is ended.

Forget me not ! for I am lonely,
 And stranded on Life's desert shore ;
 Forget me not !—I ask that only—
 For now our paths may meet no more.

Could I but think you don't forget,
 Though all my hopes of life should perish,
 I'd pass them by without regret,
 So that *that* thought I still might cherish.
 Forget me not ! 'tis all I ask,
 And though thy hand may be another's,
 I'll wear upon my face a mask
 Of smiles to hide the grief it covers.

Let, then, these withered flowers recall
 Each broken link of Memory's chain ;
 And from the Past's dim haunted hall
 Those happy hours bring back again.
 Forget me not ! mine only love—
 Ah ! would indeed that you were *mine* !
 Forget me not ! my long-lost dove,
 In dreams my heart will beat next thine !



HOLLYHOCK.

(*Ambition.*)

“The fallen hollyhock.”—EBENEZER ELLIOT.

THE emblem of that crime by which Wolsey tells us
 the angels fell is the tall and stately *Hollyhock*.
 A few years ago it was often designated the “garden

mallow," and, indeed, belongs to the mallow family. From the fact that it is known in France as *Rose d'outre Mer*, or "rose from beyond the sea," it has been surmised that it was first introduced into Europe from Syria by the Crusaders.

"Queen Hollyhock, with butterflies for crowns."

THE ROSE.

(*Love—Joy—Prosperity.*)

THE Rose has been acknowledged by all antiquity to be the queen of flowers, though her reign is somewhat disputed by the queen Lily. One is tempted to look on them both as sister sovereigns of the floral world. The Rose, the emblem of a material dominion "of the earth earthy;" the Lily, of a spiritual empire of purity and lofty aspiration. But with all peoples the Rose has ever been the emblem of love, joy, and prosperity.

It is mentioned by the earliest writers of antiquity: Herodotus speaks of the double rose; in the song of Solomon the rose of Sharon is mentioned, and allusion is also made to the plantation of roses at Jericho. Isaiah uses the blossoming of the rose as a perfect emblem of joy and felicity.

The ancients regarded the Rose as the emblem of silence, as well as of love and joy, and frequently represented Cupid offering one to Harpocrates, the God of Silence. As a further illustration of this symbolism,

they suspended a rose over the table at feasts, intimating to the assembled guests that the conversation was to be held sacred, and was not to be repeated elsewhere. This latter account is generally given as the correct derivation of the saying, "*sub rosa*," applied to communications not to be repeated; but some writers say that the rose was once dedicated to Harpocrates, and thus became the emblem of *taciturnity*, for which reason, it is averred, it is frequently placed over the confessionals in Roman Catholic churches, indicating the secrecy which should attend whatever may be there disclosed to the ears of the priest.

Roses were more highly prized by the Romans than any other flower; they considered them emblematic of *joy*, and, in conformity with that idea, represented Comus, the God of pleasure, as a handsome young man, crowned with a garland of roses, the leaves of which glistened with dewdrops.

The Rose was, above all, the emblem of love :

"Most glorious rose,
 You are the queenly belle. On you all eyes
 Admiring turn. Doubtless you might indite
 Romances from your own sweet history—
 They're quite the fashion now, and crowd the page
 Of every periodical. Wilt tell
 None of your heart adventures? Never mind!
 We plainly read the Zephyr's stolen kiss
 In your deep blush; so where's the use to seal
 Your lips so cunningly, when *all the world*
Calls you the flower of love?"—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Anacreon thus writes of it :

"The rose, *the flower of love*,
 Mingle with our quaffing ;

The rose, the lovely leaved,
Round our brows be weaved,
Genially laughing.

“ Oh, the rose, the first of flowers,
Darling of the early bowers,
E'en the gods for thee have places ;
Thee, too, Cytherea's boy
Weaves about his locks for joy,
Dancing with the Graces.

The short life of this queenly flower causes it, when fading, to be deemed a suitable representative of fleeting beauty, and many are the “morals” that the poets have deduced from its brief existence ; but there is another record to be made, and that is of its fragrance after death : the flush of beauty may be gone from its withered petals, but the scent of the rose will cling to it still ; and so, even when life is over, we yet place, as Barry Cornwall says :

“ First of all the rose, because its breath
Is rich beyond the rest ; and when it dies,
It doth bequeath a charm to sweeten death.”

“ The heart doth recognize thee,
Alone, alone ! the heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete,
Perceiving all those changes that disguise thee.
Yes, and the heart doth owe thee,
More love, dead rose, than to any roses bold,
Which Julia wears at dances, smiling cold !
Lie still upon this heart, which breaks below thee !”
MRS. BROWNING.

“ Love is like a rose,
And a month it may not see
Ere it withers where it grows.”—BAILEY.

Spenser has bequeathed us a very felicitous stanza about the rose as an emblem of modesty and fragility :

“ Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her may !
Lo ! see soon after how, more bold and free,
Her barèd bosom she doth broad display !
Lo ! see soon after how she fades and falls away ! ”

Sir Walter Scott tells us :

“ The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed with tears.”

THE DYING ROSEBUD.

MRS. OSGOOD.

AH me ! ah, woe is me !
That I should perish now,
With the dear sunlight just let in
Upon my balmy brow.

My leaves, instinct with glowing life,
Were quivering to uncloze ;
My happy heart with love was rife—
I was almost a rose.

Nerved by a hope, rich, warm, intense,
Already I had risen
Above my cage's curving fence,
My green and graceful prison.

My pouting lips, by Zephyr pressed,
Were just prepared to part,
And whisper to the wooing wind
The rapture of my heart.

In new-born fancies reveling,
My mossy cell half-riven,
Each thrilling leaflet seemed a wing
To bear me into heaven.

How oft, while yet an infant flower,
My crimson cheek I've laid
Against the green bars of my bower,
Impatient of the shade ;

And pressing up and peeping through
Its small but precious vistas,
Sighed for the lovely light and dew
That blessed my elder sisters.

I saw the sweet breeze rippling o'er
Their leaves that loved the play,
Though the light thief stole all the store
Of dewdrop gems away.

I thought how happy I should be
Such diamond wreaths to wear,
And frolic with a rose's glee
With sunbeam, bird, and air.

Ah me ! ah, woe is me ! that I,
Ere yet my leaves uncloze,
With all my wealth of sweets, must die
Before I am a rose !

THE LESSON OF A ROSE.

SPENSER.

AH ! see whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
 In springing flowre the image of thy day !
 Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
 Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
 That fairer seems the lesse ye see her may !
 Lo ! see soone after how, more bold and free,
 Her barèd bosome she doth broad display ;
 Lo ! see soone after how she fades and falls away !
 So passeth, in the passing of a day
 Of mortal life, the leafe, the bud, the flowre ;
 No more doth florish after first decay,
 That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
 Of many a lady, and many a paramowre !
 Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime ;
 For soon comes age that will her pride defloure ;
 Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
 Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.

ZULEIKA'S ROSE.

BYRON.

A SINGLE rose is shedding there
 Its lonely luster, meek and pale :
 It looks as planted by despair—
 So white, so faint—the slightest gale
 Might whirl the leaves on high ;
 And yet, though storms and blight assail,
 And hands more rude than wintry sky

May wring it from its stem : in vain—
To-morrow sees it bloom again !

* * * * *

To it the livelong night there sings
A bird unseen, but not remote :
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that Houri strings
His long entrancing note.

—

THE ROSE.

THE rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the nightingale,
The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale :
His queen, the garden queen, his rose,
Unbent by winds, unchilled by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven.

—

A SONG OF THE ROSE.

HEMANS.

ROSE ! what dost thou here,
Bridal, royal rose ?
How 'midst grief and fear,
Canst thou thus disclose
That fervid hue of love, which to thy heart-leaf glows ?

Rose ! here too much arrayed
For triumphal hours,
Look'st thou through the shade
Of these mortal bowers,
Not to disturb my soul, thou crowned one of all flowers ?

As an eagle soaring
Through a sunny sky,
As a clarion pouring
Notes of victory,
So dost thou kindle thoughts, for earthly life too high—

Thoughts of rapture, flushing
Youthful poet's cheek,
Thoughts of glory rushing
Forth in song to break,
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak.

Yet, O festal rose !
I have seen thee lying
In thy bright repose
Pillowed with the dying,
Thy crimson by the life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, hope, and love,
O'er that bed of pain,
Met in thee, yet wove
Too, too frail a chain
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower ?—
Oh ! within the spells
Of thy beauty's power
Something dimly dwells,
At variance with a world of sorrows and farewells.

All the soul forth flowing
 In that rich perfume,
 All the proud life glowing
 In that radiant bloom,
 Have they no place but here, beneath th' o'er-
 shadowing tomb?

Crown'st thou but the daughters
 Of our tearful race?—
 Heaven's own purest waters
 Well might bear the trace
 Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace.

Will that clime infold thee
 With immortal air?
 Shall we not behold thee
 Bright and deathless there?
 In spirit-luster clothed, transcendently more fair?

Yes! my fancy sees thee
 In that light disclose,
 And its dream thus frees thee
 From the mist of woes,
 Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal, royal rose!

THE ROSE.

ELTON'S SPECIMENS.

DID Jove a queen of flowers decree,
 The rose the queen of flowers should be.
 Of flowers the eye; of plants the gem;
 The meadow's blush; earth's diadem;
 Glory of colors, on the gaze
 Lightening in its beauty's blaze;

It breathes of love ; it blooms the guest
Of Venus' ever-fragrant breast ;
In gaudy pomp its petals spread ;
Light foliage trembles round its head ;
With vermeil blossoms fresh and fair
It laughs to the voluptuous air.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

BY T. MOORE.

'Tis the last Rose of summer
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No Rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
And give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves on the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away ;

When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This cold world alone ?

GATHER YOUR ROSES.

ANTHOLOGIA OXONINESIS.

LIVE while you live, my boys !
Yet while the lamp doth shine ;
Gather your roses
Ere they decline.

Man makes himself both cares and pains ;
He seeks for thorns, and thorns he gains :
But lets, alas ! unheeded pass
The violet in his way.

Live while you live, my boys !
Yet while the lamp doth shine ;
Gather your roses
Ere they decline.

ODE.

ANACREON (TRANSLATED BY MOORE.)

BUDS of roses, virgin flowers
Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep !

Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine ;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.

Rose ! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower ;
Rose ! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled spring, the wood-nymph wild !

Even the gods who walk the sky
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids.
Then bring me showers of roses, bring,
And shed them round me while I sing.

THE MOSS ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

THE Angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay ;
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dew of heaven ;—
Awakening from his light repose,
The Angel whispered to the Rose :
“ O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair ;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee ! ”
Then said the Rose, with deepened glow,
“ On me another grace bestow ; ”

The spirit paused in silent thought,—
What grace was there that flower had not ?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the Rose
A veil of moss the Angel throws,
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed ?

THE ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM CAMOENS.

• JUST like love is yonder Rose :—
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briers it blows ;
Just like love.

Culled to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gathered with the rest,
And with it to the heart be prest ;
Just like love.

And when rude hands the twin buds sever,
They die, and they shall blossom never ;
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever ;
Just like love.

THE LEGACY OF THE ROSES.

MISS L. E. LONDON.

OH ! plant them above me, the soft and bright,
The touched with the sunset's crimson light,



The warm with the earliest breath of Spring,
The sweet with the sweep of the west wind's wing ;
Let the green bough and the red leaf wave,—
Plant the glad rose-tree upon my grave.

Why should the mournful willow weep,
O'er the quiet rest of the dreamless sleep ?
Weep for life with its toil and care,
Its crime to shun, and its sorrows to bear ;
Let tears, and the signs of tears be shed
Over the living, not over the dead.

Plant not the cypress, nor yet the yew,
Too heavy their shadow, too gloomy their hue,
For one who is sleeping in faith and love,
With a hope that is treasured in heaven above ;
In a holy trust are my ashes laid,
Cast ye no darkness, throw ye no shade.

Plant the green sod with the crimson rose,
Let my friends rejoice o'er my calm repose ;
Let my memory be like the odors shed,
My hope like the promise of early red ;
Let strangers share in their breath and bloom,
Plant ye the bright roses over my tomb.

GATHER YE ROSE-BUDS.

HERRICK.

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying ;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting ;
 The sooner will his race be run,
 The nearer he's a-setting.

That age is best, that is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ;
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
 And while ye may, go marry ;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may forever tarry.



SENSITIVE PLANT.

(*Bashful Love.*)

THIS delicate emblem of *bashfulness* is a member of the Mimosa family. In India it becomes a tall tree.

The old pastoral poet, W. Browne, alludes to its peculiarities thus :

“ Look how the feeling-plant, which learned swains
 Relate to grow on the East Indian plains,
 Shrinks up his dainty leaves if any sand
 You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand.”

Matthew Prior alludes to the diversity of opinion as to what causes this phenomenon :

“ Whence does it happen that the plant, which well
We name the ‘sensitive,’ should move and feel ?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighboring hand ?”

There is one most remarkable member of this extraordinary family, known as the “friendly-tree,” which droops its branches whenever any person approaches it, seeming as if it saluted those who sought retreat beneath its sheltering boughs. Moore calls it

“ That courteous tree,
Which bows to all who seek its canopy.”

THE MIMOSA.

DARWIN.

WEAK, with nice sense, the chaste mimosa stands ;
From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands.
Oft, as light clouds pass o'er the Summer's glade,
Alarmed, she trembles at the moving shade,
And feels alive through all her tender form
The whispered murmurs of the gathering storm ;
Shuts her sweet eyelids to approaching night,
And hails with freshened charms the rosy light.

EVENING PRIMROSE.

(Silent Love.)

“ Love us as emblems, night’s dewy flowers.”—MRS. HEMANS.

THE evening primrose is dedicated by Roman Catholics to St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal. It has not elicited so many poetical addresses as its sister of the day, yet has not been quite overlooked. Keats mused thus on

“ A tuft of evening primroses,
O’er which the mind may hover till it dozes ;
O’er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that ’tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers.”

 THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

LANGHORNE.

THERE are that love the shades of life,
And shun the splendid walks of fame ;
There are that hold it rueful strife
To risk Ambition’s losing game ;

That far from envy’s lurid eye
The fairest fruits of genius rear,
Content to see them bloom and die
In friendship’s small but kindly sphere.

Than vainer flowers, though sweeter far,
The *Evening* Primrose shuns the day ;
Blooms only to the western star,
And love its solitary ray.

In Eden's vale an aged hind
At the dim twilight's closing hour,
On his time-smoothed staff reclined,
With wonder viewed the opening flower.

“ Ill-fated flower, at eve to blow,”
(In pity's simple thought he cries,)
“ Thy bosom must not feel the glow
Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

“ Nor thee the vagrants of the field,
The hamlet's little train behold ;
Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
When thine the falling shades unfold.

“ Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
When love has filled his heart with cares :
For flowers he rifles all the meads ;
For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

“ Ah ! waste no more that beauteous bloom,
On night's chill shade that fragrant breath ;
Let smiling suns those gems illume !
Fair flower ! to live unseen is death !”

Soft as the voice of vernal gales
That o'er the bending meadows blow,
Or streams that steal through even vales,
And murmur that they move so slow.

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela poured her strain ;
The bird of eve approved her flower,
And answered thus the anxious swain :—

“ Live unseen !
By moonlight shades, in valleys green,
Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.
Of our pleasures deem not lightly,
Laughing day may look more sprightly ;
But I love the modest mien,
Still I love the modest mien
Of gentle evening fair, and her star-trained queen.

“ Didst thou, shepherd, never find
Pleasure is of pensive kind ?
Has thy cottage never known
That she loves to dwell alone ?
Dost thou not at evening hour
Feel some soft and secret power
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave sweet serenity behind,
While, all disarmed, the cares of day
Steal through the falling gloom away ;
Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undistinguished shade ;
Far from the world's infectious view
Thy little virtues safely blew ?
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour,
Guard thy emblematic flower.”

THE HELIOTROPE.

(Devoted Attachment.)

THE Heliotrope divides with the Sunflower the fable of representing Clytie, who died of love for the sun, the course of which its flowers are supposed to follow.

This is Ovid's* relation of her fate :

“She with distracted passion pines away;
Detesteth company ; all night, all day
Disrobèd, with her ruffled hair unbound,
And wet with humor, sits upon the ground :
For nine long days all sustenance forbears ;
Her hunger cloyed with dew, her thirst with tears :
Nor rose ; but rivets on the god her eyes,
And ever turns her face to him that flies.
At length to earth her stupid body cleaves ;
Her wan complexion turns to bloodless leaves.
Yet streaked with red, her perished limbs beget
A flower resembling the pale violet,
Which with the sun, though rooted fast, doth move,
And being changèd, changeth not her love.”

THE HELIOTROPE.

ANON.

THERE is a flower whose modest eye
Is turned with looks of light and love,
Who breathes her sweetest, softest sigh,
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

* Sandys's translation.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
 Her fond idolatry is fled ;
 Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,
 The loving eye is cold and dead.

Canst thou not trace a moral here,
 False flatterer of the prosperous hour ?
 Let but an adverse cloud appear,
 And thou art faithless as the flower.

HELIOTROPE.

SHE, enamored of the sun,
 At his departure hangs her head and weeps,
 And shrouds her sweetness up, and keeps
 Sad vigils like a cloistered nun,
 Till his reviving ray appears,
 Waking her beauty as he dries her tears.

SWEETBRIAR.

(I Wound to Heal.)

WE cannot undertake to explain why this singular meaning has been given to Sweetbriar.

It is called by the older poets "Eglantine"—a name sometimes erroneously given to the Honeysuckle. The strong perfume of Sweetbriar in a bouquet kills the other flowers which form it.

TO THE SWEETBRIAR.

BRAINARD.

OUR sweet autumnal western-scented wind
Robs of its odors none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it left behind,
As that sweetbriar yields it ; and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
One half so lovely ; yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway ; by the poor man's door.
Such are the simple folks it dwells among ;
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate ;
Its sweetness all is of my native land ;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Bring from the odors of the spicy East.
You love your flowers and plants, and will you hate
The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest ?

LADY FERN.

(Fascination.)

LADY FERN.

CALDER CAMPBELL.

IF you would see the lady fern
In all her graceful power,
Go look for her where woodlarks learn
Love-songs in a summer bower ;
Where not far off, nor yet close by,
A merry stream trips on,
Just near enow for an old man's eye
To watch the waters run,
And leap o'er many a cluster white
Of crowfoots o'er them spread ;
While hart's tongues quiet with a green more bright
Where the brackens make their bed.
Ferns all—and lovely all—yet each
Yielding in charms to her
Whose natural graces Art might teach
High lessons to confer.
Go look for the pimpernel by day,
For Selene's flowers by night,
For the first loves to bask in the sunny ray,
And the last woos the moon's soft light :
But day or night the lady fern
May catch and charm your eye,
When the sun to gold her emerald turns,
Or the moon lends her silver dye.

But seek her not in early May,
For a Sibyl then she looks,
With wrinkled fronds that seem to say,
“Shut up my wizard books!”
Then search for her in the summer woods,
Where rills keep moist the ground,
Where foxgloves from their spotted hoods
Shake pilfering insects round ;
Where up and clambering all about,
The traveller’s joy flings forth
Its snowy awns, that in and out
Like feathers strew the earth.
Fair are the tufts of meadow sweet
That haply blossom nigh,
Fair are the whorls of violet
Prunella shows hard by ;
But not by burn, in wood, or dale,
Grows anything so fair
As the plummy crest of emerald pale
That waves in the wind, or soughs in the gale,
Of the Lady fern, when the sunbeams turn
To gold her delicate hair.

WALTER SCOTT.

WHERE the copse-wood is the greenest,
Where the fountain glistens sheenest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
There the lady fern grows strongest.

MYRTLE.

(Love.)

THE Myrtle, like the rose, is generally considered symbolic of *love*, and by the Greeks and Romans was consecrated to Venus, round whose temples they planted groves of it; and, when the votaries of this goddess sacrificed to her, they, like her attendant Graces, wore myrtle chaplets.

The Myrtle is supposed to derive its name from Myrsine, an Athenian maiden, and favorite of Minerva, said to have been metamorphosed into the myrtle; at any rate, it owes its origin to a Greek word signifying *perfume*.

Among the ancient writers who speak of its symbolism is Pliny: he records that the Romans and Sabines, when they were reconciled, laid down their weapons under a myrtle-tree, and purified themselves with its boughs. When Harmodius and Aristogiton set forth to free their country from a tyrant, their swords were wreathed with myrtle.

A MYRTLE.

KEATS.

A MYRTLE, fairer than
E'er grew in Paphos, from the bitter weeds
Lifts its sweet head into the air, and feeds

A silent space with ever-sprouting green.
All tenderest birds there find a pleasant screen,
Creep through the shade with noisy fluttering,
Nibble the little cupped flowers, and sing.

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

BURNS.

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
When bright beaming summers exalt the perfume ;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen or green bracken,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me all yon humble brown bowers,
Where the bluebell and gowan lurk lowly unseen :
For there lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

JASMINE.

(Amiability.)

MANY significations are attached to this exquisitely scented flower, but the most reliable works adopt it as the representative of *amiability*.

THE JASMINE.

COWPER.

THE jasmine throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scattered stars.

TO A JASMINE TREE

GROWING IN THE COURT OF NAWORTH CASTLE.

LORD MORPETH.

MY slight and slender jasmine-tree,
That bloomest on my Border-tower,
Thou art more dearly loved by me
Than all the wealth of fairy bower.
I ask not, while I near thee dwell ;
Arabia's spice or Syria's rose ;
Thy bright festoons more freshly smell,
Thy virgin white more freshly glows.

My wild and winsome jasmine-tree,
That climbest up the dark-gray wall,
Thy tiny flowerets seem in glee,
Like silver spray-drops down to fall :
Say, did they from their leaves thus peep,
When mailed moss-troopers rode the hill ?
When helmed wardens paced the keep,
And bugles blew for Belted Will ?

My free and feathery jasmine-tree,
Within the fragrance of thy breath,
Yon dungeon grated to its key,
And the chained captive pined for death.
On Border fray, on feudal crime,
I dream not while I gaze on thee ;
The chieftains of that stern old time
Could ne'er have loved a jasmine-tree.

JASMINE.

MOORE.

THE image of Love that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the jasmine flower, that sighs
Its soul like her in the shade.
The dream of a future happier hour
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery almond flower
That blooms on a leafless bough.

NIGHT SCENTING JASMINE.

MOORE.

MANY a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep ;
From timid jasmine-buds that keep
Their odor to themselves all day,
But when the sunlight dies away
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about.

PERFUME OF JASMINE.

CHURCHILL.

THE jasmine, with which the queen of flowers,
To charm her god, adorns his favorite bowers ;
Which brides, by the plain hand of neatness drest,—
Unenvied rival !—wear upon the breast ;
Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waist.

ON THE INDIAN-JASMINE FLOWER.

RYAN.

How lovelily the jasmine flower
Blooms far from man's observing eyes :
And having lived its little hour,
There withers,—there sequestered dies !
Though faded, yet 'tis not forgot ;
A rich perfume time cannot sever
Lingers in that unfriended spot,
And decks the jasmine's grave forever.

Thus, thus should man who seeks to soar
On learning's wings to fame's bright sky,
Far from his fellows seek that lore,
Unheeded live, sequestered die.
Thus, like the jasmine, when he's fled,
Fame's rich perfume will ever keep,
Lingering around the faded dead,
As saints that watch some infant's sleep.

THE JASMINE.

MOORE.

'Twas midnight—through the lattice wreathed
With woodbine, many a perfume breathed
From plants that wake when others sleep ;
From timid Jasmine buds that keep
Their odor to themselves all day ;
But when the sunlight dies away,
Let the delicious secret out
To every breeze that roams about.

TO THE JESSAMINE.

MISS JANE TAYLOR.

SWEET jessamine, long may thy elegant flower
Breathe fragrance and solace for me :
And long thy green sprigs overshadow the bower
Devoted to friendship and thee.

The eye that was dazzled where lilies and roses
Their brilliant assemblage displayed,
With grateful delight on thy verdure reposes,
A tranquil and delicate shade.

But ah ! what dejection that foliage expresses
Which pensively droops on her breast !
The dew of the evening has laden her tresses,
And stands like a tear on her crest.

I'll watch by thy side through the gloom of the night
 Impatient till morning appears :
 No charm can awaken this heart to delight,
 My jasmine, while thou art in tears.

But soon will the shadows of night be withdrawn,
 Which ever in mercy are given ;
 And thou shalt be cheered by the light of the morn,
 And fanned by the breezes of heaven.

And still may thy tranquil and delicate shade
 Yield fragrance and solace to me ;
 For though all the flowers in my garden should fade,
 My heart will repose upon thee.



POPPY.

(*Consolation—Oblivion.*)

THE Poppy, Greek mythologists tell us, was created by Ceres whilst in search of her daughter Proserpine, as a soother of her grief. The pastoral poet, William Browne, in his quaint phraseology, says :

“ Sleep-bringing poppy, by the plowman late,
 Not without cause, to Ceres consecrate :
 For being round and full at his half-birth,
 It signified the perfect orb of earth ;
 And by his inequalities when blowne,
 The earth's low vales and higher hills were showne ;
 By multitude of grains it held within,
 Of men and beasts the number noted bin.

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Or since her daughter that she loved so well,
By him that in the infernal shades does dwell,

* * * * *

Fairest Proserpina was rapt away,
And she in plaints the night, in tears the day,
Had long time spent ; when no high power could give her
Any redresse, the poppy did relieve her :
For, eating of the seeds, they sleep procured,
And so beguiled those griefs she long endured.

THROUGH THE FIELDS.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

PLEASANT beneath this burning sky of June,
To tread the field-paths by these hedges gay,
With shining gorse and rosy-blossomed May,
To linger here, where in full blaze of noon,
Under the quivering branches of the trees,
The air is cool and fragrant, and the light
Comes greenly tempered to the aching sight ;
Or to pass hence, and plunging to the knees
In a green meadow, wade to the full sea
Of flowering grasses, foaming as we go
With clustering daisies. Nought more sweet may be,
The while the skylight soars and sings, and lo !
The cuckoo, lone Narcissus of the woods,
Of his own name enamored, still that name intrudes.

ORANGE-BLOSSOM.

(Your purity equals your loveliness.)

ORANGE-BLOSSOM is generally deemed typical of *chastity*. The practice of brides wearing a wreath of it on their wedding-day, though still retained in some countries, is not so fashionable here as formerly.

In his "Ode to Memory," Tennyson alludes to the custom of using these blossoms at nuptials thus :

" Like a bird of old
In triumph led,
With music and sweet showers
Of festal flowers,
Unto the dwelling she must sway."

THE ORANGE-BLOSSOM.

JUST then, beneath some orange-trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy.

THE ORANGE-TREE.

SPENSER.

NEXT thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispread and body great,
Clothèd with leaves, that none the wood might see,
And laden all with fruit, as thick as thick might be.

The fruit were golden apples glistening bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold ;
On earth no better grew, nor living wight
E'er better saw, but they from hence* were sold,
For those which Hercules, with conquest bold,
Got from great Atlas' daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold,
And those with which th' Eubœan young man wan
[won]
Swift Atalanta, when, through craft, he her outran.

Here also sprang that goodly golden fruit
With which Acontius got his lover true,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitless suit ;
Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which among the gods false Atè threw,
For which the Idæan ladies disagreed,
Till partial Paris deemed it Venus' due,
And had [of her] fair Helen for his meed,
That many noble Greeks and Trojans made to bleed.

TO THE HUMMING BIRD.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THERE, lovely bee-bird ! mayst thou rove
Through spicy vale and citron grove,
And woo and win thy fluttering love
With plume so bright ;

* The garden of Proserpina.

There rapid fly, more heard than seen,
'Mid orange-boughs of polished green,
With glowing fruit, and flowers between
Of purest white.

THE ORANGE-BOUGH.

MRS. HEMANS.

OH ! bring me one sweet orange-bough,
To fan my cheek, to cool my brow ;
One bough, with pearly blossoms dressed,
And bind it, mother ! on my breast !

Go seek the grove along the shore,
Whose odors I must breathe no more,
The grove where every scented tree
Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.

Oh ! Love's fond sighs, and fervent prayer,
And wild farewell, are lingering there,
Each leaf's light whisper hath a tone,
My faint heart, even in death, would own.

Then bear me thence one bough, to shed
Life's parting sweetness round my head,
And bind it, mother ! on my breast
When I am laid in lonely rest.

ANEMONE.

(*Withered Hopes—Forsaken.*)

THIS flower derives its name from *anemos*, the Greek word for wind, from thence came our poetical appellation of “the wind-flower.” The ancients tell us that the Anemone was formerly a nymph beloved by Zephyr, and that Flora, jealous of her beauty, banished her from her Court, and finally transformed her into the flower that now bears her name. The more common myth is, that the anemone sprang from the blood of Adonis, combined with the tears which Venus shed over his body. The Greek poet Bion, in his “Lament for Adonis,” says :

“That wretched queen, Adonis bewailing,
For every drop of blood lets fall a tear ;
Two blooming flowers the mingled streams disclose ;
Anemone the tears ; the blood, a rose.”

TO THE ANEMONE.

MISS PRATT.

FLOWERS of the wild wood ! your home is there,
’Mid all that is fragrant, all that is fair ;
Where the wood-mouse makes his home in the earth ;
Where gnat and butterfly have their birth ;
Where leaves are dancing over each flower,
Fanning it well in the noontide hour,
And the breath of the wind is murmuring low,
As branches are bending to and fro.

Sweet are the memories that ye bring
Of the pleasant leafy woods of spring ;
Of the wild bee, so gladly humming,
Joyous that earth's young flowers are coming ;
Of the nightingale and merry thrush,
Cheerfully singing from every bush ;
And the cuckoo's note, when the air is still,
Heard far away on the distant hill.

* * * * *

Pure are the sights and sounds of the wild
Ye can bring to the heart of Nature's child ;
Plain and beautiful is the story
That ye tell of your Maker's glory ;
Useful the lesson that ye bear,
That fragile is all, however fair ;
While ye teach that time is on his wing,
As ye open the blossoms of every spring.

THE RED ANEMONE.

TENNYSON.

GROWTHS of jasmine turned
Their humid arms, festooning tree and tree,
And at the root through lush green grasses burned
The red anemone.

ASPHODEL.

(I will be faithful unto Death.)

ANCIENTLY dedicated to the memory of departed souls, the asphodel is still very common in Greece ; it was planted around the tombs of the deceased ; and it was believed that beyond the fatal river Acheron, the shades wandered in a vast field of asphodels, and drank forgetfulness from Lethe's waters of oblivion. The flowers of the asphodel produce grains with which it was thought that the dead were nourished. Orpheus, in Pope's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," conjures the infernal deities :

“ By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers ;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel
Or amaranthine bowers.”

We have as old an authority as Homer for stating that, after having crossed the Styx, the shades passed over a long plain of asphodels. Hence the meaning attached to the flower.



HONEYSUCKLE.

(Generous, devoted Affection.)

THIS exquisite flower has something so homelike and English about it that we marvel it has not met with more poetical appreciation. All the glories

of East and West cannot rival its blossoms in our estimation. Often in Eastern lands have we longed for the honeysuckle lanes of England. It grows (for the benefit of the wayfarer) in the hedgerow : it clasps the porch and thatch of the poor man's cottage : it wafts soothing perfume to the lover.

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

SEE the Honeysuckle twine
Round this casement :—'tis a shrine
Where the heart doth incense give,
And the poor affections live
In the mother's gentle breast
By her smiling infant pressed.

Blessed shrine ! dear, blissful home !
Source whence happiness doth come !
Round by the cheerful hearth we meet
All things beauteous—all things sweet—
Every solace of man's life,
Mother—daughter—sister—wife !

England, Isle of free and brave,
Circled by the Atlantic wave !
Though we seek the fairest land
That the south wind ever fanned,
Yet we cannot hope to see
Homes so holy as in thee.

As the tortoise turns its head
Towards its native ocean-bed,
Howsoever far it be
From its own beloved sea,
Thus, dear Albion, evermore
Do we turn, to seek thy shore !

FRAGMENT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AND well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wallflower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all his round surveyed,
And still I thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power.

WOODBINE.

SHAKSPEARE.

I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows.
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight :
And there the snake throws her enameled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

THE QUESTION.

SHELLEY.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kissed it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets ;
Faint oxlips ; tender bluebells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that wets
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-colored May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day ;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine,

With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray,
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold ;
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with
white,
And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,

Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;
And bulrushes and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it !—oh ! to whom ?

FROM THE "RAPE OF PROSERPINE."

BARRY CORNWALL.

HERE this rose
(This one half-blown) shall be my Maia's portion
For that like it her blush is beautiful ;
And this deep violet, almost as blue
As Pallas' eye, or thine Lycinnia,
I'll give to thee ; for like thyself it wears
Its sweetness, ne'er obtruding. For this lily,
Where can it hang but at Cyane's breast ?
And yet 'twill wither on so white a bed,
If flowers have sense, for envy :—It shall lie
Amongst thy raven tresses, Cytheris,
Like one star on the bosom of the night.
The cowslip, and the yellow primrose, they
Are gone, my sad Leontia, to their graves,
And April hath wept o'er them, and the voice

Of March hath sung, even before their deaths,
The dirge of those young children of the year.
But here is heart's-ease for your woes. And now,
The honeysuckle flower I give to thee,
And love it for my sake, my own Cyane :
It hangs upon the stem it loves, as thou
Hast clung to me, through every joy and sorrow ;
It flourishes with its guardian's growth, as thou dost ;
And if the woodman's axe should drop the tree,
The woodbine too must perish.

WREATHS.

WEAVE thee a wreath of woodbine, child,
'Twill suit thy infant brow ;
It runs up free in the woodlands wild,
As tender and as frail as thou.

He bound his brow with a woodbine wreath,
And smiled his playful eye,
And he lightly skipped o'er the blossomed heath,
In his young heart's ecstasy.

I saw him not till his manly brow
Was clouded with thought and care,
And the smile of youth, and its beauty, now
No longer wanted there.

Go, twine thee a crown of the ivy tree,
And gladden thy loaded breast :
Bright days may yet shine out for thee,
And thy bosom again know rest.

Long years rolled on,—and I saw again
His form in hoary age ;
His forehead was deeply furrowed then,
In life's last feeble stage.

O be thy crown, old man, I said,
Of the yew and the cypress made,
A garland meet for thy silvered head
Ere it low in the tomb be laid.

And such is life, and such is man
In his fleeting course below :
His little day, that in joy began,
Must proceed and end in woe ;

But another day shall weave for him
A garland that will not die,
And his cup of bliss shall o'erflow its brim ;—
He shall live eternally.

HONEYSUCKLES.

KEATS.

DEW-SWEET eglantine,
And honeysuckles full of clear bee-wine.

CELANDINE ;

OR,

SWALLOW HERB.

(Deceptive Hopes.)

THIS emblem of *deceptive hopes* derives its botanical name from a Greek word signifying a *swallow*, because, say some, of its coming and going with that bird ; but according to Gerarde, it was so called from an opinion which prevailed among the country people, that the old swallows used it to restore sight to their young when their eyes were out.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

(COMMON PILE WORT.)

WORDSWORTH.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory ;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story ;
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star ;

Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout ;
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower—I'll make a stir
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf,
Bold, and lavish of thyself ;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more and yet,
'Twas a face I did not know ;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless Prodigal ;
Telling tales about the sun
When we've little warmth or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood,
Travel with the multitude :
Never heed them : I aver
That they all are wanton wooers ;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home :
Spring is coming ; thou art come ;

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly unassuming spirit !
Careless of thy neighborhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane ; there's not a place
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours !
Buttercups that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no ;
Others, too, of lofty mien,
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine.

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill reputed upon earth ;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love !

WEeping WILLOW.

(*Mourning.*)

THIS tree has ever been regarded as the symbol of *sorrow*, and most appropriately, for not only do its pensive-looking branches droop mournfully towards the ground, but even very frequently little drops of water are to be seen standing, like tears, upon the pendent leaves. In its native East it is often planted over graves, and with its sorrowful, afflicted look, forms a most appropriate guardian of the departed ones' rest.

“The famous and admired weeping willow,” says Martyn, “planted by Pope, which has since been felled to the ground, came from Spain, inclosing a present for Lady Suffolk. Pope was present when the covering was taken off; he observed that the pieces of stick appeared as if they had some vegetation, and added, ‘Perhaps they may produce something we have not in England.’ Under this idea, he planted it in his garden, and it produced the willow-tree that has given birth to so many others.”

THE WILLOW.

BYRON.

WE sat down and wept by the waters
 Of Babel, and thought of the day,
 When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
 Made Salem's high places his prey;
 And ye, O her desolate daughters!
 Were scattered all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river,
 Which rolled on in freedom below,
 He demanded the song ; but, oh, never
 That triumph the stranger shall know !
 May this right hand be withered forever
 Ere it string our high harp for the foe !

On the willows that harp is suspended,
 O Salem ! Its sound should be free :
 And the hour when thy glories were ended
 But left me that token of thee ;
 And ne'er shall its soft note be blended
 With the voice of the spoiler by me.

WEARING THE WILLOW.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

Willy—How now, shepherd, what means that ?
 Why that willowe in thy hat ?
 Why thy scarffes of red and yellowe
 Turned to branches of green willowe ?

Cuddy—They are changed, and so am I ;
 Sorrowes live, but pleasures die :
 Phillis hath forsaken mee,
 Which makes me weare the willowe-tree.

Willy—Shepherd, be advised by mee,
 Cast off grief and willowe-tree ;
 For thy grief brings her content :
 She is pleased if thou lament.

Cuddy—Herdsman, I'll be ruled by thee,—
 There lies grief and willowe-tree;
 Henceforth I will do as they,
 And love a new love every day.

THE WILLOW.

SHAKSPEARE.

My mother had a maid called Barbara :
 She was in love ; but he she loved proved mad,
 And did forsake her. She had a song of " Willow."
 An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
 And she died singing it.

THE WILLOW.

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is a willow grows aslant the brook,
 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
 There with fantastic garlands did she * come,
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
 That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them ;
 There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
 When down her weedy trophies and herself
 Fell in the weeping brook.

* Ophelia.

TO A WILLOW-TREE.

HERRICK.

THOU art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found ;
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,
And left of love, are crowned.

When once the lover's rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn,
Then willow garlands 'bout the head,
Bedewed with tears, are worn.

When with neglect the lover's bane,
Poor maids rewarded be ;
For their love lost, their only gain
Is but a wreath from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth and love-sick maid
Come to weep out the night.

THE GARLAND.

MOORE.

A WILLOW garland thou didst send,
Perfumed, last day, to me ;
Which did but only this portend :
I was forsook by thee.

Since so it is, I'll tell thee what :
 To-morrow thou shalt see
 Me wear the willow ; after that
 To die upon the tree.

As beasts unto the altar go
 With garlands dressed, so I
 Will with my willow wreath also
 Come forth and sweetly die.

SONNET.

GARCILASSO.

FOR Daphne's laurel Phœbus gave his voice :
 The towering poplar charmed stern Hercules ;
 The myrtle sweet, whose gifted flowers rejoice
 Young hearts in love, did most warm Venus please ;
 The little green willow is my Fledri's choice :
 She gathers it amidst a thousand trees.
 Thus laurel, poplar, and sweet myrtle now,
 Where'er it grows, shall to the willow bow.

THE DROOPING WILLOW.

L. E. L.

GREEN willow ! over whom the perilous blast
 Is sweeping roughly, thou dost seem to me
 The patient emblem of humility,
 Waiting in meekness till the storm be passed,
 Assured an hour of peace will come at last ;—
 That there will be for thee a calm bright day
 When the dark clouds are gathered far away.

How canst thou ever sorrow's emblems be ?
Rather I deem thy slight and fragile form,
In mild endurance bending gracefully,
Is like the wounded heart, which 'mid the storm
Looks for the promised time which is to be,
In pious confidence. Oh ! thou shouldst wave
Thy branches o'er the lowly martyr's grave.

SUNFLOWER.

(*Fidelity.*)

THE classic legend of Clytie has been attached to the sunflower. That nymph had been beloved by Helios, but it was not long before he transferred his affections to Leucothoe, daughter of King Orchamus. When Clytie found herself unable to regain her lover, she informed the Persian monarch of his daughter's love affair, and he had the unfortunate girl entombed alive. Helios, enraged at the terrible tragedy, entirely forsook the nymph whose jealousy had caused it ; and she, overwhelmed with grief, lay prone upon the earth for nine days and nights without any sustenance, her eyes continually following the course of her adored sun through the heavens. At last the gods, less pitiless than her former admirer, transformed her into a sunflower, and as Ovid says :

“Still the loved object the fond leaves pursue,
Still move their root, the moving sun to view.”

Robert Browning thus alludes to the story of Rudël.

the ancient French poet who adopted this splendid blossom as his emblem :

“ I know a mount, the gracious sun perceives
 First when he visits, last, too, when he leaves
 The world ; and, vainly favored, it repays
 The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
 By no change of its large calm front of snow.
 And underneath the mount a flower, I know,
 He cannot have perceived, that changes ever
 At his approach ; and, in the lost endeavor
 To live his life, has parted, one by one,
 With all a flower's true graces, for the grace
 Of being but a foolish mimic sun,
 With ray-like florets round a disk-like face.
 Men nobly call by many a name the mount,
 As over many a land of theirs its large
 Calm front of snow, like a triumphal targe,
 Is reared ; and still with old names fresh ones vie,
 Each to its proper praise and own account.
 Men call the flower the sunflower, sportively.”

THE SUNFLOWER.

THOMSON.

THE loft follower of the sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Drooping all night, and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamored bosom to his ray.

TO THE SUNFLOWER.

PRIDE of the garden, the beauteous, the regal,
 The crowned with a diadem burning in gold ;
 Sultan of flowers, as the strong-pinioned eagle,
 And lord of the forest their wide empire hold.

Let the Rose boast her fragrance, the soft gales perfuming,

The tulip unfold all her fair hues to me :

Yet though sweet be their perfume, their rainbow dyes blooming,

I turn, noble Sunflower, with more love to thee.

There are some think thy stateliness haughty, disdain-
ing,—

Thy heaven-seeking gaze has no charm for their eyes.

'Tis because the pure spirit within thee that's reigning
Exalts thee above the vain pleasures they prize.

Emblem of Constancy, whilst he is beaming,

For whom is thy passion so steadfast, so true ;

May we, who of faith and of love are aye dreaming,

Be taught to remember this lesson by you !

If on earth, like the Sunflower, our soul's best devotion
Shall turn to the source of Truth's far-beaming
rays :

Oh ! how blest, how triumphant, shall be our emotion,
When the bright "Sun of Righteousness" bursts on
our gaze.

THE SUNFLOWER.

L. E. LANDON.

Look upon this flower !

It is the symbol of unhappy love ;

'Tis sacred to the slighted Clytie.

See how it turns its bosom to the sun,

And when dark clouds conceal it, or when night

Is on the sky, mark how it folds its leaves,
And droops its head, and weeps sweet tears of dew,—
The constant sunflower.

THE SUNFLOWER.

HOOD.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head's turned by the sun ;
The tulip is a courtly queen,
Whom therefore I will shun ;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun ;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

SUNFLOWER.

SHELLEY.

LIGHT-ENCHANTED sunflower ! Thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendor,
Follow not his faithless glance
With thy faded countenance ;
Nor teach my beating heart to fear,
If leaves can mourn without a tear,
How eyes must weep.

CONSTANCY.

MOORE.

OH ! the heart that once truly loves never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close ;
 As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
 The same look that she turned when he rose.

REAL FAITH.

REAL faith is like the sun's fair flower,
 Which 'midst the clouds that shroud it, and the winds
 That wave it to and fro, and all the change
 Of air, and earth, and sky, doth rear its head,
 And looketh up, still steadfast, to its God.

LAUREL. BAY.

*(Glory.)**(Fame.)*

"We crown with the laurel wreath
 The hero-god, the soldier chief."—ELIZA COOK.

"Sweet bay-tree, symbol of the song that dreaming poet sings."
 IBID.

"The victor's garland, and the poet's crown."—W. BROWNE.

THE sweet bay was deemed by both Greeks and
 Romans emblematic of *Victory* and *Clemency*.
 The glories of all grand deeds were signalized by means

of laurel crowns ; its leaves were deemed very efficacious in the prevention of illness, and its shelter was believed to ward off lightning.

This presumed power is alluded to in the device of the Count de Dunois, which Madame de Genlis mentions as being a bay-tree, with the motto, "I defend the earth that bears me ;" and Leigh Hunt, in his "Descent of Liberty," thus adverts to the belief :

"Long have you my laurels worn,
And though some under-leaves be torn
Here and there, yet what remains
Still its pointed green retains,
And still an easy shade supplies
To your calm-kept watchful eyes.
Only, would you keep it brightening,
And its power to shake the lightning
Harmless down its glossy ears,
Suffer not so many years
To try what they can bend and spoil."

The laurel bears the classic appellation of *Daphne*, because of the ancient legend connecting it with the nymph of that name, who, according to Ovid, was daughter of the river-god Peneus. Apollo beheld her, and at once became enamored of her beauty ; but Daphne fled from his importunities, and, fearful of being caught, called to Diana for assistance : she answered her prayers by transforming her into the laurel. Apollo, finding that he held nothing but a hard tree in his embrace, saluted its vivid green leaves with kisses, crowned his head with its leaves, and ordained that ever after that tree should be sacred to his god-head. Ovid thus recounts this fact :

"I espouse thee for my tree :
Be thou the prize of honor and renown ;
The deathless poet and the poem crown.

Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn."

Spenser resents the slight shown to the god of poetry,
and thus vindictively speaks of the cold nymph :

" Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus's lovely fire,
On the Thessalian shore from him did flee;
For which the gods, in their revengeful ire,
Did her transform into a laurel-tree."

Chaucer bestows the laurel upon the Knights of the
Round Table, the Paladins of Charlemagne, and some
other heroes of antiquity,

" That in their times did right worthily.

* * * * *

For one lefe given of that noble tree
To any wight that hath done worthily
Is more honour than anything erthly."

THE LAUREL.

TASSO.

O GLAD triumphal bough,
That now adornest conquering chiefs, and now
Clippest the brows of overruling kings :
From victory to victory
Thus climbing on, through all the heights of story,
From worth to worth, and glory unto glory ;
To finish all, O gentle and royal tree,
Thou reignest now upon that flourishing head,
At whose triumphant eyes Love and our souls are led.

THE BAY.

E. COOK.

WHOM do we crown with the laurel-leaf ?
The hero-god, the soldier chief ;
But we dream of the crushing cannon-wheel,
Of the flying shot and the reeking steel,
Of the crimson plain where warm blood smokes,
Where clangor deafens and sulphur chokes ;
Oh, who can love the laurel wreath,
Plucked from the gory field of death ?

* * * * *

But there's a green and fragrant leaf
Betokens nor revelry, blood, nor grief ;
'Tis the purest amaranth springing below,
And rests on the calmest, noblest brow.
It is not the right of the monarch or lord,
Nor purchased by gold, nor won by the sword ;
For the lowliest temples gather a ray
Of quenchless light from the palm of bay.

O beautiful bay ! I worship thee—
I homage thy wreath—I cherish thy tree ;
And of all the chaplets Fame may deal,
'Tis only to this one I would kneel.
For as Indians fly to the banian branch
When tempests lower and thunders launch,
So the spirit may turn from crowds and strife,
And seek from the bay-wreath joy and life.

THE LAUREL.

WORDSWORTH.

'TIS sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair,
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green ;
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
No meaner leaf was seen ;
And poets sage, in every age,
About their temples wound
The bay, and conquerors thanked the gods
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling time
So far runs back the praise
Of beauty, which disdains to climb
Along forbidden ways ;
That scorns temptations, power defies,
Where mutual love is not ;
And to the tomb for rescue flies
When life would be a blot.

PERIWINKLE.

(*Tender Recollections.*)

IN France the *Periwinkle*, which there is sometimes called “the magician’s violet,” is considered the emblem of sincere friendship, and as such is much used in their language of flowers. The English have adopted this evergreen plant as the representative of *tender recollections*.

In Italy, the country people make garlands of this plant, to place upon the biers of their deceased children, for which reason they name it the “flower of death.” But in Germany it is the symbol of *immortality*; and, because its fine, glossy, myrtle-green leaves flourish all through the winter, they term it “winter verdure.”

Chaucer repeatedly speaks of it in his “Romaunt of the Rose,” even making it one of the ornaments of the God of Love :

“ His garment was every dele
Ipurtraied and wrought with floures,
By divers medeling of coloures ;
Floures there was of many a gise,
Iset by campace in a sise ;
There lacked no floure to my dome,
Ne not so much as floure of brome,
Ne violet, ne eke perevink,
Ne floure none that men can on think.”

WILD FLOWERS.

ANON.

DESPISE thou not the wild flower—small it seem,
And of neglected growth, and its light bells
Hang carelessly on every passing gale ;
Yet it is finely wrought, and colors there
Might shame the Tyrian purple, and it bears
Marks of a care eternal and divine ;
Duly the dews descend to give it food,
The sun revives its drooping, and the showers
Add to its beauty, and the airs of Heaven
Are round it for delight.

DAHLIA.*(Instability and Pomp.)*

THE *Dahlia* is a native of Mexico, where Baron Humboldt found it growing in sandy meadows several hundred feet above the level of the sea. It was brought to England in 1789, but was neglected and the genus lost. It ornamented the royal gardens of the Escorial, at Madrid, for several years before Spanish jealousy would permit it to be introduced into the other countries of Europe.

It derives its name from a countryman of the celebrated Linnæus, Professor Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist : he presented it in 1804 to Lady Holland, who was its first successful English cultivator.

Its coarse foliage, gaudy flowers, and want of perfume seem to have prevented its becoming a favorite with our poets. Mrs. Sigourney just alludes to it as a florist's flower, in her "Farewell :"

"I have no stately dahlias, nor greenhouse flowers to weep,
But I passed the rich man's garden, and the mourning there was deep,
For the crownless queens all drooping hung amid the wasted sod,
Like Boadicea, bent with shame beneath the Roman rod."

THE DAHLIA.

MARTIN.

THOUGH severed from its native clime,
Where skies are ever bright and clear,
And nature's face is all sublime,
And beauty clothes the fragrant air,
The Dahlia will each glory wear,
With tints as bright, and leaves as green ;
And winter, in his savage mien,
May breathe forth storm,—yet she will bear
With all :—and in the summer ray,
With blossoms deck the brow of day.

And thus the soul—if fortune cast
Its lot to live in scenes less bright,—
Should bloom amidst the adverse blast ;—
Nor suffer sorrow's clouds to blight
Its outward beauty—inward light.
Thus should she live and flourish still,
Though misery's frost might strive to kill
The germ of hope within her quite :—
Thus should she hold each beauty fast,
And bud and blossom to the last.

MARIGOLD.

(Grief.)

“She droops and mourns,
Bedewed as ’twere with tears.”

GEORGE WITHERS.

BY old English poets these plants are called “golds;” the name of the Virgin Mary was a very frequent addition in the Middle Ages to anything useful or beautiful, and so in course of time this flower became known as the *Marigold*. In Provence they call it *gauche fer* (left-handed iron), probably from its round, brilliant disk, suggestive of a shield, which is worn on the left arm.

Although by itself, however, the Marigold expresses grief, by a judicious mixture with other flowers its meaning may be greatly varied. For instance, combined with roses it is symbolic of “the bitter sweets and pleasant pains of love;” whilst amongst Eastern nations a bouquet of marigolds and poppies signifies “I will allay your pain.” Associated with cypress, the emblem of death, marigolds betoken despair.

The marigold is usually open from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon; this foreshows a continuance of dry weather: should the blossom remain closed, rain may be expected. It shuts at sunset:

“The Marybudde, that shutteth with the light.”

Browne, in his “Britannia’s Pastorals,” says:

“But, maiden, see the day is waxen olde,
And ’gins to shut in with the marygolde.”

Whilst Shakspeare says in "Cymbeline," that when "Phœbus' gins arise," the "winking marybuds begin to ope their golden eyes."

Keats pays more heed to the natural attractions of this flower and sings :

"Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds !
Dry up the moisture of your golden lids,
For great Apollo bids
That in these days your praises shall be sung
On many harps, which he has lately strung;
And then again your dewiness he kisses—
Tell him I have you in my world of blisses:
So haply when I rove in some far vale,
His mighty voice may come upon the gale."

Chaucer calls the Marigold a "Golde," and makes a garland of them typical of jealousy, yellow being the emblematical color of that passion.

THE MARIGOLD.

G. WITHERS.

WHEN with a serious musing, I behold
The grateful and obsequious Marigold,
How duly, every morning, she displays
Her open breast when Phœbus spreads his rays ;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small slender stalk ;
How, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedewed as 'twere with tears, till he returns ;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scornèd to be looked upon

By an inferior eye ; or did condemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him :
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.
But, O my God ! though groveling I appear
Upon the ground, and have a rooting here
Which hales me downward, yet in my desire
To that which is above me I aspire,
And all my best affections I profess
To him that is the Sun of Righteousness.
Oh ! keep the morning of his incarnation,
The burning noon-tide of his bitter passion,
The night of his descending, and the height
Of his ascension,—ever in my sight,
That imitating Him in what I may,
I never follow an inferior way.

THE LILY.

(Majesty and Purity.)

THE Lily was sacred to Juno, and is now consecrated to the Virgin Mary. It has inspired very lovely poetry.

A BOUQUET OF LILIES.

WORDSWORTH.

A LILY flower,
The old Egyptian's emblematic mark
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

L. E. L.

THE water lilies, that glide so pale,
As if with constant care
Of the treasures which they bear;
For those ivory vases hold
Each a sunny gift of gold.

COWLEY.

THE virgin lilies in their white,
Clad but with the lawn of almost naked white.

WATER-LILIES.

E. R. B.

MISTY moonlight, faintly falling
O'er the lake at eventide,
Shows a thousand gleaming lilies
On the rippling waters wide.

White as snow, the circling petals
Cluster round each golden star,
Rising, falling with the waters,
Moving, yet at rest they are.

Winds may blow, and skies may darken,
Rain may pour, and waves may swell ;
Deep beneath the changeful eddies
Lily roots are fastened well.

THE CLOSING LILY.

TENNYSON.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake ;
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom, and be lost in me.

A DIALOGUE FROM SOUL GARDENING.

DORA GREENWELL.

“THOU bearest flowers within Thy hand,
Thou wearest on Thy breast
A flower ; now tell me which of these
Thy flowers Thou lovest best ;
Which wilt Thou gather to Thy heart
Beloved above the rest ?”

“Should I not love my flowers,
My flowers that bloom and pine,
Unseen, unsought, unwatched for hours
By any eye but Mine ?
Should I not love my flowers ?
I love my Lilies tall,
My Marigold with constant eyes,
Each flower that blows, each flower that dies
To Me, I love them all.

I gather to a heavenly bower
My Roses fair and sweet ;
I hide within my breast the flower
That grows beside my feet."

UNE PENSÉE.

TOM HOOD.

"There's Pansies : that's for thoughts."—SHAKESPEARE.

GAY lilies on the virgin breast
Of her who dieth young ;
And o'er the warrior gone to rest
Let laurel wreaths be flung ;
But strew ye purple pansies when the old man's knell
is rung.

Fair types those lily flowers are
Of her for whom ye weep ;
Whom earnest prayer and loving care
Could not among us keep ;
But strew ye purple pansies when the old man falls
asleep !

Well fitting for the warrior dead
The laurels he has won—
Proof of the brave life he has led,
The dangers he has run ;
But strew ye purple pansies when the old man's war is
done !

By all the glances backward cast
Along life's weary shore—
By all the memories of the past
That may return no more ;
Oh, strew ye purple pansies when the old man's life is
o'er !

THE WATER-LILY.

J. H. REYNOLDS.

IN a brook which loved to fret
O'er yellow sand and pebble blue,
The lily of the silvery hue
All freshly dwelt, with white leaves wet.
Away the sparkling water played,
Through bending grass, and blessed flower ;
Light and delight seemed all its dower ;
Away in merriment it strayed—
Singing, and bearing, hour after hour,
Pale lovely splendor to the shade.

THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE Sun stepped down from his golden throne,
And lay in the silent sea,
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,
For a sleepy thing was she.
What is the Lily dreaming of ?
Why crisp the waters blue ?
See, see, she is lifting her varnished lid !
Her white leaves are glistening through !

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek
In the lap of the breathless tide ;—
The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,
That would lie by the Rose's side ;
He would love her better than all the rest,
And he would be fond and true ;—
But the Lily unfolded her weary lids,
And looked at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,
How fast will thy summer glide,
And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,
Or flourish a blooming bride ?
“ Oh! the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,
And he lives on earth,” said she ;
“ But the Star is fair, and he lives in the air,
And he shall my bridegroom be.”

But what if the stormy cloud should come,
And ruffle the silver sea ?
Would he turn his eye from the distant sky
To smile on a thing like thee ?
Oh! no, fair Lily, he will not send
One ray from far-off throne ;
The winds shall blow, and the waves shall flow,
And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain top,
Nor a drop of evening dew,
Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,
Nor a pearl in the waters blue,
That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,
And warmed with his faithless beam,—
And will he be true to a pallid flower
That floats on the quiet stream ?

Alas for the Lily ! she would not heed,
But turned to the skies afar,
And bared her breast to the trembling ray
That shot from the rising Star ;
The cloud came over the darkened sky,
And over the waters wide :
She looked in vain through the beating rain,
And sank in the stormy tide.

THE WATER-LILY.

J. H. REYNOLDS.

O MELON-SCENTED lily !
O water-queen of flowers !
When shall I see the silver waves
Dancing around thee, like sweet slaves
To Beauty in its bowers ;
When shall I take an earthly part
In honoring thy golden heart ?

O pretty rose autumnal !
O fairy queen of trees !
When may I have thy gentle buds
Adornèd with their emerald studs,
In their green palaces ;
When see thy vernal velvet fall
Under thy ruby coronal ?

The sound of forest music
The water-song of streams,
Are become dim and strange to me
As musings of old witchery ;

But in my fitful dreams,
And in my waking weary hours,
Spirits come to me, as from flowers.

SWEET-WILLIAM.

(*Gallantry—Finesse.*)

THE *Sweet-William*, a member of the Pink family, from the charming manner in which it arranges its variegated blossoms into bouquet-shaped clusters, is well worthy of its second name of *finesse*.

The bearded Pink, as it is sometimes designated, is known to our French neighbors as the “poet’s eye,” because of the manner in which its petals are marked.

SWEET-WILLIAM.

COWLEY.

SWEET-WILLIAM small, has form and aspect bright;
Like that sweet flower that yields great Jove delight.
Had he majestic bulk he’d now be styled
Jove’s flower ; and, if my skill is not beguiled,
He was Jove’s flower when Jove was but a child.
Take him with many flowers in one conferred,
He’s worthy Jove, ev’n now he has a beard.

THE GILLYFLOWER.

DRAYTON.

THE curious, choice, clove July flower,
 Whose kinds, hight the carnation,
 For sweetness of most sovereign power
 Shall help my wreath to fashion ;
 Whose sundry colors of one kind,
 First from one root derived,
 Them in their several suits I'll bind,
 My garland so contrived.

FOXGLOVE.

(Insincerity.)

THE *Foxglove* typifies *insincerity*, because of the insidious poison which lurks within its bright blossom. In France and Germany, and in some parts of England, it is known as "Finger-flower," because of the resemblance it bears to the finger of a glove, a resemblance which the poets have not failed to take advantage of. William Brown describes Pan as seeking gloves for his mistress :

"To keep her slender fingers from the sunne,
 Pan through the pastures oftentimes hath runne
 To pluck the speckled foxgloves from their stem,
 And on those fingers neatly placèd them.

THE FOXGLOVE.

THE foxglove-leaves, with caution given,
Another proof of favoring Heaven
Will happily display :
The rabid pulse it can abate,
The hectic flush can moderate,
And, blest by Him whose will is fate,
May give a lengthened day.

FOXGLOVE.

UPON the sunny bank
The foxglove rears its pyramid of bells,
Gloriously freckled, purpled and white, the flower
That cheers Devonian's fields.

FUCHSIA.

(*Taste.*)

THE *Fuchsia*, a native of Chili, was named after
Leonard Fuchs, a noted German botanist.

As it is quite a modern addition to our gardens,
there is little poetry as yet belonging to it.

THE FUCHSIA.

ANON.

BEAUTIFUL child of a tropic sun,
How hast thou been from thy far home won,
To bloom in our chilly northern air,
Where the frost may blight, or the wind may tear ?

Dost thou not pine for thine own dear land,
For its cloudless skies—for its zephyrs bland,
For its graceful flowers of matchless hues,
Bright as the dreams of an Eastern muse ?

Dost thou not pine for the perfumed air,
For the gorgeous birds that are hovering there ;
For the starry skies, and the silver moon,
And the grasshopper's shrill and unchanging tune ?

Doth thy modest head as meekly bend
In thine own bright clime,—or doth exile lend
To thy fragile stalk its drooping grace,
Like the downcast look of a lovely face ?

No ! thou would'st murmur, were language thine,
It is not for these I appear to pine ;
Nor for glorious flowers, nor cloudless skies,
Nor yet for the plumage of rainbow dyes.

The kindly care I have met with here—
The dew that is soft as affection's tear,
Would have soothed, if sorrow had bent my head,
And life and vigor around me shed.

But I do not pine, and I do not grieve ;
Why should I mourn for the things I leave ?
I feel the sun and the gladsome air,
And all places are joyous if they be there.

And thus in the world we may happy be,
Not in climate, nor valley, nor islet free ;
But wherever the tenderest love in our breast
May have objects around it on which it can rest.

HEATH.

(*Solitude.*)

MOORLAND BLOSSOMS.

ELIZA COOK.

WILD blossoms of the moorland, ye are very dear
to me ;
Ye lure my dreaming memory as clover does the bee ;
Ye bring back all my childhood loved, when freedom,
joy, and health
Had never thought of wearing chains to fetter fame and
wealth.
Wild blossoms of the common land, brave tenants of
the earth,
Your breathings were among the first that helped my
spirit's birth ;

For how my busy brain would dream, and how my
heart would burn,
Where gorse and heather flung their arms above the
forest fern.

* * * * *

Who loved me then ? Oh ! those who were as gentle
as sincere,

Who never kissed my cheek so hard as when it owned a
tear.

Whom did I love ? Oh ! those whose faith I never had
to doubt ;

Those who grew anxious at my sigh and smiled upon
my pout.

What did I crave ? The power to rove unquestioned
at my will ;

Oh ! wayward idler that I was !—perchance I am such
still.

What did I fear ? No chance or change, so that it did
not turn

My footstep from the moorland coast, the heather, and
the fern.

Methinks it was a pleasant time, those gipsy days of
mine,

When youth with rosy magic turned life's waters into
wine ;

But nearly all who shared those days have passed away
from earth,

Passed in their beauty and their prime, their happiness
and mirth.

So now, rich flowerets of the waste, I'll sit and talk to
ye,

For memory's casket, filled with gems, is opened by
your key ;

And glad I am that I can grasp your blossoms sweet
and wild,
And find myself a doter yet, a dreamer, and a child.

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

MRS. GRANT.

FLOWER of the waste ! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood,—
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food ;
Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art !
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food or shelter seek from thee ;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath ! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor ;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valor's crest and beauty's power
Oft hast thou decked, a favorite flower.

Flower of the wild ! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful, varied pride,

With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart ! thy fragrance mild,
Of peace and freedom seems to breathe ;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land !
Alas, when distant, far more dear !
When he, from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore
That home and thee he sees no more.

HEATH.

How oft, though grass and moss are seen
Tanned bright for want of showers,
Still keeps the ling its darksome green,
Thick set with little flowers.

THE LILAC.

(The Joy of Youth.)

ONE of our sweetest spring flowers. It will not live
long when separated from its parent tree.

THE LILAC.

THOMSON.

SHRUBS there are,
. . . That at the call of Spring
Burst forth in blossomed fragrance ; lilacs, robed
In snow-white innocence or purple pride.

THE LILAC.

THE lilac, various in array—now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal ; as if,
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hues she most approves, she chose them all.

THE LILAC.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

LILAC of Persia ! Tell us some fine tale
Of Eastern lands ; we're fond of travelers.
Have you no legends of some sultan proud,
Or old fire-worshiper ? What, not one note
Made on your voyage ? Well, 'tis wondrous strange
That you should let so rare a chance pass by,
While those who never journeyed half so far
Fill sundry volumes, and expect the world
To reverently peruse and magnify
What it well knew before !

THE LILAC.

BURNS.

OH, were my love yon lilac fair
Wi' purple blossoms in the spring ;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing.

How wad I mourn when it was torn
By autumn wild and winter rude !
But I wad sing on wanton wind,
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

LOTUS.

(Eloquence—Repose.)

“ The lotus-flower, whose leaves I now
Kiss silently,
Far more than words can tell thee, how
I worship thee.”—MOORE.

THE LOTUS.

TENNYSON.

HOW sweet it were, hearing the downward stream
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half dream !
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh bush on the height ;

To hear each other's whispered speech ;
 Eating the Lotus, day by day.
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
 To muse and brood and live again in memory, .
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heaped over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass.
 The Lotus blooms below the flowery peak ;
 The Lotus blows by every winding creek ;
 All day the wind breathes low, with mellower tone ;
 Through every hollow cave and alley lone,
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus
 dust is blown.
 We have had enough of action and of motion, we
 Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the surge
 was seething free,
 Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam foun-
 tains in the sea.
 Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
 In the hollow Lotus land to live and lie reclined
 On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind ;
 For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurled
 Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
 curled
 Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
 world,
 Surely, surely slumber is more sweet than toil ; the
 shore
 Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and
 oar ;
 Oh! rest ye, brother mariners; we will not wander more.

SWEET PEAS.

(Delicate Pleasures.)

IT is singular that few of our poets have celebrated these exquisite flowers. We know only these pretty lines of Keats, which exactly portray them :

“ Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight ;
 With wings of gentle flush o’er delicate white,
 And taper fingers catching at all things,
 To bind them all about with tiny rings.”



IVY.

(Friendship.)

MOORE says :

“ When the ivy of friendship is green in our souls.”

Dickens assumes the same meaning.



THE IVY GREEN.

C. DICKENS.

OH, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o’er ruins old ;
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.

The wall must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim ;
 And the moldering dust that years have made
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
 And a staunch old heart has he :
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
 To his friend, the huge oak-tree !
 And slyly he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 And he joyously twines and hugs around
 The rich mold of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
 And nations scattered been,
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the past,
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the ivy's food at last.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

IVY.

CALDER CAMPBELL.

OH! falsely they accuse me,
Who say I seek to check
The growing sapling's flourishing ;—
I better love to deck
The dead and dying branches
With all my living leaves.
'Tis for the old and withered tree
The Ivy garlands weaves.

GROUND IVY.

AND there upon the sod below
Ground Ivy's purple blossoms show,
Like helmet of crusader knight
In anther's cross-like form of white.

THE IVY.

BARTON.

HAST thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay
Beneath Time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,
And wreathed it with verdure no longer its own ?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
 As I at thy years might do,
 Passed carelessly by, nor turned again
 That scathèd wreck to view.
 But now I can draw from that moldering tree
 Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

Oh ! smile not, nor think it a worthless thing
 If it be with instructions fraught ;
 That which will closest and longest cling
 Is alone worth a serious thought !
 Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed
 Grace on the dying, and leaves on the dead ?

AMARANTH.

(*Immortality.*)

“Immortal amaranth.”—MILTON.

MOST poetical of all flowers in meaning is the *Amaranth*. It has been selected as the symbol of *immortality*, and has ever been associated with Death as the portal through which the soul must pass to Eternity. Milton gives crowns of amaranth to the angelic multitude assembled before the Deity :

“To the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold.
 Immortal amaranth—a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom : but soon for man’s offense

To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows
 And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
 And where the river of bliss, through midst of heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream :
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks enwreathed with beams ;
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial rosy smile."

These flowers, if gathered and dried, will long preserve their beauty.

One of the most popular species of the amaranth is the "Love-lies-bleeding." The origin of this singular appellation is not known, but it has been suggested that the following verses of Campbell account for it. The daughter of O'Connor is lamenting over the tomb of Connocht Moran :

" A hero's bride ? this desert bower,
 It ill befits thy gentle breeding :
 And wherefore dost thou love this flower
 To call ' My-love-lies-bleeding ' ? "

" This purple flower my tears have nursed ;
 A hero's blood supplied its bloom :
 I love it, for it was the first
 That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb."

THE AMARANTH.

SHELLEY.

WHOSE sad inhabitants each year would come
 With willing steps, climbing that rugged height,
 And hang long locks of hair, and garlands bound
 With amaranth flowers, which, in the clime's despite,

Filled the frore air with unaccustomed light.
Such flowers as in the wintry memory bloom
Of one friend left, adorned that frozen tomb.

ASPEN.

(*Lamentation.*)

“And full of emotion, its fault doth deplore,
Sigh, shiver, and quiver, and droop evermore.”

ELEANOR DARBY.

THE Trembling Poplar is now generally known as the *Aspen*. It is chiefly remarkable for the ceaseless tremulous motion of its leaves—a natural phenomenon, to account for which many very diverse explanations have been proffered. Miss Darby, in her “Lays of Love and Heroism,” has thus versified a German legend upon the subject :

“The Lord of Life walked in the forest one morn,
When the song-wearied nightingale slept on the thorn ;
Not a breath the deep hush of the dawning hour broke,
Yet every tree, even the firm knotted oak,
The tall warrior pine, and the cedar so regal,
The home of the stork and the haunt of the eagle,
All the patriarchal kings of the forest adored,
And bowed their proud heads at the sight of the Lord.

“One tree, and one only, continued erect,
Too vain to show even the Saviour respect !
The light giddy aspen its leafy front raised,
And on the Redeemer unbendingly gazed.

Then a cloud, more of sorrow than wrath, dimmed the brow
 Of Him to whom everything living should bow ;
 While to the offender, with shame now opprest,
 He breathed in these words the eternal behest :

“ ‘ Alas for thy fate ! thou must suffer, poor tree,
 For standing when others were bending the knee.
 Thou’rt doomed for thy fault an atonement to pay :
 Henceforth be a rush for the wild winds to sway.
 Sigh, sport of their fury, and slave of their will !
 Bow, e’en in a calm, when all others are still !
 And shivering, quivering, droop evermore,
 Because thou wouldst not with thy brothers adore.’ ”

“ The weak aspen trembled, turned pale with dismay,
 And is pallid with terror and grief to this day.
 Each tremulous leaf of the penitent tree
 Obeys to this moment the heavenly decree.
 ’Tis the sport of the wild winds, the slave of their will ;
 E’en *without* a breeze bends, when all others stand still ;
 And full of emotion, its fault doth deplore,
 Sigh, shiver, and quiver, and droop evermore.”

THE ASPEN TREE.

CHARLES SWAIN.

WHY tremblest thou, Aspen ? no storm threatens nigh ;
 Not a cloud mars the peace of the love-beaming sky ;
 ’Tis the spring of thy being—no autumn is near
 Thy green boughs to wither, thy sweet leaves to sear !
 The sun, like a crown, o’er thy young head shines free ;
 Then wherefore thus troubled ? what fearest thou, fair
 tree ?

I have watched through the mildest, the stillest of
 hours,
 When Nature slept soft on her pillow of flowers ;

When, though all things appeared 'neath her influence
 blest,
 Thou alone wert disturbed, thou alone couldst not
 rest !
 But still, as lamenting some dreadful decree,
 Thou groanedst in the calm, like an outcast lone tree !
 A voice from its leaves seemed to wail on mine ear,
 " List, mortal ; attend the dark source of my fear ;
 Ah, learn the dread hour when we sank 'neath rebuke,
 And our boughs, as if grasped by a hurricane, shook !
 When the morn rose in blood, when the dead wept
 around,
 And a curse 'gainst our seed burst in woe from the
 ground !—

" The Cross, amidst lightning on Calvary stained,
 Was made from our roots ; there *His* blood hath re-
 mained !
 Creation, accursing, in misery spoke,
 And a shudder eternal then first o'er us broke !
 From the *serpent* we're named, the last doomed to be-
 tray !
 Oh ! no rest for the Aspen till earth fades away !"

CORNFLOWER.

(*Delicacy.*)

“Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me, and loves me well.”

ANONYMOUS.

THE classic name of the bright blue *Cornflower* is *Cyanus*; and it was so named after a worshiper of Flora, who made garlands for public festivities out of various sorts of wild flowers, and who lingered from morn till eve amid the corn, weaving the blossoms that she had collected. Its petals are used for divination, as the thistle-down is.

This flower, although now so common in our corn-fields, is thought not to be indigenous, but to have been brought from the East among some imported grain.

Its deep blue hue is so deep that it almost approaches a purple, and as such the poet addresses it :

“There is a flower, a purple flower,
Sown by the wind, nursed by the shower,
O'er which Love breathed a powerful spell,
The truth of whispering hope to tell.
Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me, and loves me well :
So may the fall of the morning dew
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue.”

FIELD FLOWERS.

CAMPBELL.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildlings of nature, I dote upon you ;
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm ;
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildlings of June ;
Of old ruinous castles ye tell :
I thought it delightful your beauties to find
When the magic of nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes !
What loved little islands, twice seen in her lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore.
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
What pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangle the shore !

Earth's cultureless buds ! to my heart ye were dear
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

CYPRESS.

(*Mourning.*)

“The cypress is the emblem of mourning.”—SHAKESPEARE.

ACCORDING to Ovid, this tree was named after Cyparissus, an especial favorite of Apollo. He had accidentally slain his pet stag, and was so sorrow-stricken that he besought the gods to doom his life to everlasting gloom ; and they, in compliance with his request, transformed him into a cypress-tree.

“When, lost in tears, the blood his veins forsakes,
His every limb a grassy hue partakes ;
His flowing tresses, stiff and bushy grown,
Point to the stars, and taper to a cone.
Apollo thus : ‘ Ah ! youth, beloved in vain,
Long shall thy boughs the gloom I feel retain ;
Henceforth, when mourners grieve, their grief to share,
Emblem of woe, the cypress shall be there.’ ”

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

SIR W. SCOTT.

O LADY, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree !
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnished holly's all too bright,
The May-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine ;
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree.

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine ;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due ;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give ;
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear ;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and harebell dipped with dew ;
On favored Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;
And while his crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,

Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes ! twine for me the cypress bough ;
But, O Matilda, twine not now !
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have looked and loved my last !
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress-tree.

THE CYPRESS-TREE.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

A SLENDER tree upon a height in lonely beauty towers,
So dark, as if it only drank the rushing thunder
showers ;
When birds were at their evening hymns, in thoughtful
reverie,
I've marked the shadows deep and long, from yonder
cypress-tree.

I've thought of oriental tombs, of silent cities, wher
In many a row the cypress stands, in token of despair ;
And thought, beneath the evening star, how many a
maiden crept
From life's discordant scene, and o'er the tomb in
silence wept.

I've thought, thou lonely cypress-tree, thou hermit of
the grove,
How many a heart, alas ! is doomed forlorn on earth
to rove ;
When all that charmed the morn of life, and cheered
the youthful mind,
Have like the sunbeams passed away, and left but
clouds behind !

Thou wert a token unto me, thou stem with dreary leaf,
So desolate thou look'st, as earth were but a home of
grief !
A few short years shall swiftly glide, and then thy
boughs shall wave,
When tempests beat and breezes sigh, above my silent
grave !

THISTLE.

(*Independence.*)

“The thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave.”—AXON.

AS the national emblem of Scotland the *Thistle* has been celebrated, far and wide, by the many bards of its brave people. There is some little doubt as to how this flower was first adopted by the Scots. Some patriotic authors go back to the days of the Picts in order to trace the origin of its use, and adduce a romantic legend in proof of the antiquity of the custom. Be this as it may, the Plantagenets were not prouder of

the broom than were the Stuarts of their thistle; and princes of the royal house were wont to wear the *Claus-au-pheidh*, as it is called in Gaelic, with all the respect that its presumed antique and honorable history entitled it to. The poets of Scotland are ever ready to pay it homage, and the following thoroughly characteristic poem, to be found in Hogg's 'Jacobite Relics,' is supposed to have been written by the Ettrick Shepherd himself :

“ Let them boast of the country gave Patrick his fame,
Of the land of the ocean and Anglian name,
With the red blushing roses and shamrock so green ;
Far dearer to me are the hills of the North,
The land of blue mountains, the birthplace of worth ;
Those mountains where Freedom has fixed her abode,
Those wide-spreading glens where no slave ever trod,
Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green.

“ Though rich be the soil where blossoms the rose,
And barren the mountains and covered with snows
Where blooms the red heather and thistle so green ;
Yet for friendship sincere, and for loyalty true,
And for courage so bold which no foe could subdue,
Unmatched is our country, unrivaled our swains,
And lovely and true are the nymphs on our plains,
Where rises the thistle, the thistle so green.

“ Far-famed are our sires in the battles of yore,
And many the cairnies that rise on our shore
O'er the foes of the land of the thistle so green :
And many a cairnie shall rise on our strand,
Should the torrent of war ever burst on our land ;
Let foe come on foe, as wave comes on wave,
We'll give them a welcome, we'll give them a grave
Beneath the red heather and thistle so green.

“ Oh ! dear to our souls as the blessings of Heaven
Is the freedom we boast, is the land that we live in,

The land of red heather and thistle so green ;
 For that land and that freedom our fathers have bled,
 And we swear by the blood that our fathers have shed,
 No foot of a foe shall e'er tread on their grave ;
 But the thistle shall bloom on the bed of the brave,
 The thistle of Scotland, the thistle so green.'

“There appears to be no proof of this sturdy flower having been adopted as the symbol of Scotland earlier than the middle of the fifteenth century, when a puritanic council held a solemn consultation within the walls of the old Council-house at Edinburgh as to the advisability of erasing the papistic figure of St. Giles—which for so many centuries had been triumphantly borne through the battle and the breeze—from the old standard : religious animosity gained the day, and the time-honored figure of the saint was replaced by the thistle.”—J. INGRAM.

CLOVER ;

OR,

SHAMROCK.

(*I Promise.*)

THE white *Clover*, or Shamrock, is the national emblem of Ireland, and claims an equal place in history with England's rose or Scotland's thistle. This symbol of their country is worn by Irishmen on the anniversary and in commemoration of St. Patrick's landing near Wicklow, in the beginning of the fourth cen-

tury of the Christian era. The patron saint is reported to have explained to his disciples the mysteries of the Trinity by means of a clover-leaf, or *trefoil*.

- “ Brave sons of Hibernia, your shamrocks display,
Forever made sacred on St. Patrick’s day ;
’Tis a type of religion, the badge of our saint,
And a plant of that soil which no venom can taint.
- “ Both Venus and Mars to that land lay a claim,
Their title is owned and recorded by fame ;
But St. Patrick to friendship has hallowed the ground,
And made hospitality ever abound.
- “ Then with shamrocks and myrtle let’s garrish the bowl,
In converse convivial and sweet flow of soul ;
To our saint make oblations of generous wine—
What saint could have more ?—sure, ’tis worship divine !
- “ Tho’ jovial and festive in seeming excess,
We’ve hearts sympathetic of others’ distress ;
May our shamrocks continue to flourish, and prove
An emblem of charity, friendship, and love.
- “ May the blights of disunion no longer remain,
Our shamrock to wither, its glories to stain ;
May it flourish forever, we Heaven invoke,
Kindly sheltered and fenced by the brave Irish oak ! ”

Bees delight in the sweet-scented blossoms of what Tennyson aptly calls the

“ Rare ’broidery of the purple clover.”

Walter Thornbury has given us the following pretty lyric, “ In Clover : ”

- “ There is clover, honey-sweet,
Thick and tangled at our feet ;
Crimson-spotted lies the field,
As in fight the warrior’s shield :

Yonder poppies, full of scorn,
Proudly wave above the corn;
There is music at our feet
In the clover, honey-sweet.

“ You may track the winds that blow
Through the cornfields as they go ;
From the wheat, as from a sea,
Springs the lark in ecstacy.
Now the bloom is on the blade,
In the sun and in the shade,
There is music at our feet
In the clover, honey-sweet.”

The Druids held the clover in great repute, deeming it, it is supposed, a charm against evil spirits. Hope was depicted by the ancients as a little child standing on tiptoe, and holding one of these flowers in his hand.



DEAD LEAVES.

(*Melancholy.*)

“ Ah me ! a leaf with sighs can wring
My lips asunder.”—E. B. BROWNING.



ELLA INGRAM.

THE withered leaves, trembling, love,
Fall to the ground ;
And strewn over all, love,
Lie dying around,

Killed by the frost, love,
 The flowers scattered lie ;
 Their brightness is lost,
 And neglected they die.

The world it looks dreary, love,
 And thick falls the rain ;
 My heart it is weary, love,
 My head throbs with pain.
 My hopes thickly fail, love,
 Like the leaves from a tree,
 And I cannot recall
 Their beauty to me.

With thy heart I am blest, love,
 So I'll brave the chill rain ;
 And patiently rest, love,
 Till the sun shines again.
 And I hope when the Spring, love,
 Gives leaves to the tree,
 Some flowers it will bring, love,
 For you and for me.

WITHERING—WITHERING.

HOFFMAN.

WITHERING—withering—all are withering—
 All of Hope's flowers that youth hath nursed—
 Flowers of love too early blossoming !
 Buds of ambition too frail to burst.

Faintly—faintly—oh ! how faintly
 I feel life's pulses ebb and flow :
 Yet sorrow, I know thou dealest daintily
 With one who should not wish to live moe.

Nay ! why, young heart, thus timidly shrinking,
 Why doth thy upward wing thus tire ?
 Why are thy pinions so droopingly sinking,
 When they should only waft thee higher ?

Upward—upward let them be waving,
 Lifting the soul toward her place of birth :
 There are guerdons there, more worth thy having—
 Far more than any these lures of the earth.



MISTLETOE.

(*I surmount Difficulties.*)

“The sacred bush.”—TENNYSON.

THE *Mistletoe* scarcely requires more than a passing allusion ; every one is acquainted with that remarkable custom which permits any lad to exact from any lass the toll of one kiss, when they accidentally meet where

“Sacred ceilings, dark and gray,
 Bear the mistletoe.”

In Holstein the country people call the mistletoe “the specter's wand,” from the supposition that holding a branch of it will not only enable a man to see ghosts, but force them to speak to him.

THE MISTLETOE.

ON Christmas-eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung ;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stole'd priest the chalice near.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dressed with holly green :
Forth to the woods did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe ;
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

UNDER the mistletoe, pearly and green,
Meet the kind lips of the young and the old ;
Under the mistletoe hearts may be seen
Glowing as though they had never been cold.
Under the mistletoe, peace and goodwill
Mingle the spirits that long have been twain ;
Leaves of the olive-branch twine with it still,
While breathings of hope fill the loud carol strain.
Yet why should this holy and festival mirth
In the reign of old Christmas-tide only be found ?
Hang up love's mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round.

Hang up the mistletoe over the land
Where the poor dark man is spurned by the white ;
Hang it wherever Oppression's strong hand
Wrings from the helpless humanity's right ;

Hang it on high where the starving lip sobs,
 And the patrician one turneth in scorn ;
 Let it be met where the purple steel robs
 Child of its father, and field of its corn.
 Hail it with joy in our yule-lighted mirth,
 But let it not fade with the festival sound ;
 Hang up love's mistletoe over the earth,
 And let us kiss under it all the year round !



PASSION-FLOWER.

*(Faith. When the flower is reversed it means
 Superstition.)*

THIS exquisite flower is the symbol of *Faith*. It is supposed to represent the instruments of the Crucifixion ; hence its name.



THE PASSION-FLOWER.

ALL-BEAUTEIOUS flower ! whose center glows
 With studs of gold ; thence streaming flows
 Ray-like effulgence ; next is seen
 A rich expanse of varying hue,
 Enfringed with an empurpled blue,
 And streaked with young Pomona's green.

High o'er the pointal, decked with gold,
(Emblem mysterious to behold !)
A radiant cross its form expands ;
Its opening arms appear to embrace
The whole collective human race,
Refuse of all men, in all lands.

TO THE PASSION-FLOWER.

BARTON.

IF superstition's baneful art
First gave thy mystic name,
Reason, I trust, would steel my heart
Against its groundless claim ;

But if, in fancy's pensive hour,
By grateful feelings stirred,
Her fond imaginative power
That name at first conferred,—

Though lightly truth her flights may prize,
By wild vagary driven,
For once their blameless exercise
May surely be forgiven.

We roam the seas—give new-found isles
Some king's or conqueror's name :
We rear on earth triumphant piles
As meeds of earthly fame :—

We soar to heaven ; and to outlive
Our life's contracted span,
Unto the glorious stars we give
The names of mortal man :



Then may not one poor floweret's bloom
The holier memory share
Of Him who, to avert our doom,
Vouchsafed our sins to bear ?

God dwelleth not in temples reared
By work of human hands,
Yet shrines august, by men revered,
Are found in Christian lands.

And may not e'en a simple flower
Proclaim His glorious praise,
Whose fiat, only, had the power
Its form from earth to raise ?

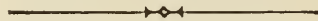
Then freely let thy blossom ope
Its beauties—to recall
A scene which bids the humble hope
In Him who died for all !

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

ANON.

Its tender shoots, fostered with care, extend
Far in festooned luxuriance,
Its drooping flowers, to blend,
Sweet mixture ! modesty and loveliness ;
But more—when closely viewed, this flower appears
To bear the sacred mark of sacred tears,
Adding to the plant's beauty—holiness.

How like this flower can woman be, so fair !
 So beautiful ! too delicate her mind
 Would seem, the world's rude withering frost to bear
 Without some guardian's help, round whom to bind
 Its tendrils in pure trusting confidence.
 When rightly trained her blossoms bloom, they shine
 In more than beauty's luster ; they combine
 With earthly charms, celestial innocence,
 Breathing of sacred things : yet, like that flower, alone
 To those who view her near, her holiness is known.

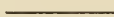


HOLLY.

(*Foresight.*)

“ I, in this wisdom of the holly-tree, can emblems see.”—SOUTHEY.

THIS tree is sacred to Christmas and domestic mirth.



THE HOLLY-TREE.

SOUTHEY.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see
 The holly-tree ?
 The eye that contemplates it well perceives
 Its glossy leaves,
 Ordered by an Intelligence so wise
 As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
 Wrinkled and keen ;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound ;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes
 And moralize ;
And, in this wisdom of the holly-tree,
 Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
 Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
 Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
The holly leaves a sober hue display,
 Less bright than they ;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly tree ?—

So, serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng.
So would I seem among the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

THE HOLLY.

ELIZA COOK.

THE holly ! the holly ! oh, twine it with the bay—
Come, give the holly a song ;
For it helps to drive stern Winter away,
With his garments so somber and long.
It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
And its leaves of burnished green,
When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
And not even the daisy is seen.
Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,
That hangs over peasant and king ;
While we laugh and carouse 'neath its glittering boughs,
To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

The gale may whistle, and frost may come
To fetter the gurgling rill ;
The woods may be bare and the warblers dumb—
But the holly is beautiful still.
In the revel and light of princely halls
The bright holly-branch is found ;
And its shadow falls on the lowliest—falls
While the brimming horn goes round.

The ivy lives long, but its home must be
Where graves and ruins are spread ;
There's beauty about the cypress-tree,
But it flourishes near the dead ;
The laurel the warrior's brow may wreath,
But it tells of fears and blood.
I sing the holly—and who can breathe
Aught of *that* that is not good ?

HAREBELL.

(*Submission and Grief.*)

THIS lovely blossom merits its first meaning, but scarcely its last. Those who have listened to the faint, sweet rustle of its bells when the breeze passes over them, might rather think it a mirthful than a sad flower. And yet such has been generally the fancy it has given birth to in the poets. Witness the following charming verses :

THE HAREBELL.

R. HEBER.

WITH drooping bells of clearest blue
Thou didst attract my childish view,
Almost resembling
The azure butterflies that flew
Where on the heath thy blossoms grew,
So lightly trembling.

Where feathery fern and golden broom
Increase the sand-rock cavern's gloom,
 I've seen thee tangled,
'Mid tufts of purple heather bloom,
By vain Arachne's treacherous loom,
 With dewdrops spangled.

'Mid ruins tumbling to decay,
Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,
 Still freshly springing
Where pride and pomp have passed away,
On mossy tomb and turret gray,
 Like friendship clinging.

When glow-worm lamps illumine the scene,
And silvery daisies dot the green,
 Thy flowers revealing,
Perchance to soothe the fairy-queen,
With faint sweet tones, on night serene,
 Thy soft bells pealing.

But most I love thine azure braid,
When softer flowers are all decayed,
 And thou appearest
Stealing beneath the hedgerow shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
 Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flower of memory ;
The pensive soul recalls in thee •
 The year's past pleasures ;
And led by kindred thought will flee,
Till back to careless infancy
 The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
 I've seen thee bending ;
Pale as the pale blue veins that streak
Consumption's thin transparent cheek,
 With death hues blending.

Thou shalt be sorrow's love and mine.
The violet and the eglantine
 With spring are banished ;
In summer's beam the roses shine ;
But I of thee my wreath will twine,
 When these are vanished.

THE HAREBELL.

CAROLINE SYMONDS.

IN Spring's green lap there blooms a flower
Whose cup imbibes each vernal shower,
That sips fresh Nature's balmy dew,
Clad in her sweetest, purest blue ;
Yet shines the ruddy eye of morning,
The shaggy wood's brown shade adorning.
Simplest floweret ! Child of May !
Though hid from the broad eye of day,
Doomed in the shade thy sweets to shed,
Unnoticed droop thy languid head :
Still Nature's darling thou'lt remain ;
She feeds thee with her softest rain ;
Fills each sweet bud with honeyed tears,
With genial gales thy bosom cheers.

Oh ! then, unfold thy simple charms
In yon deep thicket's sheltering arms.
Far from the fierce and sultry glare,
No heedless hand shall harm thee there ;
Still, then, avoid the gaudy scene,
The flaunting sun, the embroidered green,
And bloom and fade with chaste reserve, unseen.

THE HAREBELL.

SCOTT.

“FOR me,”—she stooped, and, looking round,
Plucked a blue harebell from the ground,—
“For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be ;
It drinks heaven's dew blithe as the rose
That in the king's own garden grows ;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard, is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair.”

BROOM.

(Humility.)

“The memorial flower of a princely race.”

Geoffry, Count of Anjou, acquired the surname of Plantagenet from the incident of his wearing a sprig of broom in his helmet on a day of battle. This Geoffry was second husband to Matilda, or Maud, Empress of Germany and daughter of Henry I. of England; and from this Plantagenet family were descended all our Edwards and Henrys.

It could not be expected that so romantic a story would escape the poets, and accordingly we find it embalmed in the following verses :

“Time was when thy golden chain of flowers
Was linked, the warrior’s brow to bind ;
When reared in the shelter of royal bowers,
Thy wreath with a kingly coronal twined.

“The chieftain who bore thee high in his crest,
And bequeathed to his race thy simple name,
Long ages past has sunk to his rest,
And only survives in the rolls of fame.

“Though a feeble thing that Nature forms,
A frail and perishing flower art thou ;
Yet thy race has survived a thousand storms
That have made the monarch and warrior bow.

“The storied urn may be crumbled to dust,
And time may the marble bust deface ;
But thou wilt be faithful and firm to thy trust,
The memorial flower of a princely race.”

VERVAIN.

(*You enchant me.*)

VERVAIN, or wild *verbena*, has been the floral symbol of *enchantment* from time immemorial. It was styled "sacred herb" by the Greeks, who ascribed a thousand marvelous properties to it, one of which was its power of reconciling enemies. Under the influence of this belief, they, as did also the Romans, sent it by their ambassadors on treaties of peace; and whenever they dispatched their heralds to offer terms of reconciliation, renewal or suspension of hostilities, one of them invariably bore a sprig of vervain. In his "Muses' Elysium," Drayton calls it "holy vervain," and thus speaks of it:

"A wreath of vervain heralds wear
Amongst our garlands named,
Being sent that weighty news to bear
Of peace or war proclaimed."

The peoples of antiquity also frequently used this plant in various kinds of divinations, sacrifices, and incantations; and its specific name of *verbena* originally signified a herb used to decorate altars. Ben Jonson says:

"Bring your garlands, and with reverence place
The vervain on the altar."

It was much valued by the Druids, being regarded by them as only second to the mistletoe: they used it largely in their divinations and casting of lots.

Sir William Davenant, in his poem of “Gondibert,” alludes to its curative powers :

“Black melancholy rusts, that fed despair
Through wounds’ long rage, with springled vervain cleared ;
Strewed leaves of willow to refresh the air,
And with rich fumes his sullen senses cheered.”

Vervain is used still amongst the Cornish peasantry as a charm against ague.

In gathering the vervain for “good luck,” the herb is first crossed with the hand, and then blessed, thus :

“Hallowed be thou, vervain,
As thou growest in the ground ;
For in the Mount of Calvary
There thou first wast found.”



SWEET SEDGE.

(Resignation.)

RUSH bearing is still kept up in the north-west of England. Our ancestors strewed their rooms and churches with rushes, and of these, sweetest of all was the Sedge.

It is well chosen for resignation, as when trodden on its incense to God is sweetest.

THE SWEET SEDGE.

CALDER CAMPBELL.

O river-side,
Where soft green rushes bear dark flowers,
And reedy grasses weave dark bowers,
Through which fleet minnows glide—
O river banks, let me from you convey
Something to scatter in yon ancient minster gray.

O minster gray !
Where graves of friends beloved are found,
I come to thee with strewments.—Round
Each blade of grass, each spray
Of Acorus, a fragrant essence breathes,
Nature's own incense shed to sanctify these wreaths !

O rushes green,
With blossoms wan or brown !—and ye
Sweet flags, from whose scent-roots to me
Come thoughts of the Has Been,
Ye are the fitting plants at eve to shed
A vague mysterious perfume o'er the silent dead !

“Not so !—not so !”
A voice replies : “For joy alone
These reeds and rushes here are strown !”
But I again cry : “Lo !
Joy's emblems here I fitly use, to prove
That life and death alike spring from God's holy love.”

FLOWER DIALOGUES.

- I love you.....*A Red Rose.*
I love you, and it causes me both
 pleasure and pain.....*A Dog Rose.*
I love you silently.....*A Red and White Rose.*
I share your sentiments.....*Garden Daisy.*
You may hope.....*Meadow Daisy.*
Speak out.....*Oxlip.*
You may hope.....*Snowdrop.*
I am sorry*Purple Hyacinth.*
I share your sentiments*Double China Aster.*
Do you love me ?.....*A Coxcomb.*
If you love me, you will find out.....*Maiden-blush Rose.*
I dare not love you.....*Veronica Speciosa and*
 Rose.
I live for thee*Cedar leaf.*
I do not love you*Breaking off and throw-*
 ing away rose petals.
I die if neglected.....*Laurestinus.*
I offer you my friendship.....*Sprig of Acacia or Ivy*
 leaves.
Try to forget me.....*Moonwort.*
Remember me.....*Forget-me-not.*
Be frank with me.....*An Osier.*
I give you the truest friendship*A leaf of Oak-leaved*
 Geranium.
Try to save me.... .*Chicory and Narcissus.*
Be assured of my brotherly (or sisterly)
 sympathy.....*Syringa.*
Fly with me.....*Venus' Ear.*
Don't talk nonsense—I think you silly.*Purple Columbine or*
 Pomegranate flowers.

Be my Valentine.....	<i>Crocus.</i>
You are always delightful.....	<i>Cineraria.</i>
I am very angry with you.....	<i>A sprig of Furze.</i>
I have just remembered.....	<i>China Aster.</i>
Second thoughts are best.....	<i>China Aster.</i>
I agree to it.....	<i>A Straw.</i>
I am foolishly anxious.....	<i>Red Columbine.</i>
Will you grant me an interview?.....	<i>Pimpernel.</i>
How dare you!.....	<i>A Sprig of Larch.</i>
You are a miser.....	<i>Scarlet Auricula.</i>
Be prudent.....	<i>Ziphion Spinosum.</i>
Be warned in time—Beware!.....	<i>Echites—also Purpurea.</i>
Be mine.....	<i>Four-leaved Clover.</i>
You are betrayed.....	<i>White Catchfly.</i>
Beware!.....	<i>Oleander.</i>
Beware of a false friend.....	<i>Francisca Latifolia.</i>
I am in bonds.....	<i>Convolvulus (dead) if in prison; living, if of love.</i>
You boast.....	<i>Hydrangea.</i>
Call me not beautiful.....	<i>Rose unique.</i>
It is a calumny.....	<i>Hellebore.</i>
Beware of slander.....	<i>Oleander and Hellebore.</i>
Be merry.....	<i>Yellow Crocuses.</i>
Come down to me.....	<i>Jacob's Ladder.</i>
Be comforted.....	<i>Scarlet Geranium.</i>
Could you bear poverty?.....	<i>Browallia Jamisonii.</i>
Do not fear.....	<i>Poplar leaves.</i>
You are in danger.....	<i>Rhododendron.</i>
It is a dangerous pleasure.....	<i>Tuberose.</i>
Your friend is deceitful.....	<i>Ivy and Dogbane.</i>
Stop—Wait.....	<i>Eupatorium.</i>
Depart.....	<i>Dandelion puff-ball.</i>
I desire to please you.....	<i>Mezereon.</i>
Despair not ; God is everywhere.....	<i>White Julianne.</i>
It is difficult.....	<i>Blackthorn.</i>
I am disappointed.....	<i>Carolina Syringa.</i>
You have my disdain.....	<i>Rue, or Yellow Carnation.</i>
You are a good little housewife.....	<i>Flax and Thrift.</i>
Will you be a domestic wife?.....	<i>Flax and Honeysuckle.</i>
Do not despise my poverty.....	<i>Shepherd's Purse.</i>

Do not refuse me	<i>Eschscholtzia.</i>
I doubt you	<i>Apricot blossom.</i>
I envy you	<i>The Bramble.</i>
You are mistaken	<i>Bee Orchis or Fly Orchis.</i>
I can give you esteem ; not love	<i>Spiderwort and Strawberry tree.</i>
I expect you.	<i>Anemone.</i>
Forget me	<i>Moonwort.</i>
I hope you may prosper	<i>Flowering Almond and Beech leaves.</i>
Dine with us	<i>Oak leaves.</i>
I am your captive	<i>Peach blossom.</i>
Be silent	<i>White Rose.</i>
I declare against you	<i>Wild Tansy.</i>
I desire a return of affection	<i>Jonquil.</i>
I am so much obliged to you	<i>Mint.</i>
I feel your hospitality	<i>Flax.</i>
I offer you my fortune ; or, I will lend you money	<i>Calceolaria.</i>
Give me a kiss	<i>Mistletoe.</i>
Do make haste	<i>Yellow Balsam.</i>
Pray do ; please do	<i>Burdock leaf.</i>
I am independent	<i>Thistle.</i>
I don't care for it	<i>Candytuft.</i>
I know I can't trust you	<i>Foxglove.</i>
You are very feeble	<i>Dahlia.</i>
I feel very jealous	<i>French Marigold.</i>
Are you jealous ?	<i>Yellow Rose.</i>
Be happy	<i>Wood Sorrel.</i>
Keep your promise	<i>Petunia.</i>
What <i>shall</i> I do ?	<i>Aspen.</i>
Let me go	<i>Butterfly Weed.</i>
Be merry	<i>Shamrock.</i>
Live for me	<i>Arbor Vitæ.</i>
I love you	<i>Myrtle.</i>
I am forsaken	<i>Willow.</i>
Make haste	<i>Dianthus.</i>
My regrets will follow you to the grave	<i>Asphodel, Rosemary.</i>
Remember me	<i>Rosemary.</i>
Marry me	<i>American Linden.</i>

- I am very unhappy *Dead leaves, dark Geranium.*
 You are very clever *Clematis.*
 Your happiness won't last *Virginian Spiderwort.*
 Never despair *Watcher by the Wayside.*
 Be friends *Sprig of Hazel.*
 Do make up our quarrel *A Filbert.*
 I forbid you *Sprig of Privet.*
 I promise to protect you *Bearded Crepis.*
 Pray for me *White Verbena.*
 Take care *Golden Rod.*
 I prophesy that you will marry soon... *Marigold, Woodbine, and Blackthorn.*
 Success crown your wishes *Coronella.*
 For shame *Peony.*
 We must part *Carolina Jessamine.*
 Such worth is rare *Achimenes.*
 You surprise me *Truffle.*
 I suspect you *Champignon.*
 Accept my sympathy *Balm.*
 Thanks *Agrimony.*
 The variety of your conversation de-
 lights me *Clarkia.*
 Thee only do I love *Arbutus.*
 I will think about you *Pansy.*
 Tell the truth *White Chrysanthemum.*
 I cannot accept your love *Scabious.*
 Unite against our enemies *Scarlet Verbena.*
 Don't be greedy *Lupine.*
 Watch *Dame Violet.*
 Will you accompany me to the East ?.. *Stephanotis.*
 Will you dance with me? *White Hyacinth.*
 You are cold *Hortensia.*
 You are my dearest pet *Mignonnette.*
 I change but in death *Bay leaf.*
 Adieu, but remember me *A broken flower and a Pansy.*

BOUQUETS.

I.—Remember our rendezvous, but beware of a false friend.

1. Remembrance *Rosemary.*
2. Rendezvous *Chickweed.*
3. Beware of false friends *Franciscea Latifolia.*

II.—Our unexpected meeting left but transient impressions.

Answer.—Vulgar minds soon forget.

1. Unexpected meeting *Lemon Geranium.*
2. Transient impressions *Withered White Rose.*
3. Vulgar minds *African Marigold.*
4. Forgetfulness *Moonwort.*

III.—My fortitude forsook me on your refusal to be mine.

1. Fortitude *Dipteracanthus Spectabilis.*
2. Forsaken *Laburnum.*
3. Refusal *Striped Carnation.*
4. Be mine *Four-leaved Clover.*

IV.—Do not refuse to come down and comfort my solitude.

1. Do not refuse *Eschscholtzia.*
2. Come down *Jacob's Ladder.*
3. Comfort *Pear Tree.*
4. Solitude *Heath.*

V.—Your affectation and deceit I disdain.

1. Affectation.....*Coxcomb Amaranth.*
2. Deceit.....*Fly-trap.*
3. Disdain.....*Yellow Carnation.*

VI.—I love to disappoint your curiosity.

1. Love.....*Red Rose.*
2. Disappoint.....*Carolina Syringa.*
3. Curiosity.....*Sycamore.*

VII.—I am docile and dejected, do not refuse me.

1. Docile*Rush.*
2. Dejected.....*Lichen.*
3. Do not refuse.....*Carrot Flower.*

VIII.—I hope you may be happy, and offer you pecuniary aid.

1. Hope*Flowering Almond.*
2. May you be happy.....*Volkamenia.*
3. Offer pecuniary aid.....*Calceolaria.*

IX.—Be temperate in your taste.

1. Temperance... ..*Azalea.*
2. Taste.....*Scarlet Fuchsia.*

X.—Let the bonds of marriage unite us.

1. Bonds.....*Blue Convolvulus.*
2. Marriage.....*Ivy.*
3. Unite us.....*A few whole Straws.*

XI.—Meet me to-night ; do not forget.

1. Meet me*Everlasting Pea.*
2. To-night.....*Night Convolvulus.*
3. Do not forget.....*Forget-me-not.*

XII.—I weep for your indifference, and am melancholy on account of your coldness.

1. I weep for you.....*Purple Verbena.*
2. Indifference....*Mustard Seed.*
3. Melancholy.....*Dead Leaves.*
4. Coldness.....*Agnus Castus.*

XIII.—Let the bonds of marriage unite us.

1. Bonds.....*Blue Convolvulus.*
2. Marriage.....*Ivy.*
3. Unite us.....*A few whole Straws.*

XIV.—Farewell ! give me your good wishes. Forget me not.

1. Farewell.....*Sprig of Spruce Fir.*
2. Give me your good wishes....*Sweet Basil.*
3. Forget me not.....*Forget-me-not.*

XV.—Your patriotism, courage, and fidelity merit everlasting remembrance.

1. Patriotism.....*Nasturtium.*
2. Courage.....*Oak Leaves.*
3. Fidelity.....*Heliotrope.*
4. Everlasting Remembrance...*Everlasting, or Immortelles.*

XVI.—Your frivolity and malevolence will cause you to be forsaken by all.

1. Frivolity.....*London Pride.*
2. Malevolence.....*Lobelia.*
3. Forsaken.....*Laburnum.*

The flowers should be bound together with a fading leaf.

XVII.—Be assured of my sympathy. May you find consolation.

1. Be assured of my sympathy..*Thrift.*
2. Consolation.....*Red Poppy.*

XVIII.—By foresight you will surmount your difficulties.

1. Foresight *Holly.*
2. You will surmount your difficulties..... *Mistletoe.*

XIX.—Your insincerity and avarice make me hate you.

1. Insincerity *Cherry Blossom, or Foxglove.*
2. Avarice..... *Scarlet Auricula.*
3. Hatred..... *Turk's Cap.*

XX.—Beware of deceit. Danger is near. Depart.

1. Beware..... *Oleander.*
2. Deceit..... *White Flytrap.*
3. Danger is near..... *Rhododendron.*
4. Depart..... *Dandelion, or Thistle Seed-head.*

XXI.—You are fickle, indiscreet, and affected. Therefore you are hated.

1. Fickle *Abatina.*
2. Indiscreet *Almond Blossom.*
3. Affected..... *Cockscomb.*
4. Hated..... *Basil.*

XXII.—Humility, meekness, and truth have won the love I give to thee only.

1. Humility. *Small Bindweed.*
2. Meekness *Birch.*
3. Truth..... *White Chrysanthemum.*
4. Have won..... *Parsley.*
5. Love for thee only..... *Arbutus.*

MODIFICATIONS

OF

THE FLOWER LANGUAGE.

IF a flower be given *reversed*, its original signification is understood to be contradicted, and the opposite meaning to be implied.

A rosebud divested of its thorns, but retaining its leaves, conveys the sentiment, "I fear no longer; I hope:" thorns signifying fears, and leaves, hopes.

Stripped of leaves and thorns, the bud signifies, "There is nothing to hope or fear."

The expression of flowers is also varied by changing their positions. Place a marigold on the head, and it signifies "Mental anguish;" on the bosom, "Indifference."

When a flower is given, the pronoun *I* is understood by bending it to the right hand; *thou*, by inclining it to the left.

"Yes" is implied by touching the flower given with the lips.

"No," by pinching off a petal, and casting it away.

"I am" is expressed by a laurel-leaf twisted round the bouquet.

"I have," by an ivy-leaf folded together.

"I offer you," by a leaf of the Virginian Creeper.

To win—a sprig of parsley in the bouquet.

"May," or "I desire"—an ivy tendril round the bouquet

FLOWER GAME.

HAVE a large bouquet ready ; let each person draw from it a flower, and the meaning attached to it will typify the future consort's character. For example :—Say your bouquet for Spring consists of Violets, Hyacinths, Primroses, Daisies, Heart's-ease, Hawthorn, Daffodils ; then the characters would be

Violet, modest ; Hyacinth, playful ; Dark Hyacinth, mournful ; Primrose, simple, candid ; Daisy, an early riser ; Heart's-ease, kind, charitable, or thoughtful ; Hawthorn, hopeful ; Daffodil, daring.

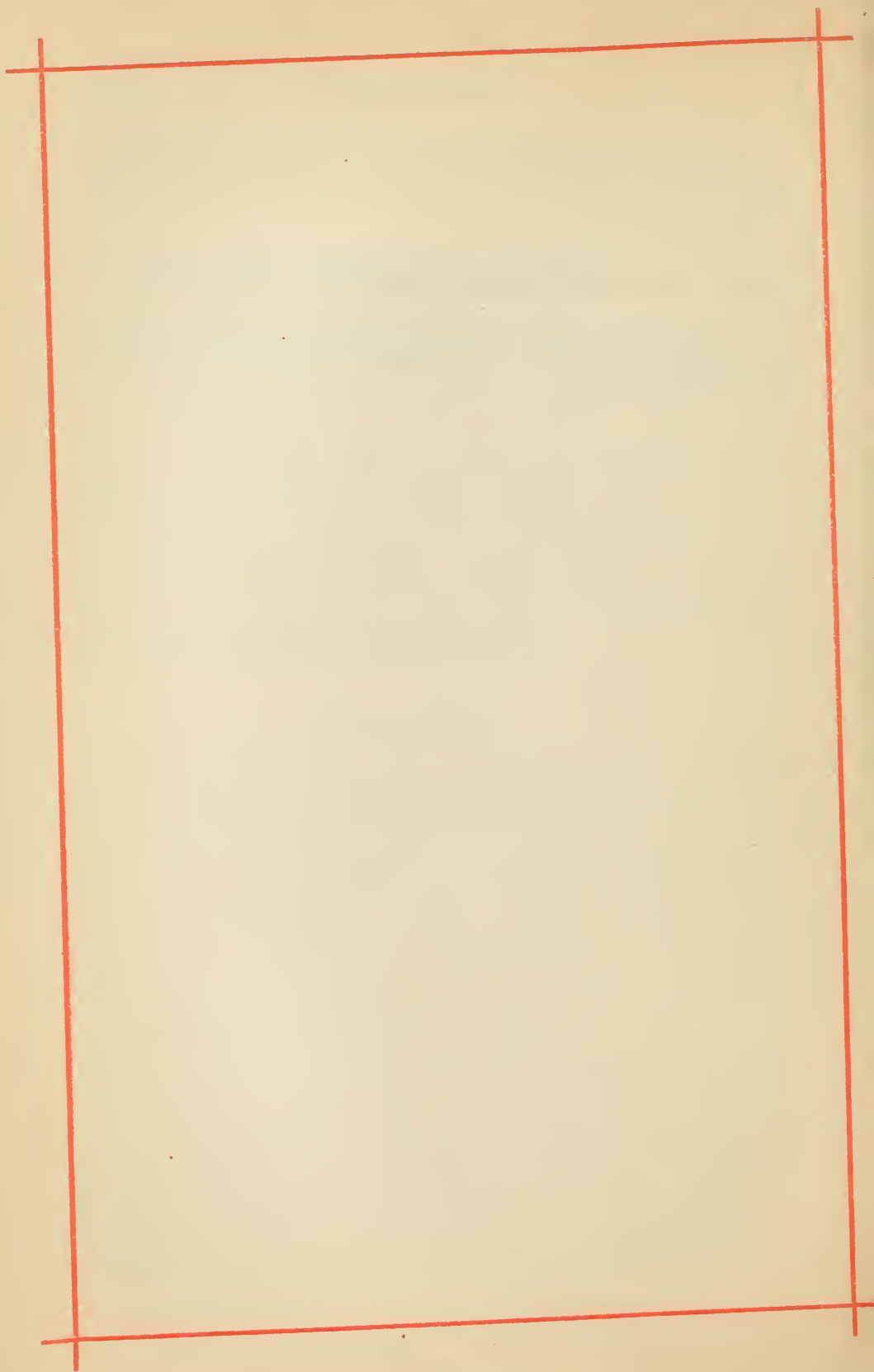
FOR SUMMER.

Rose, loving ; White Rose, secret and canny ; Pink, haughty ; Jasmine, elegant or amiable ; Lily, pure ; Mignonnette, clever ; Tulip, proud, conceited ; Stock, hasty ; Mezereon, a flirt ; Foxglove, deceitful ; Myrtle, devoted ; Laurel, brave ; a Reed, musical ; Hollyhock, ambitious ; Marigold, rich ; Poppy, lazy ; Cornflower, extravagant ; Dead Leaves, old ; Geranium, stupid ; Mimosa, nervous ; Thistle, patriotic ; Thyme, merry ; Aster, changeable ; Oak-leaf, hospitable.

The profession of the destined lover will be found thus :—Lily, a person of rank ; Rose, an artist ; Thistle, a Scotchman, and a soldier ; Oak-leaf, a farmer ; Laurel, a poet ; Foxglove, a lawyer ; Cypress, a doctor ; Tulip, a freeholder ; Passion-flower, a clergyman ; Marigold, a merchant ; Shamrock, an Irishman ; Leek, a Welshman.

Of course the persons who draw the flowers are supposed to be ignorant of their meaning ; or they may draw blindfolded.

In winter this game may be played with painted flower cards ; painting a pack would be a pleasant home amusement ; or dried flowers gummed on cards would answer perfectly well. The players then draw a card instead of a flower.



THE VOCABULARY.

PART THE FIRST.

ABECEDARY	<i>Volubility.</i>
Abatina.....	<i>Fickleness.</i>
Acacia.....	<i>Friendship.</i>
Acacia, Rose or White.....	<i>Elegance.</i>
Acacia, Yellow.....	<i>Secret love.</i>
Acanthus.....	<i>The fine arts. Artifice.</i>
Acalia.....	<i>Temperance.</i>
Achillea Millefolia.....	<i>War.</i>
Achimenes Cupreata.....	<i>Such worth is rare.</i>
Aconite (Wolfsbane).....	<i>Misanthropy.</i>
Aconite, Crowfoot.....	<i>Luster.</i>
Adonis, Flos	<i>Sad memories.</i>
African Marigold.....	<i>Vulgar minds.</i>
Agnus Castus.....	<i>Coldness. Indifference.</i>
Agrimony	<i>Thankfulness. Gratitude.</i>
Almond, Common.....	<i>Stupidity. Indiscretion.</i>
Almond, Flowering.....	<i>Hope.</i>
Almond, Laurel.....	<i>Perfidy.</i>
Allspice.....	<i>Compassion.</i>
Aloe.....	<i>Grief. Religious Superstition.</i> <i>Bitterness.</i>
Althæa Frutex (Syrian Mallow).	<i>Persuasion.</i>
Alyssum, Sweet	<i>Worth beyond beauty.</i>
Amaranth, Globe.....	<i>Immortality. Unfading love.</i>
Amaranth (Cockscomb).....	<i>Foppery. Affectation.</i>
Amaryllis.....	<i>Pride. Timidity. Splendid beauty.</i>
Ambrosia.....	<i>Love returned.</i>
American Cowslip.....	<i>Divine beauty.</i>

American Elm.....	<i>Patriotism.</i>
American Linden.....	<i>Matrimony.</i>
American Starwort.....	<i>Welcome to a stranger. Cheer- fulness in old age.</i>
Amethyst.....	<i>Admiration.</i>
Andromeda.....	<i>Self-sacrifice.</i>
Anemone (Zephyr Flower).....	<i>Sickness. Expectation.</i>
Anemone, Garden.....	<i>Forsaken.</i>
Angelica.....	<i>Inspiration, or Magic.</i>
Angrec.....	<i>Royalty.</i>
Apocynum (Dogsbane).....	<i>Deceit.</i>
Apple.....	<i>Temptation.</i>
Apple Blossom.....	<i>Preference. Flame speaks him great and good.</i>
Apple, Thorn.....	<i>Deceitful charms.</i>
Apricot Blossom.....	<i>Doubt.</i>
Arbor Vitæ.....	<i>Unchanging friendship. Live for Me.</i>
Arbutus.....	<i>Thee only do I love.</i>
Arum (Wake Robin).....	<i>Ardor. Zeal.</i>
Ash-leaved Trumpet Flower....	<i>Separation.</i>
Ash, Mountain.....	<i>Prudence, or With me you are safe.</i>
Ash Tree.....	<i>Grandeur.</i>
Aspen Tree.....	<i>Lamentation, or Fear.</i>
Aster (China).....	<i>Variety. After-thought.</i>
Asphodel.....	<i>My regrets follow you to the grave.</i>
Auricula.....	<i>Painting.</i>
Auricula, Scarlet.....	<i>Avarice.</i>
Auricula, Yellow.....	<i>Splendor.</i>
Autumnal Leaves.....	<i>Melancholy.</i>
Azalea.....	<i>Temperance.</i>
BACHELOR'S Button.....	<i>Celibacy.</i>
Balm.....	<i>Sympathy.</i>
Balm, Gentle.....	<i>Pleasantry.</i>
Balm of Gilead.....	<i>Cure. Relief.</i>
Balsam, Red.....	<i>Touch me not. Impatient re- solves.</i>

Balsam, Yellow.....	<i>Impatience.</i>
Barberry.....	<i>Sharpness of temper.</i>
Basil.....	<i>Hatred.</i>
Bay Leaf.....	<i>I change but in death.</i>
Bay (Rose) Rhododendron.....	<i>Danger. Beware.</i>
Bay Tree.....	<i>Glory.</i>
Bay Wreath.....	<i>Reward of merit.</i>
Bearded Crepis.....	<i>Protection.</i>
Beech Tree.....	<i>Prosperity.</i>
Bee Orchis.....	<i>Industry.</i>
Bee Ophrys.....	<i>Error.</i>
Begonia.....	<i>Deformity.</i>
Belladonna.....	<i>Silence. Hush!</i>
Bell Flower, Pyramidal.....	<i>Constancy.</i>
Bell Flower (small white).....	<i>Gratitude.</i>
Belvedere.....	<i>I declare against you.</i>
Betony.....	<i>Surprise.</i>
Bilberry.....	<i>Treachery.</i>
Bindweed, Great.....	<i>Insinuation. Importunity.</i>
Bindweed, Small.....	<i>Humility.</i>
Birch.....	<i>Meekness.</i>
Birdsfoot (Trefoil).....	<i>Revenge.</i>
Bittersweet (Nightshade).....	<i>Truth.</i>
Black Poplar.....	<i>Courage. Affliction.</i>
Blackthorn.....	<i>Difficulty.</i>
Bladder Nut Tree.....	<i>Frivolity. Amusement.</i>
Bluebottle (Centaury).....	<i>Delicacy.</i>
Bluebell.....	<i>Constancy. Sorrowful regret.</i>
Blue-flowered Greek Valerian..	<i>Rupture.</i>
Bonus Henricus.....	<i>Goodness.</i>
Borage.....	<i>Bluntness.</i>
Box Tree.....	<i>Stoicism.</i>
Bramble.....	<i>Lowliness. Envy. Remorse.</i>
Branch of Currants.....	<i>You please all.</i>
Branch of Thorns.....	<i>Severity. Rigor.</i>
Bridal Rose.....	<i>Happy love.</i>
Broom.....	<i>Humility. Neatness.</i>
Browallia Jamisonii.....	<i>Could you bear poverty?</i>
Buckbean.....	<i>Calm repose.</i>
Bud of White Rose.....	<i>A heart ignorant of love.</i>

Cereus, Creeping.....	<i>Modest genius.</i>
Centaury.....	<i>Delicacy.</i>
Chamomile.....	<i>Energy in adversity.</i>
Champignon	<i>Suspicion.</i>
Checkered Fritillary.....	<i>Persecution.</i>
Cherry Tree, White.....	<i>Good education.</i>
Cherry Blossom.....	<i>Insincerity.</i>
Chestnut Tree.....	<i>Do me justice.</i>
Chinese Primrose.....	<i>Lasting love.</i>
Chickweed.....	<i>Rendezvous.</i>
Chicory.....	<i>Frugality.</i>
China Aster.....	<i>Variety.</i>
China Aster, Double.....	<i>I partake your sentiments.</i>
China Aster, Single.....	<i>I will think of it.</i>
China or Indian Pink.....	<i>Aversion.</i>
China Rose.....	<i>Beauty always new.</i>
Chinese Chrysanthemum.....	<i>Cheerfulness under adversity.</i>
Chorozema Varium.....	<i>You have many lovers.</i>
Christmas Rose.....	<i>Relieve my anxiety.</i>
Chrysanthemum, Red.....	<i>I love.</i>
Chrysanthemum, White.....	<i>Truth.</i>
Chrysanthemum, Yellow.....	<i>Slighted love.</i>
Cineraria.....	<i>Always delightful.</i>
Cinquefoil	<i>Maternal affection.</i>
Circæa.....	<i>Spell.</i>
Cistus, or Rock Rose.....	<i>Popular favor.</i>
Cistus, Gum.....	<i>I shall die to-morrow.</i>
Citron	<i>Ill-natured beauty.</i>
Clarkia.....	<i>The variety of your conversation delights me.</i>
Clematis.....	<i>Mental beauty. Artifice.</i>
Clematis, Evergreen.....	<i>Poverty.</i>
Clianthus.....	<i>Worldliness. Self-seeking.</i>
Clothbur.....	<i>Rudeness. Pertinacity.</i>
Cloves.....	<i>Dignity.</i>
Clover, Four-leaved.....	<i>Be mine.</i>
Clover, Red.....	<i>Industry.</i>
Clover, White.....	<i>Think of me. Promise.</i>
Cobæa.....	<i>Gossip.</i>

Cockscomb (Amaranth).....	<i>Foppery. Affectation. Singularity.</i>
Colchicum, or Meadow Saffron..	<i>My best days are past.</i>
Coltsfoot.....	<i>Justice shall be done.</i>
Columbine.....	<i>Folly.</i>
Columbine, Purple.....	<i>Resolved to win.</i>
Columbine, Red.....	<i>Anxious and trembling.</i>
Convolvulus.....	<i>Bonds.</i>
Convolvulus Bl., Minor.....	<i>Repose. Night.</i>
Convolvulus Major.....	<i>Extinguished hopes.</i>
Convolvulus, Pink.....	<i>Worth sustained by judicious and tender affection.</i>
Corchorus.....	<i>Impatient of absence.</i>
Coreopsis.....	<i>Always cheerful.</i>
Coreopsis Arkansa.....	<i>Love at first sight.</i>
Coriander.....	<i>Hidden worth.</i>
Corn.....	<i>Riches.</i>
Corn, Broken.....	<i>Quarrel.</i>
Corn Bottle.....	<i>Delicacy.</i>
Corn Cockle..	<i>Gentility.</i>
Cornflower.....	<i>Delicacy.</i>
Corn Straw.....	<i>Agreement.</i>
Cornel Tree....	<i>Duration.</i>
Coronella.....	<i>Success crown your wishes.</i>
Cosmelia Subra.....	<i>The charm of a blush.</i>
Cowslip.....	<i>Pensiveness. Winning grace. Youthful beauty.</i>
Cowslip (American).....	<i>Divine beauty.</i>
Crab (Blossom).....	<i>Ill nature.</i>
Cranberry.	<i>Cure for heartache.</i>
Creeping Cereus.....	<i>Horror.</i>
Cress.....	<i>Stability. Power.</i>
Crocus.....	<i>Abuse not. Impatience.</i>
Crocus, Spring.....	<i>Youthful gladness.</i>
Crocus (Saffron).....	<i>Mirth. Cheerfulness.</i>
Crown Imperial.....	<i>Majesty. Power.</i>
Crowsbill.....	<i>Envy.</i>
Crowfoot....	<i>Ingratitude.</i>
Crowfoot (Aconite-leaved).....	<i>Luster.</i>
Cuckoo Plant.....	<i>Ardor.</i>



Cudweed, American.....	<i>Unceasing remembrance.</i>
Currant.....	<i>Thy frown will kill me.</i>
Cuscuta	<i>Meanness.</i>
Cyclamen.....	<i>Diffidence.</i>
Cypress.....	<i>Death. Mourning.</i>
DAFFODIL.....	<i>Regard. Unrequited love.</i>
Dahlia.....	<i>Instability. Pomp.</i>
Daisy.....	<i>Innocence and Hope.</i>
Daisy, Garden.....	<i>I share your sentiments.</i>
Daisy, Michaelmas.....	<i>Farewell, or Afterthought.</i>
Daisy, Parti-colored	<i>Beauty.</i>
Daisy, Wild.....	<i>I will think of it.</i>
Damask Rose.....	<i>Brilliant complexion.</i>
Dandelion.....	<i>Rustic oracle.</i>
Dandelion, or Thistle-seed-head	<i>Depart.</i>
Daphne.....	<i>Glory. Immortality.</i>
Daphne Odora.....	<i>Painting the lily.</i>
Darnel.....	<i>Vice.</i>
Dead Leaves.....	<i>Sadness.</i>
Deadly Nightshade.....	<i>Falschood.</i>
Dew Plant.....	<i>A serenade.</i>
Dianthus	<i>Make haste.</i>
Diosma.....	<i>Your simple elegance charms me.</i>
Dipteracanthus Spectabilis....	<i>Fortitude.</i>
Diplademia Crassinoda.....	<i>You are too bold.</i>
Dittany of Crete.....	<i>Birth.</i>
Dittany of Crete, White.....	<i>Passion.</i>
Dock	<i>Patience.</i>
Dodder of Thyme.....	<i>Baseness.</i>
Dogsbane.....	<i>Deccit. Falschood.</i>
Dogwood.....	<i>Durability.</i>
Dragon Plant.....	<i>Snare.</i>
Dragonwort.....	<i>Horror.</i>
Dried Flax	<i>Utility.</i>
EBONY Tree.....	<i>Blackness.</i>
Echites Atropurpurea.....	<i>Be warned in time.</i>
Eglantine (Sweetbrier).....	<i>Poetry. I wound to heal.</i>
Elder.....	<i>Zealousness.</i>

Elm.....	<i>Dignity.</i>
Enchanter's Nightshade	<i>Witchcraft. Sorcery.</i>
Endive	<i>Frugality.</i>
Eschscholtzia	<i>Do not refuse me.</i>
Eupatorium.....	<i>Delay.</i>
Evening Primrose.....	<i>Silent love.</i>
Ever-bowing Candytuft.....	<i>Indifference.</i>
Evergreen Clematis.....	<i>Poverty.</i>
Evergreen Thorn.....	<i>Solace in adversity.</i>
Everlasting.....	<i>Never-ceasing remembrance.</i>
Everlasting Pea.....	<i>Lasting pleasure.</i>
FENNEL.....	<i>Worthy all praise. Strength.</i>
Fern	<i>Fascination. Magic. Sincerity.</i>
Ficoides (Ice Plant).....	<i>Your looks freeze me.</i>
Fig.....	<i>Argument.</i>
Fig Marigold.....	<i>Idleness.</i>
Fig Tree.....	<i>Prolific.</i>
Filbert	<i>Reconciliation.</i>
Fir.....	<i>Time.</i>
Fir Tree.....	<i>Elevation.</i>
Flax.....	<i>Domestic industry. Fate. I feel your kindness.</i>
Flax-leaved Golden-locks	<i>Tardiness.</i>
Fleur-de-Lis	<i>Flame. I burn.</i>
Fleur-de-Luce.....	<i>Fire.</i>
Flowering Fern	<i>Reverie.</i>
Flowering Reed.....	<i>Confidence in Heaven.</i>
Flower-of-an-Hour.....	<i>Delicate beauty.</i>
Fly Orchis.....	<i>Error.</i>
Flytrap.....	<i>Deceit.</i>
Fool's Parsley.....	<i>Silliness.</i>
Forget-me-not.....	<i>Forget me not.</i>
Foxglove	<i>Insincerity.</i>
Foxtail grass.....	<i>Sporting.</i>
Franciscea Latifolia.....	<i>Beware of false friends.</i>
French Honeysuckle.....	<i>Rustic beauty.</i>
French Marigold	<i>Jealousy.</i>
French Willow.....	<i>Bravery and Humanity.</i>
Frog Ophrys	<i>Disgust.</i>

Fuller's Teasel.....	<i>Misanthropy.</i>
Fumitory.....	<i>Spleen.</i>
Fuchsia, Scarlet.....	<i>Taste.</i>
Furze, or Gorse.....	<i>Love for all seasons. Anger.</i>
GARDEN Anemone.....	<i>Forsaken.</i>
Garden Chervil.....	<i>Sincerity.</i>
Garden Daisy.....	<i>I partake your sentiments.</i>
Garden Marigold.....	<i>Uneasiness.</i>
Garden Ranunculus.....	<i>You are rich in attractions.</i>
Garden Sage.....	<i>Esteem.</i>
Garland of Roses.....	<i>Reward of virtue.</i>
Gardenia.....	<i>Refinement.</i>
Gentian.....	<i>I love you best when you are sad.</i>
Germander Speedwell.....	<i>Facility.</i>
Geranium.....	<i>Deceit.</i>
Geranium, Dark.....	<i>Melancholy.</i>
Geranium, Horseshoe-leaf.....	<i>Stupidity.</i>
Geranium, Ivy.....	<i>Bridal Favor.</i>
Geranium, Lemon.....	<i>Unexpected meeting.</i>
Geranium, Nutmeg.....	<i>Expected meeting.</i>
Geranium, Oak-leaved.....	<i>True friendship.</i>
Geranium, Penciled.....	<i>Ingenuity.</i>
Geranium, Rose-scented.....	<i>Preference.</i>
Geranium, Scarlet.....	<i>Comforting.</i>
Geranium, Silver-leaved.....	<i>Recall.</i>
Geranium, Wild.....	<i>Steadfast piety.</i>
Gillyflower.....	<i>Bonds of affection.</i>
Gladioli.....	<i>Ready armed.</i>
Glory Flower.....	<i>Glorious beauty.</i>
Goat's Rue.....	<i>Reason.</i>
Golden Rod.....	<i>Precaution.</i>
Gooseberry.....	<i>Anticipation.</i>
Gourd.....	<i>Extent. Bulk.</i>
Grammanthus Chloro-flora.....	<i>Your temper is too hasty.</i>
Grape, Wild.....	<i>Charity.</i>
Grass.....	<i>Submission. Utility.</i>
Guelder Rose.....	<i>Winter. Age.</i>
HAND Flower Tree.....	<i>Warning.</i>

Harebell.....	<i>Submission. Grief.</i>
Hawkweed.....	<i>Quick-sightedness.</i>
Hawthorn.....	<i>Hope.</i>
Hazel.....	<i>Reconciliation.</i>
Heartsease, or Pansy	<i>Thoughts.</i>
Heath	<i>Solitude.</i>
Helenium.....	<i>Tears.</i>
Heliotrope	<i>Devotion ; or, I turn to thee.</i>
Hellebore.....	<i>Scandal. Calumny.</i>
Helmet Flower (Monkshood)....	<i>Knight-errantry.</i>
Hemlock.....	<i>You will be my death.</i>
Hemp.....	<i>Fate.</i>
Henbane.....	<i>Imperfection.</i>
Hepatica.....	<i>Confidence.</i>
Hibiscus.....	<i>Delicate beauty.</i>
Holly.....	<i>Foresight.</i>
Holly Herb.....	<i>Enchantment.</i>
Hollyhock.....	<i>Ambition. Fecundity.</i>
Honesty.....	<i>Honesty. Fascination.</i>
Honey Flower.....	<i>Love sweet and secret.</i>
Honeysuckle.....	<i>Generous and devoted affection.</i>
Honeysuckle, Coral.....	<i>The color of my fate.</i>
Honeysuckle, French.....	<i>Rustic beauty.</i>
Hop.....	<i>Injustice.</i>
Hornbeam	<i>Ornament.</i>
Horse Chestnut.....	<i>Luxury.</i>
Hortensia.....	<i>You are cold.</i>
Houseleek	<i>Viracity. Domestic industry.</i>
Houstonia.....	<i>Content.</i>
Hoya	<i>Sculpture.</i>
Hoyabella.....	<i>Contentment.</i>
Humble Plant.....	<i>Despondency.</i>
Hundred-leaved Rose.....	<i>Dignity of mind.</i>
Hyacinth.....	<i>Sport. Game. Play.</i>
Hyacinth, Purple.....	<i>Sorrowful. I am sorry.</i>
Hyacinth, White	<i>Unobtrusive loveliness.</i>
Hydrangea.....	<i>A boaster.</i>
Hyssop	<i>Cleanliness.</i>
ICELAND MOSS.....	<i>Health.</i>

Ice Plant	<i>Your looks freeze me.</i>
Imbricata	<i>Uprightness. Sentiments of honor.</i>
Imperial Montague	<i>Power.</i>
Indian Cress	<i>Warlike trophy.</i>
Indian Jasmine (Ipomœa)	<i>Attachment.</i>
Indian Pink (double)	<i>Always lovely.</i>
Indian Plum	<i>Privation.</i>
Iris	<i>Message.</i>
Iris, German	<i>Flame.</i>
Ivy	<i>Friendship. Fidelity. Marriage.</i>
Ivy, Sprig of, with Tendrils	<i>Assiduous to please.</i>
JACOB'S Ladder	<i>Come down.</i>
Japan Rose	<i>Beauty is your only attraction.</i>
Japanese Lilies	<i>You cannot deceive me.</i>
Jasmine	<i>Amiability.</i>
Jasmine, Cape	<i>Transport of joy.</i>
Jasmine, Carolina	<i>Separation.</i>
Jasmine, Indian	<i>I attach myself to you.</i>
Jasmine, Spanish	<i>Sensuality.</i>
Jasmine, Yellow	<i>Grace and elegance.</i>
Jonquil	<i>I desire a return of affection.</i>
Judas Tree	<i>Unbelief. Betrayal.</i>
Julienne, White	<i>Despair not ; God is everywhere.</i>
Juniper	<i>Succor. Protection.</i>
Justicia	<i>The perfection of female loveliness.</i>
KENNEDIA	<i>Mental beauty.</i>
Kingcups	<i>Desire of riches.</i>
LABURNUM	<i>Forsaken. Pensive beauty.</i>
Lady's Slipper	<i>Capricious beauty. Win me and wear me.</i>
Lagerstrœmia, Indian	<i>Eloquence.</i>
Lantana	<i>Rigor.</i>
Lapageria Rosea	<i>There is no unalloyed good.</i>
Larch	<i>Audacity. Boldness.</i>
Larkspur	<i>Lightness. Levity.</i>
Larkspur, Pink	<i>Fickleness.</i>

Larkspur, Purple.....	<i>Haughtiness.</i>	
Laurel.....	<i>Glory.</i>	
Laurel, Common, in flower.....	<i>Perfidy.</i>	
Laurel, Ground.....	<i>Perseverance.</i>	
Laurel, Mountain.....	<i>Ambition.</i>	
Laurel-leaved Magnolia.....	<i>Dignity.</i>	
Laurestina.....	<i>A token.</i>	
Lavender.....	<i>Distrust.</i>	
Leaves (dead).....	<i>Melancholy.</i>	
Lemon.....	<i>Zest.</i>	
Lemon Blossoms	<i>Fidelity in Love.</i>	
Leschenaultia Splendens.....	<i>You are charming.</i>	
Lettuce.....	<i>Cold-heartedness.</i>	
Lichen.....	<i>Dejection. Solitude.</i>	
Lilac, Field.....	<i>Humility.</i>	
Lilac, Purple.....	<i>First emotions of love.</i>	
Lilac, White.....	<i>Joy of youth.</i>	
Lily, Day.....	<i>Coquetry.</i>	
Lily, Imperial.....	<i>Majesty.</i>	
Lily, White.....	<i>Purity. Sweetness.</i>	
Lily Yellow.....	<i>Falsehood. Gay ty.</i>	
Lily of the Valley	<i>Return of happiness.</i>	<i>Uncon-</i>
	<i>scious sweetness.</i>	
Linden or Lime Trees... ..	<i>Conjugal love.</i>	
Lint.....	<i>I feel my obligations.</i>	
Live Oak.....	<i>Liberty.</i>	
Liverwort.....	<i>Confidence.</i>	
Liquorice, Wild.....	<i>I declare against you.</i>	
Lobelia.....	<i>Malevolence.</i>	
Locust Tree.....	<i>Elegance.</i>	
Locust Tree (green).....	<i>Affection beyond the grave.</i>	
London Pride	<i>Frivolity.</i>	
Lote Tree	<i>Concord.</i>	
Lotus.....	<i>Eloquence. Repose.</i>	
Lotus Flower.....	<i>Estranged love.</i>	
Lotus Leaf.....	<i>Recantation.</i>	
Love-in-a-Mist.....	<i>Perplexity.</i>	
Love-lies-bleeding.....	<i>Hopless, not heartless.</i>	
Lucerne	<i>Life.</i>	
Lupin.....	<i>Voraciousness.</i>	

MADDER.....	<i>Calumny.</i>
Magnolia.....	<i>Love of nature. Magnificence.</i>
Magnolia, Swamp	<i>Perseverance.</i>
Mallow	<i>Mildness.</i>
Mallow, Marsh.....	<i>Beneficence.</i>
Mallow, Syrian.....	<i>Consumed by love.</i>
Mallow, Venetian	<i>Delicate beauty.</i>
Malon Creeana.....	<i>Will you share my fortunes?</i>
Manchineal Tree	<i>Falschood.</i>
Mandrake.....	<i>Horror.</i>
Maple	<i>Reserve.</i>
Marianthus	<i>Hope for better days.</i>
Marigold.....	<i>Grief.</i>
Marigold, African	<i>Vulgar minds.</i>
Marigold, French.....	<i>Jealousy.</i>
Marigold, Prophetic	<i>Prediction.</i>
Marigold and Cypress.....	<i>Despair.</i>
Marjoram.....	<i>Blushes.</i>
Marvel of Peru.....	<i>Timidity.</i>
Meadow Lychnis.....	<i>Wit.</i>
Meadow Saffron.....	<i>My best days are past.</i>
Meadowsweet.....	<i>Uselessness.</i>
Mercury	<i>Goodness.</i>
Mesembryanthemum.....	<i>Idleness.</i>
Mezereon	<i>Desire to please.</i>
Michaelmas Daisy.....	<i>After-thought.</i>
Mignonnette.....	<i>Your qualities surpass your charms.</i>
Milfoil.....	<i>War.</i>
Milkvetch.....	<i>Your presence softens my pains.</i>
Milkwort..	<i>Hermitage.</i>
Mimosa (Sensitive Plant).....	<i>Sensitiveness.</i>
Mint.....	<i>Virtue.</i>
Mistletoe.....	<i>I surmount difficulties.</i>
Mitraria Coccinea.....	<i>Indolence. Dullness.</i>
Mock Orange.....	<i>Counterfeit.</i>
Monarda Amplexicaulis.....	<i>Your whims are quite unbearable.</i>
Monkshood.....	<i>A deadly foe is near.</i>
Monkshood (Helmet Flower)....	<i>Chivalry. Knight-errantry.</i>
Moonwort.....	<i>Forgetfulness.</i>

Morning Glory	<i>Affection.</i>
Moschatel.....	<i>Weakness.</i>
Moss.....	<i>Maternal love.</i>
Mosses	<i>Ennui.</i>
Mossy Saxifrage.....	<i>Affection.</i>
Motherwort.....	<i>Concealed love.</i>
Mountain Ash.. ..	<i>Prudence.</i>
Mourning Bride.....	<i>Unfortunate attachment. I have lost all.</i>
Mouse-eared Chickweed.....	<i>Ingenuous simplicity.</i>
Mouse-eared Scorpion Grass....	<i>Forget me not.</i>
Moving Plant.....	<i>Agitation.</i>
Mudwort.....	<i>Happiness. Tranquility.</i>
Mulberry Tree, Black.....	<i>I shall not survive you.</i>
Mulberry Tree, White.....	<i>Wisdom.</i>
Mushroom.....	<i>Suspicion ; or, I can't entirely trust you.</i>
Musk Plant.....	<i>Weakness.</i>
Mustard Seed.....	<i>Indifference.</i>
Myrobalan.....	<i>Privation.</i>
Myrrh.....	<i>Gladness.</i>
Myrtle.....	<i>Love.</i>
NARCISSUS.....	<i>Egotism.</i>
Nasturtium.....	<i>Patriotism.</i>
Nemophila.....	<i>Success everywhere.</i>
Nettle, Common Stinging	<i>You are spiteful.</i>
Nettle, Burning.....	<i>Slander.</i>
Nettle Tree.....	<i>Conceit.</i>
Night-blooming Cereus	<i>Transient beauty.</i>
Night Convolvulus	<i>Night.</i>
Nightshade	<i>Falsehood.</i>
OAK Leaves.....	<i>Bravery.</i>
Oak Tree	<i>Hospitality.</i>
Oak, White.....	<i>Independence.</i>
Oats.....	<i>The witching soul of music.</i>
Oleander	<i>Beware.</i>
Olive.....	<i>Peace.</i>
Orange Blossoms.....	<i>Your purity equals your loveliness.</i>

Orange Flowers.....	<i>Chastity. Bridal festivities.</i>
Orange Tree.....	<i>Generosity.</i>
Orchis.....	<i>A belle.</i>
Osier.....	<i>Frankness.</i>
Osmunda.....	<i>Dreams.</i>
Ox Eye.....	<i>Patience.</i>
Oxlip.....	<i>Speak out.</i>
PALM.....	<i>Victory.</i>
Pansy.....	<i>Thought.</i>
Parsley.....	<i>Festivity. To win.</i>
Pasque Flower.....	<i>You have no claims.</i>
Passion Flower.....	<i>Religious superstition when the flower is reversed or Faith if erect.</i>
Patience Dock.....	<i>Patience.</i>
Pea, Everlasting.....	<i>An appointed meeting. Lasting pleasure.</i>
Pea, Sweet.....	<i>Departure.</i>
Peach.....	<i>Your qualities, like your charms, are unequalled.</i>
Peach Blossom.....	<i>I am your captive.</i>
Pear.....	<i>Affection.</i>
Pear-tree.....	<i>Comfort.</i>
Pentstemon Azureum.....	<i>High-bred.</i>
Pennyroyal.....	<i>Flee away.</i>
Peony.....	<i>Shame. Bashfulness.</i>
Peppermint.....	<i>Warmth of feeling.</i>
Periwinkle, Blue.....	<i>Early friendship.</i>
Periwinkle, White.....	<i>Pleasures of memory.</i>
Persicaria.....	<i>Restoration.</i>
Persimmon.....	<i>Bury me amid Nature's beauties.</i>
Peruvian Heliotrope.....	<i>Devotion.</i>
Petunia.....	<i>Your presence soothes me.</i>
Pheasant's Eye.....	<i>Remembrance.</i>
Phlox.....	<i>Unanimity.</i>
Pigeon Berry.....	<i>Indifference.</i>
Pimpernel.....	<i>Change. Assassination.</i>
Pine.....	<i>Pity.</i>
Pine-apple.....	<i>You are perfect.</i>

Pine, Pitch	<i>Philosophy.</i>
Pine, Spruce....	<i>Hope in adversity.</i>
Pink.....	<i>Boldness.</i>
Pink, Carnation.....	<i>Woman's love.</i>
Pink, Indian Double.....	<i>Always lovely.</i>
Pink, Indian Single.....	<i>Aversion.</i>
Pink, Mountain	<i>Aspiring.</i>
Pink, Red Double.....	<i>Pure and ardent love.</i>
Pink, Single	<i>Pure love.</i>
Pink, Variegated.....	<i>Refusal.</i>
Pink, White.....	<i>Ingeniousness. Talent.</i>
Plantain.....	<i>White man's footsteps.</i>
Plane Tree.....	<i>Genius.</i>
Plum, Indian.....	<i>Privation.</i>
Plum Tree....	<i>Fidelity.</i>
Plum, Wild.....	<i>Independence.</i>
Plumbago Larpendula	<i>Holy wishes.</i>
Polyanthus	<i>Pride of riches.</i>
Polyanthus, Crimson	<i>The heart's mystery.</i>
Polyanthus, Lilac.....	<i>Confidence.</i>
Pomegranate.....	<i>Foolishness.</i>
Pomegranate Flower.....	<i>Mature elegance.</i>
Poor Robin	<i>Compensation, or an Equivalent.</i>
Poplar, Black.....	<i>Courage.</i>
Poplar, White	<i>Time.</i>
Poppy, Red.....	<i>Consolation.</i>
Poppy, Scarlet.....	<i>Fantastic extravagance.</i>
Poppy, White.....	<i>Sleep. My bane.</i>
Potato	<i>Benevolence.</i>
Potentilla.....	<i>I claim, at least, your esteem.</i>
Prickly Pear.....	<i>Satire.</i>
Pride of China	<i>Dissension.</i>
Primrose.....	<i>Early youth and sadness.</i>
Primrose, Evening	<i>Inconstancy.</i>
Primrose, Red.....	<i>Unpatronized merit.</i>
Privet.....	<i>Prohibition.</i>
Purple Clover.....	<i>Provident.</i>
Pyrus Japonica.....	<i>Fairies' fire.</i>
QUAKING-GRASS.....	<i>Agitation.</i>

Quamoclit.....	<i>Busybody.</i>
Queen's Rocket.....	<i>You are the queen of coquettes.</i>
	<i>Fashion.</i>
Quince.....	<i>Temptation.</i>
RAGGED-ROBIN.....	<i>Wit.</i>
Ranunculus.....	<i>You are radiant with charms.</i>
Ranunculus, Garden.....	<i>You are rich in attractions.</i>
Ranunculus, Wild.....	<i>Ingratitude.</i>
Raspberry.....	<i>Remorse.</i>
Ray Grass.....	<i>Vice.</i>
Red Catchfly.....	<i>Youthful love.</i>
Reed.....	<i>Complaisance. Music.</i>
Reed, Split.....	<i>Indiscretion.</i>
Rhododendron (Rosebay).....	<i>Danger. Beware.</i>
Rhubarb.....	<i>Advice.</i>
Rocket.....	<i>Rivalry.</i>
Rosa Mundi.....	<i>Variety.</i>
Rose, Austrian.....	<i>Thou art a'l that is lovely.</i>
Rose, Bridal.....	<i>Happy love.</i>
Rose, Burgundy.....	<i>Unconscious beauty.</i>
Rose, Cabbage.....	<i>Ambassador of love.</i>
Rose Champion.....	<i>Only deserve my love.</i>
Rose, Caroline.....	<i>Love is dangerous.</i>
Rose, China.....	<i>Beauty always new.</i>
Rose, Christmas.....	<i>Tranquilize my anxiety.</i>
Rose, Daily.....	<i>Thy smile I aspire to.</i>
Rose, Damask.....	<i>Brilliant complexion.</i>
Rose, Deep Red.....	<i>Bashful shame.</i>
Rose, Dog.....	<i>Love, pleasure, and pain.</i>
Rose, Guelder.....	<i>Winter. Age.</i>
Rose, Hundred-leaved.....	<i>Pride.</i>
Rose, Japan.....	<i>Beauty is your only attraction.</i>
Rose, Maiden-blush.....	<i>If you love me you will find it out.</i>
Rose, Montiflora.....	<i>Grace.</i>
Rose, Musk.....	<i>Capricious beauty.</i>
Rose, Musk, Cluster.....	<i>Charming.</i>
Rose, Red.....	<i>Love.</i>
Rose, Single.....	<i>Simplicity.</i>
Rose, Thornless.....	<i>Early attachment.</i>

Rose, Unique.....	<i>Call me not beautiful.</i>
Rose, White.....	<i>I am worthy of you.</i>
Rose, White (withered).....	<i>Transient impressions.</i>
Rose, Yellow.....	<i>Decrease of love. Jealousy.</i>
Rose, York and Lancaster.....	<i>War.</i>
Rose, Full-blown, placed over two Buds.....	<i>Secrecy.</i>
Rose, White and Red together..	<i>Unity.</i>
Roses, Crown of.....	<i>Reward of virtue.</i>
Rosebud, Red.....	<i>Pure and lovely.</i>
Rosebud, White.....	<i>Girlhood.</i>
Rosebud, Moss.....	<i>Confession of love.</i>
Rose Leaf.....	<i>You may hope.</i>
Rosemary.....	<i>Remembrance.</i>
Rudbeckia.....	<i>Justice.</i>
Rue.....	<i>Disdain.</i>
Rush.....	<i>Docility.</i>
Rye Grass.....	<i>Changeable disposition.</i>

SAFFRON.....	<i>Beware of excess.</i>
Saffron Crocus.....	<i>Mirth.</i>
Saffron, Meadow.....	<i>My happiest days are past.</i>
Sage.....	<i>Domestic virtue.</i>
Sage, Garden.....	<i>Esteem.</i>
Sainfoin.....	<i>Agitation.</i>
Saint John's Wort.....	<i>Animosity.</i>
Salvia, Blue.....	<i>Wisdom.</i>
Salvia, Red.....	<i>Energy.</i>
Saxifrage, Mossy.....	<i>Affection.</i>
Scabious.....	<i>Unfortunate love.</i>
Scabious, Sweet.....	<i>Widowhood.</i>
Scarlet Lychnis.....	<i>Sunbeaming eyes.</i>
Schinus.....	<i>Religious enthusiasm.</i>
Scotch Fir.....	<i>Elevation.</i>
Sensitive Plant.....	<i>Sensibility.</i>
Senvy.....	<i>Indifference.</i>
Shamrock.....	<i>Light-heartedness.</i>
Shepherd's Purse.....	<i>I offer you my all.</i>
Siphocampylos.....	<i>Resolved to be noticed.</i>
Snakesfoot.....	<i>Horror.</i>

Snapdragon.....	<i>Presumption, also "No."</i>
Snowball	<i>Bound.</i>
Snowdrop.....	<i>Hope.</i>
Sorrel	<i>Affection.</i>
Sorrel, Wild.....	<i>Wit ill-timed.</i>
Sorrel, Wood	<i>Joy.</i>
Southernwood.....	<i>Jest. Bantering.</i>
Spanish Jasmine	<i>Sensuality.</i>
Spearmint	<i>Warmth of sentiment.</i>
Speedwell	<i>Female fidelity.</i>
Speedwell, Germander.....	<i>Facility.</i>
Speedwell, Spiked.....	<i>Semblance.</i>
Spider Ophrys.....	<i>Adroitness.</i>
Spiderwort.....	<i>Esteem, not love.</i>
Spiked Willow Herb.....	<i>Pretension.</i>
Spindle Tree	<i>Your charms are engraven on my heart.</i>
Star of Bethlehem.....	<i>Purity.</i>
Starwort.....	<i>After-thought.</i>
Starwort, American.....	<i>Cheerfulness in old age.</i>
Stephanotis.....	<i>Will you accompany me to the East?</i>
St. John's Wort.....	<i>Superstition.</i>
Stock.....	<i>Lasting beauty.</i>
Stock, Ten-week.....	<i>Promptness.</i>
Stonecrop.....	<i>Tranquillity.</i>
Straw (broken).....	<i>Rupture of a contract.</i>
Straw (whole).....	<i>Union.</i>
Strawberry Blossoms	<i>Foresight.</i>
Strawberry Tree.....	<i>Esteem, not love.</i>
Sultan, Lilac.....	<i>I forgive you.</i>
Sultan, White.....	<i>Sweetness.</i>
Sultan, Yellow	<i>Contempt.</i>
Sumach, Venice.....	<i>Splendor.</i>
Sunflower, Dwarf.....	<i>Adoration.</i>
Sunflower, Tall.....	<i>Haughtiness. False riches.</i>
Swallow-wort.....	<i>Cure for heartache.</i>
Sweet Basil.....	<i>Good wishes.</i>
Sweetbrier, American.....	<i>Simplicity.</i>
Sweetbrier, European.	<i>I wound to heal.</i>

- Sweetbrier, Yellow.....*Decrease of love.*
 Sweet Pea.....*Delicate pleasures.*
 Sweet Sultan.....*Felicity.*
 Sweet Sedge.....*Resignation.*
 Sweet-William.....*Gallantry. Dexterity.*
 Sycamore.....*Curiosity.*
 Syringa.....*Memory. Fraternal sympathy.*
 Syringa, Carolina.....*Disappointment.*
- TAMARISK.....*Crime.*
 Tansy, Wild.....*I declare war against you.*
 Teasel.....*Misanthropy.*
 Tendrils of Climbing Plants...*Ties.*
 Thistle, Common.....*Austerity. Independence.*
 Thistle, Fuller's.....*Misanthropy.*
 Thistle, Scotch.....*Retaliation.*
 Thorn Apple.....*Deceitful charms.*
 Thorn, Branch of.....*Severity.*
 Thrift.....*Sympathy.*
 Throatwort.....*Neglected beauty.*
 Thyme.....*Activity or Courage.*
 Tiger Flower.....*For once may pride befriend me.*
 Traveler's joy.....*Safety.*
 Tree of Life.....*Old age.*
 Trefoil.....*Revenge.*
 Tremella Nestoc.....*Resistance.*
 Trillium Pictum.....*Modest beauty.*
 Triptilion Spinosum.....*Be prudent.*
 Truffle.....*Surprise.*
 Trumpet Flower.....*Fame.*
 Tuberoe.....*Dangerous pleasures.*
 Tulip, Red.....*Declaration of love.*
 Tulip, Variegated.....*Beautiful eyes.*
 Tulip, Yellow.....*Hopeless love.*
 Tulip.....*Charity.*
 Tussilage, Sweet-scented.....*Justice shall be done you.*
- VALERIAN.....*An accommodating disposition.*
 Valerian, Greek.....*Rapture.*
 Venice Sumach.....*Intellectual excellence. Splendor.*

Venus's Car.....*Fly with me.*
Venus's Looking-glass.....*Flattery.*
Venus's Trap.....*Deceit.*
Verbena, Pink.....*Family union.*
Verbena, Scarlet.....*Unite against evil ; or, Church
unity.*
Verbena, White.....*Pray for me.*
Vernal Grass.....*Poor, but happy.*
Veronica.....*Fidelity.*
Veronica Speciosa.....*Keep this for my sake.*
Vervain.....*Enchantment.*
Vine.....*Intoxication.*
Violet, Blue.....*Faithfulness.*
Violet, Dame.....*Watchfulness.*
Violet, Sweet.....*Modesty.*
Violet, Yellow.....*Rural happiness.*
Virginia Creeper.....*I cling to you both in sunshine
and shade.*
Virgin's Bower.....*Filial love.*
Viscaria Oculata.....*Will you dance with me?*
Volkamenia.....*May you be happy.*

WALLFLOWER.....*Fidelity in adversity.*
Walnut.....*Intellect. Stratagem.*
Watcher by the Wayside.....*Never despair.*
Water-Lily.....*Purity of heart.*
Water-Melon.....*Bulkiness.*
Wax-Plant.....*Susceptibility.*
Wheat Stalk.....*Riches.*
Whin.....*Anger.*
White Flytrap.....*Deceit.*
White Jasmine.....*Amiability.*
White Lily.....*Purity and modesty.*
White Mullein.....*Good nature.*
White Oak.....*Independence.*
White Pink.....*Talent.*
White Poplar.....*Time.*
White Rose (dried).....*Death preferable to loss of inno-
cence.*
Whortleberry.....*Treason.*

Willow, Creeping.....	<i>Love forsaken.</i>
Willow, French.....	<i>Bravery and humanity.</i>
Willow Herb.....	<i>Pretension.</i>
Willow, Water.....	<i>Freedom.</i>
Willow, Weeping.....	<i>Mourning.</i>
Winter Cherry.....	<i>Deception.</i>
Wisteria.....	<i>Welcome, fair stranger.</i>
Witch Hazel.....	<i>A spell.</i>
Woodbine.....	<i>Fraternal love.</i>
Wood Sorrel.....	<i>Joy. Maternal tenderness.</i>
Wormwood.....	<i>Absence.</i>
XANTHIUM.....	<i>Rudeness. Pertinacity.</i>
Xeranthemum.....	<i>Cheerfulness under adversity.</i>
YEW.....	<i>Sorrow.</i>
ZEPHYR Flower.....	<i>Expectation.</i>
Zinnia.....	<i>Thoughts of absent friends.</i>

PART THE SECOND.

ABSENCE.....	<i>Wormwood.</i>
Abuse not.....	<i>Crocus.</i>
Acknowledgment.....	<i>Canterbury Bell.</i>
Activity or Courage.....	<i>Thyme.</i>
A deadly foe is near.....	<i>Monkshood.</i>
Admiration.....	<i>Amethyst.</i>
Adoration.. ..	<i>Dwarf Sunflower.</i>
Adroitness.....	<i>Spider Ophrys.</i>
Adulation.....	<i>Cacalia.</i>
Advice.....	<i>Rhubarb.</i>
Affection.....	<i>Mossy Saxifrage.</i>
Affection.....	<i>Pear.</i>
Affection.....	<i>Sorrel.</i>
Affection beyond the grave.....	<i>Green Locust.</i>

Affection, Maternal.....	<i>Cinquefoil.</i>
Affectation.....	<i>Cockscomb Amaranth.</i>
Affectation.....	<i>Morning Glory.</i>
Affliction.....	<i>Black Poplar.</i>
After-thought.....	<i>Michaelmas Daisy.</i>
After-thought.....	<i>Starwort.</i>
After-thought.....	<i>China Aster.</i>
Agreement.....	<i>Straw.</i>
Age.....	<i>Guelder Rose.</i>
Agitation.....	<i>Moving Plant.</i>
Agitation	<i>Sainfoin.</i>
Alas ! for my poor heart.....	<i>Deep Red Carnation.</i>
Always cheerful.....	<i>Coreopsis.</i>
Always delightful.....	<i>Cineraria.</i>
Always lovely.....	<i>Indian Pink (double).</i>
Ambassador of Love.....	<i>Cabbage Rose.</i>
Amiability.....	<i>Jasmine.</i>
Anger	<i>Whin.</i>
Anger	<i>Furze.</i>
Animosity.....	<i>St. John's Wort.</i>
Anticipation.....	<i>Gooseberry.</i>
Anxious and trembling.....	<i>Red Columbine.</i>
Ardor, Zeal.....	<i>Cuckoo Point. Arum.</i>
Argument.....	<i>Fig.</i>
Arts.....	<i>Acanthus.</i>
Artifice.....	<i>Clematis.</i>
Assiduous to please.....	<i>Sprig of ivy, with tendrils.</i>
Assignment.....	<i>Pimpernel.</i>
Attachment.....	<i>Indian Jasmine.</i>
Audacity.....	<i>Larch.</i>
Avarice	<i>Scarlet Auricula.</i>
Aversion	<i>Chinese or Indian Pink.</i>
BANTERING.....	<i>Southernwood.</i>
Baseness.....	<i>Dodder.</i>
Bashfulness.....	<i>Peony.</i>
Bashful shame.....	<i>Deep Red Rose.</i>
Be prudent.....	<i>Triptilion Spinosum.</i>
Be warned in time.....	<i>Echites Atropurpurea.</i>
Beautiful eyes.....	<i>Variegated Tulip.</i>

Beauty.....	<i>Parti-colored Daisy.</i>
Beauty always new.....	<i>China Rose.</i>
Beauty, Capricious	<i>Lady's Slipper.</i>
Beauty, Capricious.....	<i>Musk Rose.</i>
Beauty, Delicate.....	<i>Flower of an hour.</i>
Beauty, Delicate.....	<i>Hibiscus.</i>
Beauty, Divine	<i>American Cowslip.</i>
Beauty, Glorious	<i>Glory-flower.</i>
Beauty, Lasting.....	<i>Stock.</i>
Beauty, Magnificent	<i>Calla Æthiopica.</i>
Beauty, Mental.....	<i>Clematis.</i>
Beauty, Modest.....	<i>Trillium Pictum.</i>
Beauty, Neglected.....	<i>Throatwort.</i>
Beauty, Pensive.....	<i>Laburnum.</i>
Beauty, Rustic.....	<i>French Honeysuckle.</i>
Beauty, Unconscious.....	<i>Burgundy Rose.</i>
Beauty is your only attraction..	<i>Japan Rose.</i>
Belle.....	<i>Orchis.</i>
Be mine.....	<i>Four-leaved Clover.</i>
Beneficence.....	<i>Marshmallow.</i>
Benevolence.....	<i>Potato.</i>
Betrayed	<i>White Catchfly.</i>
Beware.....	<i>Oleander.</i>
Beware.....	<i>Rosebay.</i>
Beware of a false friend.....	<i>Francisca Latifolia.</i>
Bitterness	<i>Aloe.</i>
Blackness	<i>Ebony Tree.</i>
Bluntness....	<i>Borage.</i>
Blushes	<i>Marjoram.</i>
Boaster.....	<i>Hydrangea.</i>
Boldness.....	<i>Pink.</i>
Bonds.....	<i>Convolvulus.</i>
Bonds of affection.	<i>Gillyflower.</i>
Bravery.....	<i>Oak Leaves.</i>
Bravery and humanity.....	<i>French Willow.</i>
Bridal favor.....	<i>Ivy Geranium.</i>
Brilliant complexion.....	<i>Damask Rose.</i>
Bulk.....	<i>Water-Melon.</i>
Bulk.....	<i>Gourd.</i>
Busybody.....	<i>Quamoclit.</i>

Bury me amid nature's beauties. *Persimmon.*

CALL me not beautiful.....	<i>Rose Unique.</i>
Calm repose.....	<i>Buckbean.</i>
Calumny.....	<i>Hellobore.</i>
Calumny.....	<i>Madder.</i>
Change.....	<i>Pimpernel.</i>
Changeable disposition.....	<i>Rye Grass.</i>
Charity.....	<i>Turnip.</i>
Charming.....	<i>Cluster of Musk Roses.</i>
Charms, Deceitful.....	<i>Thorn Apple.</i>
Cheerfulness.....	<i>Saffron Crocus.</i>
Cheerfulness in old age.....	<i>American Sturicort.</i>
Cheerfulness under adversity..	<i>Chinese Chrysanthemum.</i>
Chivalry.....	<i>Monkshood.</i>
Cleanliness.....	<i>Hyssop.</i>
Cold-heartedness	<i>Lettuce.</i>
Coldness.....	<i>Agnus Castus.</i>
Color of my life	<i>Coral Honeysuckle.</i>
Come down.....	<i>Jacob's Ladder.</i>
Comfort	<i>Pear Tree.</i>
Comforting.....	<i>Scarlet Geranium.</i>
Compassion.....	<i>Allspice.</i>
Concealed love.....	<i>Motherwort.</i>
Concert.....	<i>Nettle Tree.</i>
Concord.....	<i>Lote Tree.</i>
Confession of love.....	<i>Moss Rosebud.</i>
Confidence.....	<i>Hepatica.</i>
Confidence.....	<i>Lilac Polyanthus.</i>
Confidence.....	<i>Liverwort.</i>
Confidence in Heaven.....	<i>Flowering Reed.</i>
Conjugal love	<i>Lime or Linden Tree.</i>
Consolation	<i>Red Poppy.</i>
Constancy.....	<i>Bluebell.</i>
Consumed by love.....	<i>Syrian Mallow.</i>
Contentment	<i>Hoyabella.</i>
Could you bear poverty?.....	<i>Browallia Jamisonii.</i>
Counterfeit.....	<i>Mock Orange.</i>
Courage	<i>Black Poplar.</i>
Crime	<i>Tamarisk.</i>

Cure.....	<i>Balm of Gilead.</i>
Cure for heartache.....	<i>Swallow-wort.</i>
Curiosity.....	<i>Sycamore.</i>
DANGER.....	<i>Rhododendron. Rosebay.</i>
Dangerous pleasures.....	<i>Tuberose.</i>
Death	<i>Cypress.</i>
Death preferable to loss of innocence.....	<i>White Rose (dried).</i>
Deceit	<i>Apocynum.</i>
Deceit.....	<i>White Flytrap.</i>
Deceit.....	<i>Dogsbane.</i>
Deceit.....	<i>Geranium.</i>
Deceitful charms.....	<i>Thorn Apple.</i>
Deception.....	<i>White Cherry Tree.</i>
Declaration of love.....	<i>Red Tulip.</i>
Decrease of love.....	<i>Yellow Rose.</i>
Deformed.....	<i>Begonia.</i>
Dejection.....	<i>Lichen.</i>
Delay.....	<i>Eupatorium.</i>
Delicacy.. ..	<i>Bluebottle. Centaury.</i>
Delicacy.....	<i>Cornflower.</i>
Depart.....	<i>Dandelion Seeds in the ball.</i>
Desire to please.....	<i>Mezereon.</i>
Despair.....	<i>Cypress.</i>
Despair not, God is everywhere.	<i>White Julienne.</i>
Despondency.....	<i>Humble Plant.</i>
Devotion, or, I turn to thee....	<i>Peruvian Heliotrope.</i>
Dexterity.....	<i>Sweet-William.</i>
Difficulty.....	<i>Blackthorn.</i>
Dignity.....	<i>Cloves.</i>
Dignity.....	<i>Laurel-leaved Magnolia.</i>
Disappointment.....	<i>Carolina Syringa.</i>
Disdain.....	<i>Yellow Carnation.</i>
Disdain.....	<i>Rue.</i>
Disgust.....	<i>Frog Ophrys.</i>
Dissension	<i>Pride of China.</i>
Distinction.....	<i>Cardinal Flower.</i>
Distrust	<i>Lavender.</i>
Divine beauty.....	<i>American Cowslip.</i>

Docility.....	<i>Rush.</i>
Domestic industry.....	<i>Flax.</i>
Domestic virtue.....	<i>Sage.</i>
Do not despise my poverty.....	<i>Shepherd's Purse.</i>
Do not refuse me.....	<i>Eschscholtzia, or Carrot Flower.</i>
Doubt.....	<i>Apricot Blossom.</i>
Durability.....	<i>Dogwood.</i>
Duration.....	<i>Cornel Tree.</i>
EARLY attachment.....	<i>Thornless Rose.</i>
Early friendship.....	<i>Blue Periwinkle.</i>
Early youth.....	<i>Primrose.</i>
Elegance.....	<i>Locust Tree.</i>
Elegance and grace.....	<i>Yellow Jasmine.</i>
Elevation.....	<i>Scotch Fir.</i>
Eloquence.....	<i>Lagerstræmia, Indian.</i>
Enchantment.....	<i>Holly Herb.</i>
Enchantment.....	<i>Vervain.</i>
Energy.....	<i>Red Salvia.</i>
Energy in adversity.....	<i>Camomile.</i>
Envy.....	<i>Bramble.</i>
Error.....	<i>Bee Orchis.</i>
Error.....	<i>Fly Orchis.</i>
Esteem.....	<i>Garden Sage.</i>
Esteem, not love.....	<i>Spiderwort.</i>
Esteem, not love.....	<i>Strawberry Tree.</i>
Estranged love.....	<i>Lotus Flower.</i>
Excellence.....	<i>Camellia Japonica.</i>
Expectation.....	<i>Anemone.</i>
Expectation.....	<i>Zephyr Flower.</i>
Expected meeting.....	<i>Nutmeg Geranium.</i>
Extent.....	<i>Gourd.</i>
Extinguished hopes.....	<i>Convolvulus Major.</i>
FACILITY.....	<i>Germander Speedwell.</i>
Fairies' fire.....	<i>Pyrus Japonica.</i>
Faithfulness.....	<i>Blue Violet.</i>
Faithfulness.....	<i>Heliotrope.</i>
Falsehood.....	<i>Bugloss. Deadly Nightshade.</i>
Falsehood.....	<i>Yellow Lily.</i>

Falsehood.....	<i>Manchineel Tree.</i>
False riches.....	<i>Tall Sunflower.</i>
Fame.....	<i>Tulip.</i>
Fame speaks him great and good	<i>Apple Blossom.</i>
Family union.....	<i>Pink Verbena.</i>
Fantastic extravagance	<i>Scarlet Poppy.</i>
Farewell.....	<i>Michaelmas Daisy.</i>
Fascination	<i>Fern.</i>
Fascination	<i>Honesty.</i>
Fashion.....	<i>Queen's Rocket.</i>
Fecundity.....	<i>Hollyhock.</i>
Felicity.....	<i>Sweet Sultan.</i>
Female fidelity.....	<i>Speedwell.</i>
Festivity.....	<i>Parsley.</i>
Fickleness	<i>Abatina.</i>
Fickleness	<i>Pink Larkspur.</i>
Filial love.....	<i>Virgin's-bower.</i>
Fidelity.....	<i>Veronica. Ivy.</i>
Fidelity.....	<i>Plum Tree.</i>
Fidelity in adversity.....	<i>Wallflower.</i>
Fidelity in love.....	<i>Lemon Blossoms.</i>
Fire.....	<i>Fleur-de-Luce.</i>
First emotions of love.....	<i>Purple Lilac.</i>
Flame.....	<i>Fleur-de-lis. Iris.</i>
Flattery	<i>Venus's Looking-glass.</i>
Flee away.....	<i>Pennyroyal.</i>
Fly with me.....	<i>Venus's Car.</i>
Folly.....	<i>Columbine.</i>
Foppery	<i>Cockscorb. Amaranth.</i>
Foolishness	<i>Pomegranate.</i>
Foresight.....	<i>Holly.</i>
Forgetfulness	<i>Moonwort.</i>
Forget me not.....	<i>Forget-me-not.</i>
For once may pride befriend me.	<i>Tiger Flower.</i>
Forsaken	<i>Garden Anemone.</i>
Forsaken.....	<i>Laburnum.</i>
Fortitude.....	<i>Dipteracanthus Spectabilis.</i>
Fragrance.....	<i>Camphire.</i>
Frankness	<i>Osier.</i>
Fraternal love.....	<i>Woodbine.</i>

Fraternal sympathy.....	<i>Syringa.</i>
Freedom.....	<i>Water Willow.</i>
Freshness.....	<i>Damask Rose.</i>
Friendship.....	<i>Acacia. Ivy.</i>
Friendship, early.....	<i>Blue Periwinkle.</i>
Friendship, true.....	<i>Oak-leaved Geranium.</i>
Friendship, unchanging.....	<i>Arbor Vitæ.</i>
Frivolity.....	<i>London Pride.</i>
Frugality.....	<i>Chicory. Endive.</i>
GAYETY.....	<i>Butterfly Orchis.</i>
Gayety.....	<i>Yellow Lily.</i>
Gallantry.....	<i>Sweet-William.</i>
Generosity.....	<i>Orange Tree.</i>
Generous and devoted affection.....	<i>French Honeysuckle.</i>
Genius.....	<i>Plane Tree.</i>
Gentility.....	<i>Corn Cockle.</i>
Girlhood.....	<i>White Rosebud.</i>
Give me your good wishes.....	<i>Sweet Basil.</i>
Gladness.....	<i>Myrrh.</i>
Glory.....	<i>Laurel.</i>
Glory. Immortality.....	<i>Daphne.</i>
Glorious beauty.....	<i>Glory Flower.</i>
Goodness.....	<i>Bonus Henricus.</i>
Goodness.....	<i>Mercury.</i>
Good education.....	<i>Cherry Tree.</i>
Good wishes.....	<i>Sweet Basil.</i>
Good-nature.....	<i>White Mullein.</i>
Gossip.....	<i>Cobæa.</i>
Grace.....	<i>Multiflora Rose.</i>
Grace and elegance.....	<i>Yellow Jasmine.</i>
Grandeur.....	<i>Ash Tree.</i>
Gratitude.....	<i>Small White Bellflower.</i>
Grief.....	<i>Harebell.</i>
Grief.....	<i>Marigold.</i>
HAPPY love.....	<i>Bridal rose.</i>
Hatred.....	<i>Basil.</i>
Haughtiness.....	<i>Purple Larkspur.</i>
Haughtiness.....	<i>Tall Sunflower.</i>

Health.....	<i>Iceland Moss.</i>
Hermitage.....	<i>Milkwort.</i>
Hidden worth	<i>Coriander.</i>
High-bred.....	<i>Pentstemon Azureum.</i>
Holy wishes.....	<i>Plumbago Larpendula.</i>
Honesty	<i>Honesty</i>
Hope.....	<i>Flowering Almond.</i>
Hope.....	<i>Hawthorn.</i>
Hope	<i>Snowdrop.</i>
Hope in adversity	<i>Spruce Pine.</i>
Hopeless love.....	<i>Yellow Tulip.</i>
Hopeless, not heartless.....	<i>Love-lies-bleeding.</i>
Horror.....	<i>Mandrake.</i>
Horror.....	<i>Dragonswort.</i>
Horror.....	<i>Snakesfoot.</i>
Hospitality.....	<i>Oak Tree.</i>
Humility.....	<i>Broom.</i>
Humility	<i>Smaller Bindweed.</i>
Humility.....	<i>Field Lilac.</i>

I AM too happy.....	<i>Cape Jasmine.</i>
I am your captive.....	<i>Peach Blossom.</i>
I am worthy of you.....	<i>White Rose.</i>
I change but in death.....	<i>Bay Leaf.</i>
I claim at least your esteem....	<i>Potentilla.</i>
I dare not.....	<i>Veronica Speciosa.</i>
I declare against you.....	<i>Belvedere.</i>
I declare against you.....	<i>Liquorice.</i>
I declare war against you.....	<i>Wild Tansy.</i>
I die if neglected.....	<i>Laurestina.</i>
I desire a return of affection....	<i>Jonquil.</i>
I feel my obligations.....	<i>Lint.</i>
I feel your kindness.....	<i>Flax.</i>
I have lost all.....	<i>Mourning Bride.</i>
I live for thee.....	<i>Cedar Leaf.</i>
I love.....	<i>Red Chrysanthemum.</i>
I offer you my all.....	<i>Shepherd's Purse.</i>
I offer you my fortune, or I offer you pecuniary aid.....	<i>Calceolaria.</i>
I share your sentiments.....	<i>Double China Aster.</i>

I share your sentiments.	<i>Garden Daisy.</i>
I shall die to-morrow.	<i>Gum Cistus.</i>
I shall not survive you.	<i>Black Mulberry.</i>
I surmount difficulties.	<i>Mistletoe.</i>
I watch over you.	<i>Mountain Ash.</i>
I weep for you.	<i>Purple Verbena.</i>
I will think of it.	<i>Single China Aster.</i>
I will think of it, or hope.	<i>Wild Daisy.</i>
I wound to heal.	<i>Eglantine. Sweetbrier.</i>
If you love me, you will find it out.	<i>Maiden Blush Rose.</i>
Idleness.	<i>Mesembryanthemum.</i>
Ill-nature.	<i>Crab Blossom.</i>
Ill-natured beauty.	<i>Citron.</i>
Imagination.	<i>Lupine.</i>
Immortality.	<i>Globe Amaranth.</i>
Impatience.	<i>Yellow Balsam.</i>
Impatient of absence.	<i>Corchorus.</i>
Impatient resolves.	<i>Red Balsam.</i>
Imperfection.	<i>Henbane.</i>
Importunity.	<i>Burdock.</i>
Inconstancy.	<i>Evening Primrose.</i>
Incorruptible.	<i>Cedar of Lebanon.</i>
Independence.	<i>Common Thistle.</i>
Independence.	<i>Wild Plum Tree.</i>
Independence.	<i>White Oak.</i>
Indifference.	<i>Ever-flowering Candytuft.</i>
Indifference.	<i>Mustard Seed.</i>
Indifference.	<i>Pigeon Berry.</i>
Indifference.	<i>Envy.</i>
Indiscretion.	<i>Split Reed.</i>
Indolence.	<i>Mittraria Coccinea.</i>
Industry.	<i>Red Clover.</i>
Industry, Domestic.	<i>Flax.</i>
Ingeniousness.	<i>White Pink.</i>
Ingenuity.	<i>Penciled Geranium.</i>
Ingenuous simplicity.	<i>Mouse-eared Chickweed.</i>
Ingratitude.	<i>Crowfoot.</i>
Innocence.	<i>Daisy.</i>
Insincerity.	<i>Foxglove.</i>

Insinuation *Great Bindweed.*

Inspiration *Angelica.*

Instability..... *Dahlia.*

Intellect *Walnut.*

Intoxication..... *Vine.*

Irony..... *Sardony.*

JEALOUSY..... *French Marigold.*

Jealousy..... *Yellow Rose.*

Jest..... *Southernwood.*

Joy..... *Wood Sorrel.*

Joys to come. *Lesser Celandine.*

Justice..... *Rudbeckia.*

Justice shall be done to you *Coltsfoot, or Sweet-scented Tus-
silage.*

KEEP your promise..... *Peunia.*

Kindness..... *Scarlet Geranium.*

Knight-errantry..... *Helmet Flower (Monkshood).*

LAMENTATION *Aspen Tree.*

Lasting beauty..... *Stock.*

Lasting pleasures..... *Everlasting Pea.*

Let me go..... *Butterfly Weed.*

Levity..... *Larkspur.*

Liberty..... *Live Oak.*

Life..... *Lucerne.*

Light-heartedness..... *Shamrock.*

Lightness..... *Larkspur.*

Live for me..... *Arbor Vitæ.*

Love..... *Myrtle.*

Love..... *Rose.*

Love, forsaken..... *Creeeping Willow.*

Love, returned..... *Ambrosia.*

Love is dangerous..... *Carolina Rose.*

Love for all seasons *Furze.*

Luster..... *Aconite-leaved Crowfoot, or Fair
Maid of France.*

Luxury..... *Chestnut Tree.*

MAGNIFICENCE	<i>Magnolia.</i>
Magnificent beauty.....	<i>Calla Ethiopica.</i>
Majesty.....	<i>Crown Imperial.</i>
Make haste.....	<i>Dianthus.</i>
Malevolence.....	<i>Lobelia.</i>
Marriage.....	<i>Ivy.</i>
Maternal affection.....	<i>Cinquefoil.</i>
Maternal love.....	<i>Moss.</i>
Maternal tenderness.....	<i>Wood Sorrel.</i>
Matrimony	<i>American Linden.</i>
Matronly grace.....	<i>Cattleya.</i>
Mature charms.....	<i>Cattleya Pineli.</i>
May you be happy.....	<i>Volkamenia.</i>
Meanness.....	<i>Cuscuta.</i>
Meekness.....	<i>Birch.</i>
Melancholy.....	<i>Autumnal Leaves.</i>
Melancholy.....	<i>Dark Geranium.</i>
Melancholy	<i>Dead Leaves.</i>
Mental beauty.....	<i>Clematis.</i>
Mental beauty.....	<i>Kennedia.</i>
Message.....	<i>Iris.</i>
Mildness	<i>Mallow.</i>
Mirth.....	<i>Saffron Crocus.</i>
Misanthropy	<i>Aconite (Wolfsbane).</i>
Misanthropy... ..	<i>Fuller's Teazle.</i>
Modest beauty.....	<i>Trillium Pictum.</i>
Modest genius.....	<i>Creeping Cereus.</i>
Modesty.....	<i>Violet.</i>
Modesty and purity.....	<i>White Lily.</i>
Momentary happiness.....	<i>Virginian Spiderwort.</i>
Mourning.....	<i>Weeping Willow.</i>
Music.....	<i>Bundles of Reed with their Panicles.</i>
My best days are past.....	<i>Colchicum, or Meadow Saffron.</i>
My regrets follow you to the grave.....	<i>Asphodel.</i>
NEATNESS.....	<i>Broom.</i>
Neglected beauty.	<i>Throatwort.</i>
Never-ceasing remembrance....	<i>Everlasting.</i>

Never despair..... *Watcher by the Wayside.*
 No..... *Snapdragon.*

OLD age..... *Tree of Life.*
 Only deserve my love..... *Rose Campion.*

PAINFUL recollections..... *Flos Adonis.*
 Painting..... *Auricula.*
 Painting the lily..... *Daphne Odora.*
 Passion..... *White Dittany.*
 Paternal error..... *Cardamine.*
 Patience..... *Dock. Ox-eye.*
 Patriotism..... *American Elm.*
 Patriotism..... *Nasturtium.*
 Peace..... *Olive.*
 Perfected loveliness..... *White Camellia Japonica.*
 Perfidy..... *Common Laurel, in flower.*
 Pensive beauty..... *Laburnum.*
 Perplexity..... *Love-in-a-Mist.*
 Persecution..... *Checkered Fritillary.*
 Perseverance..... *Swamp Magnolia.*
 Persuasion..... *Althea Frutex.*
 Persuasion..... *Syrian Mallow.*
 Pertinacity..... *Clothur.*
 Pity..... *Pine, also Andromeda.*
 Pleasure and pain..... *Dog Rose.*
 Pleasure, lasting..... *Everlasting Pca.*
 Pleasures of memory..... *White Periwinkle.*
 Pomp..... *Dahlia.*
 Popular favor..... *Cistus, or Rock Rose.*
 Poverty..... *Evergreen Clematis.*
 Power..... *Imperial Montague.*
 Power..... *Crcss.*
 Pray for me..... *White Verbena.*
 Precaution..... *Golden Rod.*
 Prediction..... *Prophetic Marigold.*
 Pretension..... *Spiked Willow Herb.*
 Pride..... *Hundred-leaved Rose.*
 Pride..... *Amaryllis.*
 Privation..... *Indian Plum.*

Privation.....	<i>Myrobalan.</i>
Profit.....	<i>Cabbage.</i>
Prohibition.....	<i>Privet.</i>
Prolific.....	<i>Fig Tree.</i>
Promptness.....	<i>Ten-week Stock.</i>
Prosperity.....	<i>Beech Tree.</i>
Protection.....	<i>Bearded Crepis.</i>
Prudence.....	<i>Mountain Ash.</i>
Pure love.....	<i>Single Red Pink.</i>
Pure and ardent love.....	<i>Double Red Pink.</i>
Pure and lovely.....	<i>Red Rosebud.</i>
Purity.....	<i>Star of Bethlehem.</i>
QUARREL.....	<i>Broken Corn Straw.</i>
Quicksightedness.....	<i>Hawkweed.</i>
READY-ARMED.....	<i>Gladioli.</i>
Reason.....	<i>Goat's Rue.</i>
Recantation.....	<i>Lotus Leaf.</i>
Recall.....	<i>Silver-leaved Geranium.</i>
Reconciliation....	<i>Filbert.</i>
Reconciliation.....	<i>Hazel.</i>
Refinement.....	<i>Gardenia.</i>
Refusal.....	<i>Striped Carnation.</i>
Regard.....	<i>Daffodil.</i>
Regret.....	<i>Purple Verbena.</i>
Relief.....	<i>Balm of Gilead.</i>
Relieve my anxiety.....	<i>Christmas Rose.</i>
Religious superstition.....	<i>Aloe.</i>
Religious superstition, or Faith.....	<i>Passion Flower.</i>
Religious enthusiasm.....	<i>Schinus.</i>
Remembrance.....	<i>Rosemary.</i>
Remorse.....	<i>Bramble.</i>
Remorse.....	<i>Raspberry.</i>
Rendezvous.....	<i>Chickweed.</i>
Reserve.....	<i>Maple.</i>
Resistance.....	<i>Tremilla Nestoc.</i>
Resolved to be noticed.....	<i>Siphocampylos.</i>
Restoration.....	<i>Persicaria.</i>
Retaliation.....	<i>Scotch Thistle.</i>

Return of happiness.....	<i>Lily of the Valley.</i>
Revenge.....	<i>Birdsfoot Trefoil.</i>
Reverie.....	<i>Flowering Fern.</i>
Reward of merit.....	<i>Bay Wreath.</i>
Reward of virtue.....	<i>Garland of Roses.</i>
Riches.....	<i>Corn.</i>
Riches.....	<i>Buttercups.</i>
Rigor.....	<i>Lantana.</i>
Rivalry.....	<i>Rocket.</i>
Rudeness.....	<i>Clotbur.</i>
Rudeness.....	<i>Xanthium.</i>
Rural happiness.....	<i>Yellow Violet.</i>
Rustic beauty.....	<i>French Honeysuckle.</i>
Rustic oracle.....	<i>Dandelion.</i>

SADNESS.....	<i>Dead Leaves.</i>
Safety.....	<i>Traveler's Joy.</i>
Satire.....	<i>Prickly Pear.</i>
Sculpture.....	<i>Hoya.</i>
Secret love.....	<i>Yellow Acacia.</i>
Semblance.....	<i>Spiked Speedwell.</i>
Sensitiveness.....	<i>Mimosa.</i>
Sensuality	<i>Spanish Jasmine.</i>
Separation.....	<i>Carolina Jasmine.</i>
Severity.....	<i>Branch of Thorns.</i>
Shame.....	<i>Peony.</i>
Sharpness.....	<i>Barberry Tree.</i>
Sickness	<i>Anemone (Zephyr Flower).</i>
Silent love.....	<i>Evening Primrose.</i>
Silliness	<i>Fool's Parsley.</i>
Simplicity.....	<i>American Sweetbrier.</i>
Sincerity.....	<i>Garden Chervil.</i>
Slighted love.....	<i>Yellow Chrysanthemum.</i>
Snare.....	<i>Catchfly. Dragon Plant.</i>
Solitude.....	<i>Heath.</i>
Soon.....	<i>Blackthorn.</i>
Sorrow.....	<i>Yew.</i>
Sourness of temper.....	<i>Barberry.</i>
Speak out.....	<i>Oxlip.</i>
Spell.....	<i>Circæa.</i>

Spleen.....	<i>Fumitory.</i>
Splendid beauty.....	<i>Amaryllis.</i>
Splendor.....	<i>Yellow Auricula.</i>
Sporting.....	<i>Fox-tail Grass.</i>
Steadfast piety.....	<i>Wild Geranium.</i>
Stoicism.....	<i>Box Tree.</i>
Strength.....	<i>Cedar. Fennel.</i>
Stupidity	<i>Horseshoe-leaf Geranium.</i>
Submission.....	<i>Grass.</i>
Submission.....	<i>Harebell.</i>
Success everywhere.....	<i>Nemophila.</i>
Success crown your wishes....	<i>Coronella.</i>
Succor.....	<i>Juniper.</i>
Such worth is rare.....	<i>Achimenes.</i>
Sun-beaming eyes.....	<i>Scarlet Lychnis.</i>
Superstition.....	<i>St. John's Wort.</i>
Surprise.	<i>Truffle.</i>
Susceptibility.....	<i>Wax Plant.</i>
Suspicion.....	<i>Champignon.</i>
Sympathy.....	<i>Balm.</i>
Sympathy.....	<i>Thrift.</i>

TALENT.....	<i>White Pink.</i>
Tardiness.....	<i>Flax-leaved Golden-locks.</i>
Taste.....	<i>Scarlet Fuchsia.</i>
Tears.....	<i>Helenium.</i>
Temperance.....	<i>Azalea.</i>
Temptation.....	<i>Apple.</i>
Thankfulness.....	<i>Agrimony.</i>
The color of my fate.....	<i>Coral Honeysuckle.</i>
The heart's mystery.....	<i>Crimson Polyanthus.</i>
The perfection of female loveli- ness.	<i>Justicia.</i>
The witching soul of music....	<i>Oats.</i>
The variety of your conversation delights me.....	<i>Clarkia.</i>
Thee only do I love.....	<i>Arbutus.</i>
There is no unalloyed good....	<i>Lapagenia Rosea.</i>
Thoughts	<i>Pansy.</i>
Thoughts of absent friends....	<i>Zinnia.</i>

Thy frown will kill me.....*Currant.*
 Thy smile I aspire to.....*Daily Rose.*
 Ties.....*Tendrils of Climbing Plants.*
 Timidity.....*Amaryllis.*
 Timidity.....*Marvel of Peru.*
 Time.....*White Poplar.*
 Tranquillity.....*Mudwort.*
 Tranquillity.....*Stonecrop.*
 Tranquilize my anxiety.....*Christmas Rose.*
 Transient beauty.....*Night-blooming Cereus.*
 Transient impressions.....*Withered White Rose.*
 Transport of joy.....*Cape Jasmine.*
 Treachery.....*Bilberry.*
 True love.....*Forget-me-not.*
 True friendship.....*Oak-leaved Geranium.*
 Truth.....*Bittersweet Nightshade.*
 Truth.....*White Chrysanthemum.*

UNANIMITY.....*Phlox.*
 Unbelief.....*Judas Tree.*
 Unceasing remembrance.....*American Cudweed.*
 Unchanging friendship.....*Arbor Vitæ.*
 Unconscious beauty.....*Burgundy Rose.*
 Unexpected meeting.....*Lemon Geranium.*
 Unfortunate attachment.....*Mourning Bride.*
 Unfortunate love.....*Scabious.*
 Union.....*Whole Straw.*
 Unity.....*White and Red Rose together.*
 Unite against a common foe....*Scarlet Verbena.*
 Unpatronized merit.....*Red Primrose.*
 Unrequited love.....*Daffodil.*
 Uprightness.....*Imbricata.*
 Uselessness.....*Meadowsweet.*
 Utility.....*Grass.*

VARIETY.....*China Aster.*
 Variety.....*Rosa Mundi.*
 Vice.....*Darnel (Ray Grass).*
 Victory.....*Palm.*
 Virtue.....*Mint.*

- Virtue, Domestic.....*Sage*.
 Volubility.....*Abecedary*.
 Voraciousness.....*Iupine*.
 Vulgar minds.....*African Marigold*.
- WAR.....*York and Lancaster Rose*.
 War.....*Achillea Millefolia*.
 Warlike trophy.....*Indian Cress*.
 Warmth of feeling.....*Peppermint*.
 Watchfulness.....*Dame Violet*.
 Weakness.....*Moschatel*.
 Weakness.....*Musk Plant*.
 Welcome, fair stranger.....*Wisteria*.
 Welcome to a stranger.....*American Starwort*.
 Widowhood.....*Sweet Scabious*.
 Will you accompany me to the
 East?*Stephanotis*.
 Will you dance with me?.....*Viscaria Oculata*.
 Win me and wear me.....*Lady's Slipper*.
 Winning grace.....*Cowslip*.
 Winter.....*Guellder Rose*.
 Wisdom.....*Blue Salvia*.
 Wit.....*Meadow Lychnis*.
 Wit, ill-timed.....*Wild Sorrel*.
 Witchcraft.....*Enchanter's Nightshade*.
 Worth beyond beauty.....*Sweet Alyssum*.
 Worth sustained by judicious
 and tender affection*Pink Convolvulus*.
 Worldliness, self-seeking.....*Clanthus*.
 Worthy of all praise.....*Fennel*.
- You are cold.....*Hortensia*.
 You are my divinity.....*American Cowslip*.
 You are perfect*Pineapple*.
 You are radiant with charms...*Ranunculus*.
 You are rich in attraction.....*Garden Ranunculus*.
 You are the queen of coquettes.*Queen's Rocket*.
 You are charming.....*Leschenaultia Splendens*.
 You have no claims.....*Pasque Flower*.
 You have many lovers.....*Chorozema Varium*.

You please all.....*Branch of Currants.*
 You are too bold.....*Dipladenia Crassinoda.*
 You will be my death.....*Hemlock.*
 Your charms are engraven on
 my heart.....*Spindle Tree.*
 Your looks freeze me.....*Ice Plant.*
 Your presence softens my pain.*Milkvetch.*
 Your purity equals your loveli-
 ness.....*Orange Blossoms.*
 Your qualities, like your charms,
 are unequaled.....*Peach.*
 Your qualities surpass your
 charms.....*Mignonnette.*
 Your temper is too hasty.....*Grammantlies Chlorastrora.*
 Youthful beauty.....*Cowslip.*
 Youthful innocence.....*White Lilac.*
 Youthful love.....*Red Catchfly.*
 Your whims are unbearable....*Monarda Amplexicaulis.*

 ZEALOUSNESS.....*Elder.*
 Zest.....*Lemon.*

The Poetry of Flowers.



THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

Fancy.

Keats.

EVER let the fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home ;
At a touch sweet pleasure melteth
Like to bubble, when rain pelteth.
Then let winged Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her.
Open wide the mind's cage door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
Oh, sweet Fancy ! let her loose,
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the spring
Fades as does its blossoming :
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,

Cloys with tasting : what do then ?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night ;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon :
When the Night doth meet the Moon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee here, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commissioned ;—send **her !**
She has vassals to attend her ;
She will bring, in spite of post,
Beauties that the earth hath lost ;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather ;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray,
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth ;
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it ; thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-earols clear ;
Rustle of the reaped corn ;
Sweet birds antheming the morn ;
And, in the same moment, hark !

'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance behold,
The daisy and the marigold ;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse creep
Meager from its celled sleep ;
And the snake all winter—thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest ;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the Autumn breezes sing.

November.

Bryant.

YET one smile more, departing, distant sun !
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare ;
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose Summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue Gentian flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny rays, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing Winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

The Death of the Flowers.

C. Bowles.

HOW happily, how happily the flowers die away !
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they !
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then droop, without decrepitude or pain, into the tomb.

The gay and glorious creatures ! they neither toil nor spin
Yet, lo ! what goodly raiment they're all apparell'd in !
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than even brow of Eastern Queen, endiadem'd with light.

The young rejoicing creatures ! their pleasures never fall,
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all ;
The dew, the shower, the sunshine, the balmy blessed air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely
share.

The happy, careless creatures ! of Time they take no heed,
Nor weary at his creeping, nor tremble at his speed ;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, or wish the light away,
And when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, would God that it were day !

And when their lives are over, they droop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's breast ;
No pain have they in dying, no shrinking from decay .
Oh ! could we but return to earth as easily as they !



Farewell to the Flowers.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

GO to your peaceful rest,
Friends of a brighter hour,
Jewels on youthful Beauty's breast.
Lights of the hall and bower !
Well have ye done your part
Fair children of the sky,
We'll keep your memory in our heart
When low in dust ye lie.

Your gladness in our joy,
Your smile beside our way,
Your gentle service round the bed,
Of sickness and decay ;
Your rainbow on the clouds,
Your sympathy in pain.
We'll keep the memory of your deeds
Until we meet again.

Rest—from the blush of love,—
Rest—from the blight of care,
From the sweet nursing of your buds,
And from the nipping air.
Rest—from the fever-thirst
Of Summer's noontide heat,
From coiling worm, and rifling hand,
That vexed your lone retreat.

If e'er ye thrill'd with pride,
When the admirer knelt,
Or on the lowly look'd with scorn,
Which man for man hath felt,
If through your bosom pure,
Hath aught like evil flow'd,
(Since folly may with angels dwell,)
Rest from that painful load.

But not with grief or fear,
Bow down the drooping head,
See—in the chamber of your birth,
Your dying couch is spread.
Go, strong in faith, ye flowers,
Strong in your guileless trust,
With the returning birds to rise
Above imprisoning dust.

Hear we a whisper low,
From withering leaf and bell?
"Our life hath been a dream of love
In garden or in dell!
Yet wintry sleep we hail,
And till the trump shall swell,
That wakes us on the vernal morn,
Sweet friends, a sweet farewell."

To the Fringed Gentian.

Bryant.

THOU blossom bright with Autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest, when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple drest
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue, blue, as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart

Fading Autumn.

Mrs. E. C. Kinney.

THE autumnal glories all have passed away!
The forest leaves no more in glowing red
Give lurid tokens of their swift decay,
But scattered lie, and rustle to the tread,
Like whispered warnings to the slumbering dead.
The naked trees stretch out their arms all day,
And each bald hill-top lifts its reverend head,
As if for some new covering to pray.
Come, Winter, then, and spread thy robe of white,
Above the desolation of this scene;
And when the sun with gems shall make it bright,
Or when its snowy folds by midnight's sheen
Are silvered o'er with a serener light,
We'll cease to sigh for Summer's living green.

The Night-flowering Cereus.

Anon.

NOW departs day's garish light—
 Beauteous flower, lift thy head!
Rise upon the brow of night!
 Haste, thy transient lustre shed!

Night has dropped her dusky veil—
 All vain thoughts be distant far,
While, with silent awe, we hail
 Flora's radiant evening star.

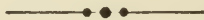
See to life her beauties start;
 Hail, thou glorious, matchless flower!
Much thou sayest to the heart
 In the solemn, fleeting hour.

Ere we have our homage paid,
 Thou wilt bow thine head and die;
Thus our sweetest pleasures fade,
 Thus our brightest blessings fly.

Sorrow's rugged stem, like thine,
Bears a flower thus purely bright;
Thus, when sunny hours decline,
Friendship sheds her cheering light.

Religion, too, that heavenly flower,
That joy of never-fading worth,
Waits, like thee, the darkest hour,
Then puts all her glories forth.

Then thy beauties are surpassed,
Splendid flower, that bloom'st to die;
For Friendship and Religion last
When the morning beams on high.



The Indian Summer.

James Dixon.

WHEN the Summer breezes have died away,
And the Autumn winds are drear,
And the forests have changed their green array,
For the hues of the dying year;
There comes a season, brief and bright,
When the zephyrs breathe with a gentle swell,
And the sunshine plays with a softer light,
Like the Summer's last farewell.

The brilliant dyes of the Autumn woods
Have gladdened the forest bowers,
And decked their pathless solitudes,
Like a blooming waste of flowers ;
In the hidden depths no sound is heard,
Save a low and murmuring wail,
As the rustling leaves are gently stirred
By the breath of the dying gale.

The hazy clouds in the mellow light,
Fast with the breezes fly,
Where the far-off mountain's misty height
Seems mingling with the sky ;
And the dancing streams rejoice again
In the glow of the golden sun ;
And the flocks are glad in the grassy plain
Where the sparkling waters run.

'Tis a season of deep and quiet thought,
And it brings a calm to the breast ;
And the broken heart, and the mind o'erwrought,
May find, in its stillness, rest ;
For the gentle voice of the dying year,
From forest and sunny plain,
Is sweet as it falls on the mourner's ear,
And his spirit forgets its pain.

Yet over all is a mantling gloom,
That saddens the gazer's heart ;
For soon shall the Autumn's varied bloom
From the forest trees depart :
The bright leaves whirl in the eddying air,
Their beautiful tints are fading fast,
The mountain tops will soon be bare,
And the Indian Summer past.

Sonnet.

Keats.

K EEN fitful gusts are whispering here and there
Among the bushes, half leafless and dry ;
The stars look very cold about the sky,
And I have many miles on foot to fare ;
Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,
Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,
Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,
Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair ;
For I am brimful of the friendliness
That in a little cottage I have found
Of fair hair'd Milton's eloquent distress,
And all his love for gentle Lycid drowned ;
Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
And faithful Petrarch gloriously crowned.

The Human Seasons.

Keats.

FOUR seasons fill the measure of the year ;
There are four seasons in the mind of man :
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear,
Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd eud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming nigh
Is nearest unto heaven : quiet eoves,
His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close ; contented so to look
On mists in idleness ; to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
He has his Winter, too, of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

A Dead Rose.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

I.

O H rose ! who dares to name thee ?
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet ;
But pale, and hard, and dry, as stubble wheat,—
Kept seven years in a drawer—thy titles shame thee

II.

The breeze that used to blow thee,
Between the hedge-row thorns, and take away
An odor up the lane to last all day,—
If breathing now,—unsweetened would forego thee.

III.

The sun that used to smite thee,
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,
Till beam appeared to bloom, and flower to burn,—
If shining now,—with not a hue would light thee.

IV.

The dew that used to wet thee,
And, white first, grow incarnadined, because
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,—
If dropping now, would darken where it met thee

V.

The fly that lit upon thee,
To stretch the tendrils of his tiny feet,
Along thy leaf's pure edges, after heat,—
If lighting now, would coldly overrun thee.

VI.

The bee that once did suck thee,
And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,—
If passing now, would blindly overlook thee.

VII.

The heart doth recognize thee,
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete—
Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee

VIII.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose! than to such roses bold
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!—
Lie still upon this heart—which breaks below thee!

The Last Autumnal Walk.

W. P. Palmer.

WHEN last we paced these sylvan wilds, dear friend,
Each shrub, and tree, and swarded space between,
Were flush with balmy June, and every nook
Of all the grove could boast, its own sweet lyre.
Our path was paved with shadows gayly flecked
With drops of golden sunlight, as it were
The print of angels' topaz-sandaled feet
Upon the glowing turf; and as we strayed
From glen to glen, no dusky forms kept pace
With our own steps along the browner shades.
Thine arm was linked in mine, and oftentimes
We paused in very ecstasy amid
The choral gladness, and with merry lips
Broke into song spontaneous as the birds'.

Four moons have run their cycles since we stood
In Summer's green pavilion, then so gay,
But now so changed we scarce can recognize
One form or feature of the faded scene.

No bird recalls the melodies of June,
No flower its sweets, no bough its rustling shades !
Through all the roofless grove the sun stares in
With unobstructed gaze, and as we pass,
Twin shadows glide beside us arm in arm,
With silent footfall on the dying leaves.
When now we pause, 'tis not with jocund lips
To swell the sylvan gladness, but to blend
Our sigh with nature's as in funeral stole,
Forlorn she follows Autumn's passing bier.
And, dearest, while I mark thy downcast eyes,
A mist is stealing o'er their wonted smiles ;
And from their azure depths the silver rain
Falls audibly upon the rustling leaves.

Yet know, sweet mourner, and assured, take heart,
That 'neath these russet cerements, not in death,
But quick quiescence, sleep the hopes of Spring !
No seed, no germ, no bulb of vanished flower,
No folded bud in all the bosky wild,
Is numbered with the dying or the dead :
Nay, in the palsied heart of these bare trees,
Life's lingering pulse, though faint and cold, still beats.
A few brief months, and we will stand again
On the green summit of this forest knoll ;
And list, enchanted, to the flying harps,
That fill the leafy aisles with vernal joy.
Before our steps the velvet sward again
Shall spread its sun-flecked shadows, and full oft

By marge of murmuring stream, thy fairy foot
Shall sink in tufted violets instep deep ;
What time the cornel and the hawthorn cast
Their snowy blossoms on the scented air,
And every floral chrysalis awakes
To life and beauty from its shrouded sleep.

Meanwhile, dear friend, in our suburban cot,
Thy favorite flowers shall bloom the Winter long,
And day and night, with silent lips still breathe
Sweet-scented thanks to thee ; for in thy smiles
They shall not miss the charm of sunny skies,
Nor in thy household songs, remember more
The song of birds, but deem 'tis Summer still.
Thyself their Flora, from thy genial hand
Shall fall the needed dews each coming morn.
Till vernal suns and voice of vernal choirs
Shall call us forth to these dear wilds again '

Winter.

Southey.

A WRINKLED, crabbed man they picture thee,
Old Winter ! with a rugged beard as gray
As the long moss upon the apple-tree ;
Blue-lipt ; an ice-drop at thy sharp, blue nose ;
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way
Plodding, alone, through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heapt hearth,
Old Winter ! seated in thy great arm-chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth ;
Or circled by them, as thy lips declare
Some merry jest or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
Pausing at times to rouse the mouldering fire,
Or taste the old October brown and bright.

Lines

TO A FRIEND, WITH SOME CHINESE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

W. P. Palmer

THE sunlight falls on hill and dale
With slanter beam and fainter glow,
And wilder on the ruthless gale
The woodnymphs pour their sylvan wo :

Yet these fair forms of Orient race
Still graced my garden's blighted bowers,
And lent to Autumn's mournful face
The charm of Summer's rosy hours.

When shivering seized the dying year,
They shrunk not from the icy blast ;
But stayed, like funeral friends, to cheer
The void from which the loved had passed.

Thus, Lady, when life's coming blight
Has paled thy dimples' vernal glow,
And dimmed thine orbs of starry light,
And flecked thy raven locks with snow;

Shall love, like these sweet lingerers, seem
Still lovelier for thy faded prime,
And gild with softer, holier beam
The waste of Beauty's Autumn time!

Lines

TO AN ORANGE-TREE RECEIVED FROM THE WEST INDIES LATE IN
AUTUMN.

W. P. Palmer.

FROM thine Eden of the sea
Hapless tree!
Where eternal Summer smiles
On the green Caribbean isles,
Borne to this ungenial clime
In the scowling Autumn time,
Poor forlorn one, be of cheer,
Hope is here!

Thou shalt find a friend in me,
Outcast tree !
Who will bear thee from the storm
To a shelter snug and warm—
An asylum Winter-proof,
When the snow is on the roof,
Or the sleet comes down amain
On the pane.

Few delights, in sooth, to boast,
At the most,
Has our little, plain retreat,
In its unpretending street ;
Save a bird or two, a lute,
Pleasant books and nooks to suit,
And three pictures on the wall--
These are all.

Yet while sadness rules the year
Far and near,
Thou shalt sit beside my hearth,
And its music and its mirth
From thy memory shall beguile
E'en the charms of that dear isle,
Whose enchantment far-off gleams
On thy dreams.

Winter Piece.

James Russell Lowell.

DOWN swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand Summers old ;
On open wold and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold.
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek ;
It carried a shiver every where
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare ;
The little brook heard it, and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, Winter-proof ;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams ;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars ;
He sculptured every Summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight ;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees,
Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;

Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew ;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf ;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
Which crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one :
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this Winter-palace of ice ;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the Summer day.
Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,
 Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
 By the elfin builders of the frost.

The Snow-Storm.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the Snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly.

On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths ;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn ;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs ; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.



The First of December.

Southey

THOUGH no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze
That lingers o'er the shade,
I love thee, Winter ! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring ;
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale ;
And sweet the Autumnal winds that shake
The many-colored grove,

And pleasant to the sobered soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When Nature shrouds herself, entranced
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam,
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
Not undelightful now to pass
The forest's ample rounds;—

And see the spangled branches shine,
And mark the moss of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark.
Or o'er the gray stone spreads;—

And see the clustered berries bright
Amid the holly's gay green leaves;
The ivy round the leafless oak
That clasps its foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,
Clings to Religion's former aid;
So by Religion's aid upheld
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,
Whose waters, hid from Summer sun,
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

Green moss shines there, with ice encased ;
The long grass bends its spear-like form ;
And lovely is the silvery scene
 When faint the sunbeams smile.

Reflection, too, may love the hour
When nature, hid in Winter's grave
No more expands the bursting bud,
 Or bids the floweret bloom.

For Nature soon, in Spring's best charma,
Shall be revived from Winter's grave .
Expand the bursting bud again,
 And bid the flowers re-bloom.

On a Forget-Me-Not,

BROUGHT FROM SWITZERLAND.

Mrs. Kemble.

FLOWER of the mountain ! by the wanderer's hand
Robb'd of thy beauty's short-lived sunny day ;
Did'st thou but blow to gem the stranger's way,
And bloom to wither in the stranger's land ?
Hueless and scentless as thou art,
How much that stirs the memory,
How much, much more, that thrills the heart,
Thou faded thing, yet lives in thee !

Where is thy beauty ? In the grassy blade
There lives more fragrance and more freshness now ;
Yet oh ! not all the flowers that bloom and fade
Are half so dear to memory's eye as thou.
The dew that on the mountain lies,
The breeze that o'er the mountain sighs,
Thy parent stem will nurse and nourish,
But thou—not e'en those sunny eyes,
As bright, as blue as thine own skies,
Thou faded thing ! can make thee flourish.

The Laurustinus.

James Montgomery.

FAIR tree of Winter, fresh and flowering,
When all around is dead and dry ;
Whose ruby buds, though storms are lowering
Spread their white blossoms to the sky ;
Green are thy leaves, more purely green,
Through every changing period seen ;
And when the gaudy months are past
Thy loveliest season is the last.

Be thou an emblem—thus unfolding
The history of that maiden's mind,
Whose eye, these humble lines beholding,
In them her future lot may find ;
Through life's mutations may she be
A modest evergreen, like thee ;
Though blessed in youth, in age more blessed,
Still be her latest days the best.

The South.

R. H. Stoddard

FALL ! thickly fall ! thou Winter snow ;
And keenly blow, thou Winter wind !
Only the barren North is yours ;
The South delights a Summer mind ;
So fall and blow,
Both wind and snow,
My fancy to the South does go !

Half-way between the frozen zones,
Where Winter reigns in sullen mirth,
The Summer binds a golden belt
About the middle of the Earth.
The sky is soft, and blue, and bright,
With purple dyes at morn and night,
And bright and blue the seas that lie
In perfect rest, and glass the sky ,
And sunny bays with inland curves
Round all along the quiet shore ;

And stately palms in pillared ranks
Grow down the borders of the banks,
And juts of land where billows roar ;
The spicy woods are full of birds,
 And golden fruits and crimson flowers ;
With wreathed vines on every bough,
 That shed their grapes in purple showers ;
The emerald meadows roll their waves,
 And bask in soft and mellow light ;
The vales are full of silver mist,
 And all the folded hills are bright ;
But far along the welkin's rim
The purple crags and peaks are dim ;
And dim the gulfs and gorges blue,
 With all the wooded passes deep ;
All bathed in haze and washed in dew,
 And bathed in atmospheres of sleep.
Sometimes the dusky islanders
 Lie all day long beneath the trees,
And watch the white clouds in the sky,
 And birds upon the azure seas ;
Sometimes they wrestle on the turf,
 And chase each other down the sands ;
And sometimes climb the blooming groves
 And pluck the fruits with idle hands ;
And dark-eyed maidens braid their hair
 With starry shells, and buds, and leaves,
And sing wild songs in dreamy bowers,
 And dance on dewy eves,—

When daylight melts and stars are few,
And west winds frame a drowsy tune,
Till all the charmèd waters sleep
Beneath a yellow moon !

Here men may dwell, and mock at toil,
And all the dull mechanic arts;
No need to till the teeming soil,
With weary hands, and aching hearts;
No want can follow folded palms,
For Nature doth supply her alms
With sweets purveyors cannot bring
To grace the table of a King ;
While Summer broods o'er land and sea.
And breathes in all the winds,
Until her presence fills their hearts,
And moulds their happy minds !

A Grave at Greenwood.

J. A.

AT Greenwood, where, through branches green,
The ocean's billowy breast is seen,
When dark the shades of evening grew,
And all around the green hill blew
Soft winds of Autumn's tranquil hours,
Faint with the breath of dying flowers,
An infant's little grave was made,
In which, with bitt'rest burning tears,
And broken-hearted sighs, was laid
The blossom of our later years.

Sweet place and still it is, and meet
For the last rest of one so sweet,—
Bower'd round with trees whose ev'ry leat
Is eloquent of tender grief;
And graced with flowers divinely fair,
Which gentle hands have planted there,
And nurtured with a sad delight,
Not less to hallow than adorn;
Sweet flowers! that bent in prayer all night,
Raise tearful eyes to Heaven at morn!

Oh, loved and lost! there calmly sleep,
And never wake again to weep;
Safe in the cold earth's close embrace
Rest thou alone a little space,
And those thou lovedst most shall come,
And join thee in thy peaceful home.
Thy peaceful home, where ev'ry tear
And ev'ry care is all forgot;
Where envy, hatred, strife, and fear,
And sin, and sorrow enter not.

Though sweet thy undisturbed sleep,
A selfish sorrow bids us weep;
Still bleeds—though blessed now thou art—
Thy mother's and thy father's heart.
But though we think of thee as dead,
And mould'ring in thy earthly bed,
We know, thanks to benignant Heaven!
When death destroyed thy mortal charms,
That cherub wings to thee were given.
To bear thee to thy Saviour's arms.

Christmas-Day.

Charles Harvey, (1640.)

UNFOLD thy face, unmask thy ray,
Shine forth, bright Sun, double the day.
Let no malignant, misty fume
Nor foggy vapor once presume
To interpose thy perfect sight.
This day which makes us love thy light,
Forever better that we could
That blessed object once behold,
Which is both the circumference
And centre of all excellence :
Or rather neither, but a treasure
Unconfined without measure,
Whose centre and circumference,
Including all pre-eminence,
Excluding nothing but defect
And infinite in each respect,
Is equally both here and there
And now, and then, and every where,

And always, one, himself. the same,
A being far above a name.

Draw nearer, then, and freely pour
Forth all thy light into that hour
Which was crowned with His birth,
And made heaven envy earth.

Let not His birth-day clouded be
By whom thou shinest and we see



The Green-House Rose.

Charlotte Smith.

AN early Rose, borne from her genial bower,
Met the fond homage of admiring eyes,
And while young Zephyr fanned the lovely flower,
Nature and Art contended for the prize.

Exulting Nature cried, "I made thee fair,
'Twas I that nursed thy tender buds in dew;
I gave thee fragrance to perfume the air,
And stole from beauty's cheek her blushing hue."

"Cease, goddess, cease," indignant Art replied,
"And ere you triumph know that, but for me,
This beauteous object of our mutual pride
Had been no other than a vulgar tree.

"I watched her tender buds, and from her shade
Drew each intruding weed with anxious care,
Nor let the curling blight her leaves invade,
Nor worm, nor noxious insect, harbor there.

"At length the beauty's loveliest bloom appears,
And Art from Fame shall win the promised boon,
While wayward April, smiling through her tears,
Decks her fair tresses with the wreaths of June.

"Then, jealous Nature, yield the palm to me,
To me thy pride its early triumph owes;
Though thy rude workmanship produce the tree,
'Twas *Education* formed the perfect Rose."

The Christmas-Tree.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Rev. C. T. Brooks.

TIS Christmas eve,—full plain,—
A strange child runs about
Through street, and square, and lane,
To see the lights gleam out
From every window-pane.

Behold him stop and stare
At every house ; he sees
The bright rooms, how they glare,
And all the lamp-full trees,—
Sad is he every where.

The poor child weeps : “ To-night
Each little girl and boy
Their little tree and light
Can see and can enjoy,—
All,—all but me,—poor wight !

“Brothers and sisters, we
Once frolicked, hand in hand,
Around one sparkling tree;
But here, in this strange land,
No one remembers me.

“Now all the doors they close
Against the cold and me;
In all there gloomy rows
Of houses, can there be
No spot for my repose?

“Will no one ope to me?
Naught will I touch or **take**;
I'll only look and see
The pretty Christmas cake,—
The sight my feast shall be.”

He knocks at gate and door,
On shutter and on pane,
Within they laugh the more;
The poor child knocks in vain,
His little joints grow sore.

Each father full of joy,
His children eyes with pride;
The mother hands the toy,
She thinks of naught beside;
None heeds the stranger-boy.

“ Dear holy Christ, save thee,
No father and no mother
Have I on earth ;—O, be
My Saviour and my brother,
For none remembers me !”

Numbed with the biting blast,
He rubs his little hands,
Hugs himself tight and fast,
And in the bye-lane stands,
His eyes to Heaven upcast.

Lo! with a little light,
Comes plodding up the street,
All dressed in spotless white,
Another child :—how sweet
His accents pierce the night !

“ I am the holy child
Jesus, and once, like thee,
I roamed through cold and wild ,
Poor wanderer, come to me,
For I am meek and mild !

“ I will not scorn thy prayer ;
The poor I love to bless,
And grant my tender care
Here in the streets no less
Than in the parlor there,

“And now I’ll let thee see,
Here in the open air,
Thou stranger-child, thy tree,—
And none so bright and fair
In all the rooms can be.”

Then pointed with his hand
Child Jesus to the sky:—
A mighty tree did stand,
Crowded with stars, so high,
Its boughs the wide heaven spanned.

How far, and yet how near,
The sparkling arches seem!
Poor Child! it did appear
Like to a fairy dream,
All was so calm and clear.

There,—in the shining sky,—
There stood his Christmas-tree;
And little angels nigh
Reached down so lovingly,
And drew him up on high.

And homeward now he goes,
The little stranger-child,
With Jesus to repose,—
The Saviour meek and mild,—
And soon forgets his woes.

The Sweet-scented Cyclamen.

Mrs. Southey.

I LOVE thee well, my dainty flower !

My wee, white, cowering thing,
That shrinketh like a cottage maid,
Of bold, uncivil eyes afraid,

Within thy leafy ring !

I love thee well, my dainty dear !

Not only that thou'rt fair,—
Not only for thy downcast eye,
Nor thy sweet breath, so lovingly,
That woos the caller air.

But that a world of dreamy thoughts

The sight of thee doth bring,
Like birds who've wandered far from hence,
And come again (we know not whence),
At the first call of Spring.

As here I stand and look on thee,

Before mine eyes doth pass—
(Clearing and quick'ning as I gaze,)
An evening scene of other days,
As in a magic glass.

* * * *

Sweet air, sweet flowers, sweet social looks!—

Dear friends!—young, happy hearts!

How now! what! all alone am I?

Come they with cruel mockery,

Like shadows to depart?

Ay, shadows all—gone every face

I loved to look upon—

Hushed every strain I loved to hear,

Or sounding in a distant ear—

“All gone!—all gone!—all gone!”

Some far away in other lands—

In this—far worse than dead—

Some in their graves laid quietly—

One, slumb’ring in the deep, deep sea—

All gone!—all lost!—all fled!

And here am I—I live and breathe,

And stand, as *then* I stood,

Beside my little dainty flower—

But *now*, in what an altered hour;

In what an altered mood!

And yet I love to linger here—

To inhale this od’rous breath—

(Faint as a whisper from the tomb,)

To gaze upon this pallid bloom

As on the face of Death.

Rose Standish.*

Miss F. M. Caulkins.

THE ROSE I sing sprung from no earthly mould.
Nor drank the sunbeams or the falling dew,
It bore no thorns, and in its bosom's fold
No lurking worm or eating canker grew.

* They who have seen Weir's picture of the Embarkation of the Pilgrims, recently suspended in the Capitol at Washington, will remember the beautiful countenance of Rose, the wife of Capt. Miles Standish. They belonged to that intrepid band of Puritans who left England for conscience' sake; and after residing awhile in Holland, came to America in the Mayflower, commenced the first settlement of New England,

“And left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.”

This little colony landed at Plymouth, in Massachusetts, December 22d, 1620. Among the first victims to the hardships they experienced from cold, famine, and want of shelter on an inhospitable coast, was the beautiful Rose Standish. She died in January. Her husband is well known as the military champion of the infant colony.

Soft were its hues—'twas love's, 'twas beauty's own,
The favorite of the hall, the field, the bower ;
A Rose in which a radiant spirit shone—
Not the frail queen of thorn, and leaf, and flower.

A graft it was from Sharon's beauteous Rose,
Nursed with the gentlest dews of Palestine :
A mind, a heart, a glory, a repose,
Beamed from its depths and showed the root divine

Rude storms, and persecution's deadly hail,
Beat on its head, yet lovelier it became :
So oaks grow strong while wrestling with the gale ,
So glows the molten silver in the flame.

The ripening blossom opened rich and fair,
And filled with sweetness all the winds around ;
A mail-clad warrior, struck with charms so rare,
This Rose of beauty to his bosom bound.

I saw it on the Mayflower's sacred floor,
Beneath the banner "*God with us,*" recline :
That deck the sifted wheat of kingdoms bore,
There in its embryo lay New England's vine.

Behold the group : the parting pang is past ;
They launch their lonely fortunes on the sea ;
Back to the land the soul's last fetters cast,
And with the free winds join their anthems free.

Freedom, the Bible, virtue, faith, and prayer
Embarked with them and daily sate beside ;
While unseen angels strengthened them to bear,
And God's own finger was their wondrous guide.

Then did our ROSE, o'er famine, grief and care,
Cast its bright flush, its incense sweet diffuse ;
The warrior by whose side it flourished fair,
Was all enveloped with its beauteous hues.

Long on the dreary ocean doomed to roam,
New sweets, new beauties still its leaves disclose ;
Till in this late-found world, the pilgrim's home,
It fixed its root, our lovely *Plymouth* ROSE.

Death found it there, and cut the slender stem :
It fell to earth ; yet still it lives, it glows ;
For Christ hath set it in his diadem,
And changed to fadeless *Amaranth* our ROSE.

The Opening Year.

Shelley

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead,
For the year is but asleep.
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the dead-cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year:—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
 Like a sexton by her grave ;
 February bears the bier,
 March with grief doth howl and rave,
 And April weeps—but, O ye hours !
 Follow with May's fairest flowers.

The Thrush.

Burns.

SING on, sweet Thrush, upon the leafless bough ;
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain ;
 See, aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
 At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear
 Sits meek Content with light, unanxious heart,
 Welcomes the rapid movements, bids them part,
 Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day !
 Thou whose bright sun now gilds the Orient skies !
 Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
 What wealth could never give nor take away !

Yet come. thou child of poverty and care ;
 The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll
 share.

The First of January.

Southey.

COME, melancholy moralizer, come !
Gather with me the dark and wintry wreath ;
With me engarland now
The sepulchre of Time.

Come moralizer, to the funeral song !
I pour the dirge of the departed days ;
For well the funeral song
Befits this solemn hour.

But hark ! even now the merry bells ring round
With clamorous joy to welcome in this day—
This consecrated day
To joy and merriment.

Mortal ! while Fortune, with benignant hand
Fills to the brim thy cup of happiness,
Whilst her unclouded sun
Illumes thy Summer day ;—

Canst thou rejoice—rejoice that Time flies fast,
That night shall shadow soon thy Summer sun—
That swift the stream of Years
Rolls to Eternity?

If thou hast wealth to gratify each wish,
If power be thine, remember what thou art!
Remember thou art Man,
And Death thine heritage.

Hast thou known Love? Doth Beauty's better sun
Cheer thy fond heart, with no capricious smile,
Her eye all eloquence,
All harmony her voice?

O state of happiness!—Hark how the gale
Moans deep and hollow through the leafless grove!
Winter is dark and cold—
Where now the charms of Spring?

Say'st thou that Fancy paints the future scene
In hue too sombrous? That the dark-stoled maid
With frowning front severe
Appals the shuddering soul?

And wouldst thou bid me court her fairy form,
When, as she sports her in some happier mood,
Her many colored robes
Float varying in the sun?

Ah ! vainly does the Pilgrim, whose long road
Leads o'er a barren mountain's storm-vexed height,
 With wistful eye behold
 Some quiet vale, far off.

And there are those who love the pensive song,
To whom all sounds of mirth are dissonant.
 Them in accordant mood
 This thoughtful strain will find.

For hopeless Sorrow hails the lapse of Time,
Rejoicing when the fading orb of day
 Is sunk again in night,
 That one more day is gone !

And he who bears Affliction's heavy load
With patient piety, well-pleased he knows
 The World's a pilgrimage,
 The Grave his inn of rest.

Transmigration.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO SAID SHE "WISHED SHE WAS A FLOWER."

Anon.

TO be a flower ! which would you be,
A snow-drop, or a violet ?
The pink-eyed humble daisy,
Or richly-scented mignonette ?

Or daffodil in Spring so gay,
That children sing "grows in a well ?"
Or clustered blossoms of sweet May,
Or woodland bunches of blue-bell ?

Or jasmine, all so snowy white,
That climbs up to my lady's bower ?
Or star of Bethlehem's golden light,
Or the sweet woodbine's roving flower ?

There is a little azure eye
That peeps around the peasant's cot,
And whispers in soft melody,
" Forget me not—forget me not."

Will you be that memorial dear
Of those who are so far away,
Whose absence wakes the frequent tear,
Whose presence turns the night to day ;

Or will you be the passion-flower,
That spreads its hallowed radiance round ;
That to a temple turns the bower,
And marks the place for *holy ground* ?

Carnation ! robed in virgin white,
Seems like an angel on the earth,
So pure, so spotless, and so bright,
As though it claimed a heavenly birth ;

Compare it with more mortal sights,
It blooms a lady of degree,
Such as were served by gallant knights
In the fair fields of chivalry.

The crimson stock, of *ten weeks'* pride ;
Ten weeks ! it charms us all the year ;
Or primal rose, when eventide
Bids its pale blossoms reappear ;

Or June's own rose—that sovereign flower ;
Oh, that decides the floral strife ;
What nymph that loves not royal power—
That would not be a queen for life ?

Then be it so, beloved maid,
But let me fix thy palace dome;
Go, reign unrivalled in the shade
Of a protecting, happy home.

The Friendship Flower.

Milnes.

WHEN first the Friendship Flower is planted
Within the garden of your soul,
Little of care or thought is wanted
To guard its beauty fresh and whole;
But when the full impassioned age
Has well revealed the magic bloom,
A wise and holy tutelage
Alone avoids the open tomb.

It is not absence you should dread,—
For absence is the very air
In which, if sound at root, the head
Shall wave most wonderful and fair:
With sympathies of joy and sorrow
Fed, as with morn and even dews,
Ideal coloring it may borrow
Richer than ever earthly hues.

But oft the plant, whose leaves unsere
Refresh the desert, hardly brooks
The common peopled atmosphere
Of daily thoughts, and words, and looks;
It trembles at the brushing wings
Of many a careless fashion fly,
And strange suspicions aim their stings
To taint it as they wanton by.

Rare is the heart to bear a flower,
That must not wholly fall or fade
Where alien feelings, hour by hour,
Spring up, beset, and overshadow;
Better, a child of care and toil,
To glorify some needy spot,
Than in a glad, redundant soil
To pine neglected and forgot.

Yet when, at last, by human slight,
Or close of their permitted day,
From the bright world of life and light
Such fine creations lapse away,—
Bury the relics that retain
Sick odors of departed pride,—
Hoard, as ye will, your memory's gain,
But leave the blossoms where they died.

To a Rose on New-Year's Day.

Anon.

BY what rule, stranger, shall we fix thy date?
Art thou a thing of *last* year, or of *this*?
With breathless longing the soft snow-flakes wait,
Thy lightly tinted virgin lips to kiss.

With all around thou seem'st a contrast strange,
Yet none, I ween, for that will love thee less;
Heedless alike of fortune, and of change,
Thou, with vast strivings, into life didst press.

No lovelier object decks creation's face;
No sight so cheering as a rose fresh blown;
But Nature has enhanc'd thy modest grace,
Because thou cam'st in Winter, and *alone*.

Thou art a being fair, a beauty bright;
A prophet, whispering of joy to come;
A spirit, pointing to the realms of light,
Where Spring eternal reigns, in peerless bloom.

RELIGION cheers, like thee, life's darkest shade,
And blooms alone 'mid wintry desolations,
When Summer flowers, and earthly pleasures fade,
Filling the soul with bright anticipations.

Sweet flower! thou dost this sentiment convey—
(Oh, that its truth might every heart impress,)
When Nature's strength shall fail—her power decay,
The soul shall brighter bloom, in loveliness.



Evergreens.

Pinckney.

WHEN Summer's sunny hues adorn
Sky, forest, hill and meadow,
The foliage of the Evergreens
In contrast, seems a shadow.

But when the tints of Autumn have
Their sober reign asserted,
The landscape that cold shadow shows
Into a light converted.

Thus thoughts that frown upon our mirth
Will smile upon our sorrow,
And many dark fears of to-day
May be bright hopes to-morrow.

My Heart's my Greenhouse.

W. L.

MY heart's to me a pleasant Greenhouse,
Where, when Winter winds blow chill,
And blasted all lie Summer flowerets,
Sheltered bloom *my* flowerets still.

All around its crystal casements
Clusters wild the passion-vine ;
Veiling brightly clouds and shadows,
But admits the dear sunshine.

There the perfume of the lily
Mingles with the damask rose ;
Deeply sighs the orange-blossom
And the bright carnation glows.

There the timid violet trembles ;
Heliotropes their fragrance shed ;
And the star of Bethlehem watches
O'er the heart's-ease' lowly bed.

In its midst a fountain sparkles,
That, with gentle, silvery showers,
Casts its spray of diamond dew-drops
To refresh the grateful flowers.

*diamonds
of dew*

My free birds sing sweetly, deeply—
Sing to me the livelong day;
Of the Past—the Present—Future,
One resounding, thrilling lay.

Warmly nurtured is my Greenhouse—
Warmed by fires, lit from on high;
Flowers would perish were it colder,
And my happy birds would die.

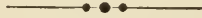
Once my opening roses circled
Round a tree I deemed secure;
But no root it had, and even
Lightest storms could not endure.

So the roses bleeding, writhing
Sadly lay upon the ground,
Till the passion-vine entwined them,
And the ivy clasped them round.

Now, though oft their blushing petals
To the fallen tree still turn;
They, in friendship firm, unchanging,
Soon forgetfulness will learn.

And my Greenhouse I will cherish,
 For its flowers will never die;
 They will join the one great garden,
 And for ever bloom on high.

May its weeds be stifled quickly
 By the Gardener's watchful care;
 For above in that bright Eden
 Nought may bloom but flowerets fair.



To a Withered Rose.

Mrs. Whitman.

PALE flower—pale, fragile, faded flower;
 What tender recollections swell,
 What thoughts of deep and thrilling power
 Are kindled by thy mystic spell!

A charm is in thy faint perfume,
 To call up visions of the past,
 Which, through my mind's o'ershadowing gloom,
 "Rush. like the rare stars, dim and fast."

And loveliest shines that evening hour,
 More dear by time and sorrow made,
 When thou wert culled (love's token flower!)
 And on my throbbing bosom laid.

On eve's pale brow one star burned bright,
Like heavenward hope, whose soothing beam,
Is veiled from pleasure's dazzled sight,
To shine on sorrow's diadem.

Bright as the tears thy beauty wept,
The dew-drops on thy petals lay,
Till evening's silver winds had swept
Thy cheek, and kissed them all away.



To a Flower,

FOUND IN A CHEST OF TEA.

H. W. Parker

A FADED blue-bell in a chest of tea,
A messenger from distant regions sent—
A voyager across the mighty sea—
A link 'twixt continent and continent !
Though but a waif—a trifle—thou to me
Of many scenes and thoughts art eloquent ;
Of scenes fantastic, beautiful and strange,
As lie within the world's unbounded range.

The central flowery kingdom was thy home,
And thou, a witness of its light and bloom,
Art sent of Heaven, if not of men, to roam,
Imprisoned darkly in a fragrant tomb,
And tossed upon the surging ocean's foam,
Until, enshrined within a student's room,
Thy crushed and brittle leaflets are unfurled
To greet the sunshine of a Western World.

Oh, that thy quickened life could flow again,
And that we knew the silent thoughts of flowers!
Thy deep-blue eyes and leafy lips would then
Declare if other skies are sweet as ours—
Would speak of wondrous climes beyond our ken,
And wile away the silver-sandaled hours
With many tales of that mysterious land,
Around whose breadth the walls of ages stand.

And yet 'tis not because an unknown soil
Bore thee, that thou to me a treasure art;
For there man's lot is no less one of toil;
He bears about the self-same human heart.
He knows the same sweet peace or wild turmoil,
And frets out life in camp, and court, and mart;
The same winds blow, no other sunlight warms,
And all is Nature's self in other forms.

This simple flower has deeper thoughts for me,
For that, like mine and every living soul,
It has its own unravelled history
Recorded on no earthly page or scroll ;
For that it is a thread of sympathy
With lands beyond where other oceans roll ;
Within the infant rind of this small flower,
MEMORY hath "residence," and FANCY "power."

The New-Year.

Tennyson

DIP down upon the northern shore,
Oh sweet New-Year, delaying long ;
Thou doest expectant Nature wrong,
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place ?
Can troubles live with April days,
Or sadness in the Summer moons ?

Bring orchis, bring the fox-glove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

Oh thou, New-Year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.



Childhood.

Anon.

I NEVER wander 'mong the flowers,
But mem'ry will be straying
To other days and other hours,
When childhood went a-May-ing.

O precious days, O happy hours,
How mem'ry backward lingers,
To pluck again the dewy flowers,
With childhood's rosy fingers.

O give me back that olden time,
When childhood knew no sorrow;
But only cared to pluck life's flowers,
And dreamed not of the morrow.

A Day in June.

J. R. Lowell

WHAT is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And o'er it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.
The little bird sits at the door in the sun,
Atilt, like a blossom, among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of Summer it receives.

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a rippling cheer,
Into every bare inlet, and creek, and bay.
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God so wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel quite well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near—
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;
Every thing is happy now,
Every thing is upward striving ;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true,
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living :
Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake ;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow

There is a Tongue in every Leaf.

Anon.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf--
A voice in every rill ;
A voice that speaketh every where—
In flood and fire, through earth and air,
A tongue that is never still.

'Tis the great Spirit wide diffused
Through every thing we see,
That with our spirits communeth,
Of things mysterious,—Life and Death,
Time and Eternity.

I see Him in the blazing sun,
And in the thunder-cloud ;
I hear Him in the mighty roar
That rusheth through the forests hoar,
When winds are piping loud.

I see Him, hear Him, every where,—
In all things,—darkness, light,
Silence, and sound,—but most of all,
When slumber's dusky curtains fall,
At the dead hour of night.

I feel Him in the silent dews
By grateful earth betrayed ;
I feel Him in the gentle showers,
The soft south wind, the breath of flowers,
The sunshine and the shade.

And yet (ungrateful that I am)
I've turned, in sullen mood,
From all these things whereof He said,—
When the great whole was finished,—
That they were "very good."

My sadness on the loveliest things
Fell like ungrateful dew ;
The darkness that encompassed me,
The gloom I felt so palpably,
My own dark spirit threw.

Yet He was patient,—slow to wrath,
Though every day provoked
By selfish pining, discontent,
Acceptance cold, or negligent,
And promises revoked.

And still the same rich feast was spread
For my insensate heart !
Not always so : I woke again,
To join creation's rapturous strain,
" Oh ! Lord, how good thou art !"

The clouds drew up,—the shadows fled ;
The glorious sun broke out ;
And love, and hope, and gratitude,
Dispelled that miserable mood
Of darkness and of doubt.



The Town and Country Child.

Allan Cunningham.

CHILD of the country ! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair ;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new,
Fed 'mid the May flowers like the bee
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
Lull'd in the breast to that glad tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June :
I sing of thee ;—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the town ! for thee I sigh ;
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless road ;
Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light's a lamp.
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines ;
I sing of thee in sadness ; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair ?

Child of the country ! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet ;
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee ;
The bush o'er which the thristle sung
In April, while she nursed her young ;
The den beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins, the timorous hare ;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue-bells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells ;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool ;
The shilfer's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree,—
And other marvels, which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the town ! for thee, alas !
Glad nature spreads nor flowers, nor grass ;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run :
A Maypole is thy blossom'd tree ;
A beetle is thy murmuring bee ;
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
Thy poulterer dwells, beside thy hare ;
Thy fruit is pluck'd, and by the pound
Hawk'd clamorous all the city round ;
No roses, twin-born on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk ;
No voice of birds,—but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the country ! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the winds of Spring ;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud ;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trout in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound,

Now climbing up some old tall tree—
For climbing sake. 'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet !
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles ;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak ;
And thou art cabin'd and confined,
At once from sun, and dew, and wind ;
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone :
The coachman there careering reels
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels ;
And Commerce pours each prosing son
In pelf's pursuit and hollos ' Run :'
While flushed with wine, and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day.
The stream's too strong for thy small bark ;
There nought can sail, save what is stark.

Fly from the town, sweet child ! for health.
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower ;

On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.



A House and Grounds.

A FRAGMENT.

Leigh Hunt.

A GOOD old country lodge, half hid with blooms
Of honeyed green, and quaint with straggling rooms,
A few of which, white-bedded, and well-swept,
For friends whose names endeared them should be kept;
Of brick I'd have it, far more broad than high,
With green up to the door, and elm-trees nigh;
And the warm sun should have it in his eye.
The tip-toe traveller peeping through the boughs
Of my low wall, should bless the pleasant house;
And, that my luck might not seem ill-bestowed,
A bench and spring should greet him on the road.

My grounds should not be large; I like to go
To Nature for a range and prospect too,
And cannot fancy she'll comprise for me
Even in a park her all-sufficiency.

Besides, my thoughts fly far, and when at rest,
Love, not a watch-tower, but a lulling nest.
But all the ground I had should keep a look
Of Nature still ; have birds'-nests and a brook ;
One spot for flowers, the rest all turf and trees,
For I'd not grow my own bad lettuces
I'd build a walk, however, against rain,
Long, peradventure, as my whole domain ;
And so be sure of generous exercise,
The youth of age, and medicine of the wise.



To the Butterfly.

Rogers.

CHILD of the Sun ! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light ;
And where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut, with silent ecstasy !

Yet wert thou once a worm ; a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
And such is man ; soon from his cell of clay
To burst, a seraph in the blaze of day.

Jeune Fille et Jeune Fleur.

Chateaubriand

IL descend le cercueil : et les roses sans tache
Qu'un père y déposa, tribut de sa douleur,
Terre, tu les portas ; et maintenant tu caches
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

Ah ! ne les rends jamais à ce monde profane,
A ce monde de deuil, d'angoisse et de malheur ;
Le vent brise et flétrit, le soleil brûle et fane,
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

Tu dors, pauvre Elise, si l'gère d'années,
Tu ne crains plus du jour le poids et la chaleur !
Elles ont achevé leurs fraîches matinées,
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

Mais ton père, Elise, sur ta cendre s'incline,
Aux rides de son front a monté sa paleur,
Et vieux chêne, le temps fauche sur sa racine
Jeune fille et jeune fleur.

The Rosebud.

Keble.

WHEN Nature tries her finest touch,
Weaving her vernal wreath,
Mark ye ; how close she veils her round,
Not to be traced by sight or sound,
Nor soiled by ruder breath ?

Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast ?
Or when the Summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown,
Light up her gleaming crest ?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
On features wan and fair,
The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space,
Then turn, and lo ! 'tis there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
Blushed on the rosy spray,—
A brighter star, a richer bloom,
Than e'er did western heaven illumine
At close of Summer day.

'Tis Love, the last, best gift of Heaven,
Love, gentle, holy, pure ;
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
She never could endure.

Even human Love will shrink from sight
Here in the coarse, rude earth :
How then should rash, intruding glance,
Break in upon *her* sacred trance
Who boasts a heavenly birth ?

So still and secret is her growth,
Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
Least knows its happy part.

God only, and good angels, look
Behind the blissful screen,—
As when, triumphant o'er his woes,
The Son of God by moonlight rose,
By all but Heaven unseen :—

As when the Holy Maid beheld
Her risen Son and Lord :
Thought has not colors half so fair
That she to paint that hour may dare,
In silence best adored.

The gracious Dove that brought from heaven
The earnest of our bliss,
Of many a chosen witness-telling,
On many a happy vision dwelling,
Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ,
Old Israel's long-lost son,
What time, with sweet, forgiving cheer
He called his conscious brethren near,
Would weep with them alone.

He could not trust his melting soul,
But in his Maker's sight,—
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the rude world's withering view
Their treasure of delight !

No,—let the dainty rose awhile
Her bashful fragrance hide—
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave her, till her own soft noon,
To flourish and abide.

The Little Red Rose.

Goethe.

A BOY caught sight of a rose in a bower—
A little rose, slyly hiding
Among the boughs ; O, the rose was bright
And young, and it glimmered like morning light ;
The urchin sought it with haste ; 'twas a flower
A child indeed might take pride in—
A little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding.

The wild boy shouted, " I'll pluck thee, rose,
Little rose, vainly hiding
Among the boughs ;" but the little rose spoke—
" I'll prick thee, and that will prove no joke ;
Unhurt, O then I will mock thy woes,
Whilst thou thy folly art chiding."
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding !

But the rude boy laid his hands on the flower,
The little rose vainly hiding
Among the boughs; O the rose was caught!
But it turned again, and pricked and fought,
And left with its spoiler a smart from that hour,
A pain for ever abiding;
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
Among the bushes hiding!

The Drop of Dew.

Anon.

SEE how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn,
Into the blowing roses,
Is careless of its mansion new;
For the clear region where 'twas born
It in itself incloses,
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight,
Searce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear!

Because so long divided from the sphere,
Restless it rolls, and insecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure ;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again
So the soul, that drops that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flower be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green ;
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in a heaven less.

In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away !
So, the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day :
Dark beneath, but bright above ;
Here disdaining, there in love.
How loose and easy hence to go,
How girt and ready to ascend !
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upward bend.
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congealed and chill ;
Congealed on earth ; but does, dissolving, run
Into the glories of the almighty sun.

Cupid and the Dial.

~~know~~

ONE day, young frolic Cupid tried
To scatter roses o'er the hours,
And on the dial's face to hide
The course of time with many flowers.

By chance his rosy wreaths had wound
Upon the hands, and forced them on ;
And when he looked again, he found
The hours had passed, the time was done.

"Alas !" said Love, and dropped his flowers,
"I've lost my time in idle play ;
The sweeter I would make the hours,
The quicker they are passed away."

Go, lovely Rose.

Waller.

GO, lovely Rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me.
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired ;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee;
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

(Additional stanza by H. K. White.)

Yet, though thou fade,
 From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise,
 And teach the maid,
 That Goodness, Time's rude hand defies,
 And Virtue lives, when Beauty dies.



Sur la Mort d'une jeune Fille.

Malesherbes.

Elle était de ce monde, où les plus belles choses
 Ont le pire destin !
 Et rose—elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses—
 L'espace d'un matin.

A Midsummer Legend.

Mary Howitt

‘**A**ND where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?’
I’ve been to the top of the Caldun-Low,
The Midsummer night to see!’

‘**A**nd what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldun-Low?’
‘I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.’

‘**A**nd what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldun-Hill?’
‘I heard the drops of the water made,
And the green corn ears to fill.’

‘**O**h, tell me all, my Mary---
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldun-Low.’

' Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine :
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine

' And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small ;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all !

' And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say ?'
' I'll tell you all, my mother—
But let me have my way !

' And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill ;
" And this," they said, " shall speedily turn,
The poor old miller's mill ;

" For there has been no water,
Ever since the first of May ;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day !

" Oh, the miller ; how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise !
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes !"

‘And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill:—

“And there,” said they, “the merry winds go
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn.

“Oh, the poor, blind old widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be merry enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!”

‘And some they brought the brown lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low—
“And this,” said they, “by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow!

“Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax-field,
All full of flowers by night!”

‘And then upspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin—
“I have spun up all the tow,” said he,
“And I want some more to spin.

“I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother!”

‘And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me.

‘And all, on the top of Caldon-Low,
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

‘But as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go!

‘And I peeped into the widow’s field;
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

‘And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
To see if the flax was high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye!

“Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see ;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I’m tired as I can be !”

The Morning-Glory.

Maria Lowell.

WE wreathed about our darling’s head the Morning-Glory
bright ;

Her little face looked out beneath, so full of life and light,
So lit as with a sunrise, that we could only say,
She is the Morning-Glory true, and her poor types are they.

So always from that happy time we called her by their name,
And very fitting did it seem, for, sure as Morning came,
Behind her cradle-bars she smiled to catch the first faint ray,
As from the trellis smiles the flower and opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear their airy cups of blue,
As turned her sweet eyes to the light brimmed with sleep’s
tender dew ;

And not so close their tendrils fine round their supports are
thrown,

As those dear arms whose outstretched plea clasped all
hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come, even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift to crown love's morning hour
And how in her was imaged forth the love we could not say,
As on the little dew-drops round shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, Oh God, that she must
wither up,
Almost before a day was flown, like the Morning Glory's
cup:

We never thought to see her droop her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes, wilted, and cold, and
dead.

The Morning-Glory's blossoming will soon be coming round,
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves upspringing from
the ground;

The tender things the winter killed renew again their birth,
But the Glory of our Morning has passed away from earth.

Oh Earth, in vain our aching eyes stretch over thy green
plain;

Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air her spirit to sustain, --
But up in groves of Paradise full surely we shall see
Our Morning-Glory beautiful twine round our dear Lord's
knee.

Myself.

H. E. G. Argy.

WELL, once I was a little girl,
 A-dwelling far away ;
My mother made the butter,
 And my father made the hay.

And I—I wandered, out of school,
 Amid the woodlands wild,
And scorned the teacher's measured rule—
 A harum-scarum child.

Of thorny lane, and meadow fair,
 My froek bore token still ;
The wind would catch my yellow hair,
 And braid it at its will.

The sun was busy with my face—
 And still it shows it some ;
And, on my neck, I know how high
 My dresses used to come

And I *was smart*, and all the springs
On all the hills could show ;
And, if there were some grammar things
I didn't care to know,

I always knew how many boughs
The latest tempest broke,
And just how far the woodpecker
Had girdled round the oak.

I knew the tree where slept the crows :
And, on the water's brim,
I climbed among the hemlock boughs,
To watch the fishes swim.

I knew, beside the swollen rill,
What flowers to bloom would **burst** ;
And where, upon the south-sloped hill,
The berries ripened first.

Each violet tuft, each cowslip green,
Each daisy on the lea,
I counted one by one—for they
Were kith and kin to me.

I knew the moles that dared to claim
The vanished beavers' huts ;
And sat on mossy logs to watch
The squirrels crack their nuts :

And they winked slyly at me, too,
But never fled away,
For in their little hearts they knew
That I was wild as they.

And always in the Winter, too,
Before the breakfast time,
I wandered o'er the crusted snow,
To hear the waters chime.

To see how thick the ice had grown,
And where the hasty spray
Its jewels o'er the shrubs had thrown
In such a curious way.

And in a little cavern, where
The waters trickled through,
The shape of every icicle
That gemmed its sides I knew ;

For there were hermits' huts, and towers,
And cities grand and gay,
And Alpine peaks and tropic flowers,
And fairer things than they :

For oft the sun came glinting through
The chinks some ice lens spanned,
And decked in many a rainbow hue
Those scenes of fairy land.

And now, when to my roving brain
 There starts some fancy, shrined
In tints more bright than earth can claim,
 That cavern comes to mind.

When Winter to the Spring-tide wore,
 Through slumps and sloughs I strayed,
To list the splashing and the roar
 The mountain torrents made.

Oh! that was glee; and oft I turned
 In rapture from the shore,
And said (I know not where I learned)
 The lines about "Lodore."

There was a well-filled garret, where
 I hid on stormy days,
And built bright castles in the air,
 And conned most ancient lays;

And through the snares that Scott has set,
 For fancy roamed with joy,
Or, from some old and worn gazette,
 I hacked the rhymes of "Roy."

In mouse-holes rare I hid with care
 Those relics of the Muse,
And wondered who the Poets were
 That scribbled for the News.

But when once more the skies were fair,
And I the woods could win,
For books and rhymes that charmed me there
I did not care a pin.

My mother saw my garments soiled,
And thought it hardly right;
But, when I wished to go again,
My father said I might.

And now I am a woman grown,
And strive to keep my hair
Beneath the guidance of my comb,
And bind my dress with care.

Through slumps and drifts I do not roam,
Nor climb the hemlock trees,
Nor hide 'mid cobwebbed trunks at home—
For fear 'twill raise a breeze.

I thread the world's unchanging maze,
Through all Life's fettered span,
And seek to be in all my ways
As "*proper*" as I can.

I never liked the ways of men,
Or wished more old to grow,
For life was wondrous curious then,
And isn't curious now.

I know not how it seemed to me,
Or what my father thought,
But mother said I'd never be
A woman, as I ought.

I know 'tis hard such children wild
In polished rules to train ;
And, if I were once more a child,
I'd——do just so again.



The Fountain.

Anon

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night.
Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like,
When the winds blow.
Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day.

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never a-weary.
Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best;
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest.
Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same.
Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element.
Glorious Fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful constant,
Upward like thee.

Song of the Flower Angels.

Mrs. Hale

WE tend the flowers of every hue,
But love the red, the white, the blue—
Red, and white, and blue ;
The red is Love's sweet blushing hue,
And white is fair as Faith to view,
And Truth is imaged in the blue—
Red, and white, and blue ;
Where Faith is free, and Love is true,
We sow the red, and white, and blue

In Eastern lands the seed we cast,
But thorns would choke, or mildew blast,
Red, and white, and blue ;
Sweet Love was lost in Passion's fires—
From idol-worship Faith retires—
And Truth by despot's power expires,—
Red, and white, and blue—
All faded, perished, where they grew,
The flowers of red, and white, and blue.

Then to the Western World we came,
And sowed the flowers of holy name—
 Red, and white, and blue.
Love, and Faith, and Truth, were sown —
And oh ! how strong the plants are grown !
And o'er the earth the flowers are strown,
 Red, and white, and blue ;
For Freedom, eagle-pinioned, flew,
To bear the red, and white, and blue.

Now in a banner, fair to see,
The hues are twined in Trinity,
 Red, and white, and blue :
The red and white, like flowers of light,
And stars, as seeds, the blue bedight ;
And o'er the world this banner bright,
 Red, and white, and blue—
Shall have a guard of angels true,
Who love the red, and white, and blue.

Morning.

Caroline A. Briggs

WHAT shall I call thee
My Blossom, my Flower !
How shall I name thee,
Thou pride of my bower ?
My Lily, my Tulip,
My beautiful Rose—
The fairest and sweetest
Around me that glows !

Come nearer, my Violet,
Nearer my side ;
My Primrose, my Heart's Ease,
My gay London-Pride.
My darling Acacia,
My Blue-Bell. my Pink !
My Foxglove, my Hawthorn—
What else !—let me think !

My Jasmine, my Jonquil,
My Cowslip, my Sage,
My sweet-scented Clover,
My Youth, and—Old Age !

My golden Laburnum—

(I've finished my store,

Yet tarry a moment,

I'll think of some more.)

Come ! let me clasp thy hand

Warmly in mine,

My glowing Nasturtian,

My sweet Columbine.

Sing to me softly,

My Calla, my Balm !

Let our voices ascend

In a sweet morning psalm.

Rouse thee, my Dahlia,

I'm waiting thee long !

Ah, wherefore compel me

To sigh for thy song !

But—would you believe it ?

She's slumbering fast !

She's nothing at all

But a Poppy, at last !

Ode to Evening.

Collins.

IF aught of oaten stop or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum ;
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale
May not unseemly with its stillness suit
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial, loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours and Elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks, o'er all,
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!

While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling **Peace**,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite **name**.

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket.

Anon.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune,
Nick the glad, silent moments as they pass;
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter—Mirth.

The Night-Shade.

Anon.

TREAD aside from my starry bloom !
I am the nurse, who feeds the tomb
 (The tomb, my child)
 With dainties piled,
Until it grows strong as a tempest wild !

Trample not on a virgin flower !
I am the maid of the midnight hour ;
 I bear sweet sleep,
 To those who weep,
And lie on their eyelids dark and deep.

Tread not thou on my snaky eyes !
I am the worm that the weary prize,
 The Nile's soft asp,
 That they strive to grasp,
And one that a Queen has loved to clasp !

Pity me ! I am she, whom man,
Hath hated since ever the world began ;
 I soothe his brain,
 In the night of pain,
But at morning he waketh,—and all is vain !

The Star and the Water-Lily.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE Sun stepped down from his golden throne,
 And lay in the silent sea ;
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,
 For a sleepy thing was she ;
What is the Lily dreaming of ?
 Why crisp the waters blue ?
See—see, she is lifting her varnished lid
 Her white leaves are glistening through.

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek
 In the lap of the breathless tide ;—
The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,
 That would lie by the Rose's side.
He would love her better than all the rest,
 And he would be fond and true ;
But the Lily unfolded her weary lids
 And looked at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,
How fast will thy Summer glide,
And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,
Or flourish a blooming bride?
"O the Rose is old, and thorny and cold,
And he lives on Earth," said she,
"But the Star is fair, and he lives in the air,
And he shall my bridegroom be."

But what if the stormy cloud shall come,
And ruffle the silver sea?
Would he turn his eye to the distant sky
To smile on a thing like thee?
O no, fair Lily, he will not send
One ray from his far-off throne;
The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,
And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain top,
Nor a drop of evening dew,
Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,
Nor a pearl on the waters blue,
That he has not cheered with his fickle smile
And warmed with his faithless beam—
And will he be true to a pallid flower,
That floats on the quiet stream?

Alas, for the Lily! she would not heed,
 But turned to the skies afar;
 And bared her breast to the trembling ray
 That shot from the rising star.
 The cloud came over the darkened sky,
 And over the waters wide;
 She looked in vain through the the beating rain
 And sunk in the stormy tide.



To a Butterfly seen in a Crowded Street.

William Pitt Palmer.

WHEREFORE, little fluttering thing,
 With the rainbow-tinted wing,
 And the right. at will, to rove
 Sunny lawn or shadowy grove,
 Hast thou left demesnes so blest,
 To be Babel's wretched guest?
 Here's no fitting haunt for thee,
 Boon companion of the bee!
 Born, like her, with flowers to dwell
 In the sweet sequestered dell,
 And at nature's board to sip
 Nectar from each blossom's lip.

Here, where 'neath man's iron tread
 Earth's green beauties all are dead,

Thou wilt find no leafy screen
From the noontide's piercing sheen,
And at eve no fairy home,
Like the lily's golden dome.
Here, where hunger's eager pain
Pleads at plenty's door in vain,
Or, if heard, too often must
Feel the scorn that flings the crust,
Thou, gay rover, scarce shalt find
Chartered feast or welcome kind ;
For if man to man's austere,
What hast thou to hope for here ?

Haste thee, then, where skies are fair,
Fresh as Spring's the Summer air,
Bright as tears affection sheds,
Dews that gem the violet beds,
Pure as morn the perfumed breeze,
Sweet the sylvan melodies,
Soft the glow o'er hill and glade,
Cool their very noontide shade,
And where all of earth and air
Freely nature's banquets share !

Hold thee, now ! the bright-winged cries ;
Cease thy rural rhapsodies,
Till I briefly tell thee why
Hither I came dancing by.
Seest thou all the vista gay
Thronged with fashion's proud array ?

Tinted silks, like Autumn trees,
 Waving brightly in the breeze ?
 Plume and wreath of varied dyes,
 Rich as sunset's glowing skies ?
 Ruby, pearl, and emerald green
 Basking in the diamond's sheen ?
 These are but my liveried pride,
 Tints and tinsel magnified ;
 And where gaud and glare abound,
 May not nature's belle be found ?

Mark again the motley throng
 By thy side that sweeps along,
 With so gay and smiling guise
 One might gaze with wondering eyes,
 For some sphered Elysium near,
 Whence such shapes had lighted here :
 Born when fortune's starry cope
 Cast its brightest horoscope,
 Heirs of leisure, wealth, and will,
 How should they their end fulfil,
 But by idlesse, fancy, show,
 As we rural minions do ?
 Whom they sometimes deign to visit,
 And both rhyme and reason is it,
 That we too should not contemn
 In our turn to visit them,
 Nor ourselves unwelcome see
 Where our kith and kindred be !

Gold Fishes.

Hartley Coleridge.

RESTLESS forms of living light,
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings,
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams
Harmless warriors clad in mail
Of silver breast-plate, golden scale;
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing,
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow,
Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire!
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from Eastern bowers,
To mock this murky clime of ours?

Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance,
Seeming still to grow in size,
When ye would elude our eyes.
Pretty creatures ! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem,
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleamed in fair Cathay ;
And yet, since on this hapless earth
There's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart,
It may be that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, drivings, rambles,
Your restless rovings round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound,
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labor, dull and vain ;
And while your forms are gayly shining.
Your little lives are inly pining !
Nay ! but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem.

Sonnet.

Shakspeare.

THE forward Violet thus did I chide ;--

Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my Love's breath ? The purple pride

Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my Love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.

The Lily I condemnéd for thy hand,
And beds of Marjoram had stoten thy hair :

The Roses feartully on thorns did stand.
One blushing shame, another white despair ;

A third, nor red, nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath ;

But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker ate him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or color it had stolen from thee.

Sabbath Evening.

George D. Prentice.

THIS holy time. The evening shade
Steals with a soft control
O'er nature, as a thought of heaven
Steals o'er the human soul.
And every ray from yonder blue,
And every drop of falling dew,
Seem to bring down to human woes
From Heaven a message of repose.

O'er yon tall rock, the shady trees
A solemn group incline,
Like gentle nuns in sorrow bowed
Around their holy shrine;
And o'er them now the night-winds blow
So calm and still, the music low,
Seems the mysterious voice of prayer
Soft echoed on the evening air.

The mists, like incense from the earth,
Rise to a God beloved,
And o'er the waters move, as erst
The Holy Spirit moved :
The torrent's voice, the waves' low hymn,
Seem the fair notes of Seraphim ;
And all earth's thousand voices raise
Their song of worship, love, and praise.

The gentle sisterhood of flowers
Bend low their lovely eyes,
Or gaze through trembling tears of dew
Up to the holy skies ;
And the pure stars come out above
Like sweet and blessed things of love,
Bright signals in the ethereal dome
To guide the parted spirit home.

There is an air of blessedness
In air and earth and heaven,
And Nature wears the blessed look
Of a young saint forgiven :
Oh who, at such an hour of love,
Can gaze on all around, above,
And not kneel down upon the sod
With Nature's self, to worship God !

White Roses.

Sarah Louisa P. Smith

THEY were gathered for a bridal !
I knew it by their hue :
Fair as the Summer moonlight
Upon the sleeping dew.
From their fair and fairy sisters
They were borne, without a sigh,
For one remembered evening,
To blossom and to die.

They were gathered for a bridal !
And fastened in a wreath ;
But purer were the Roses
Than the heart that lay beneath ;
Yet the beaming eye was lovely,
And the coral lip was fair,
And the gazer looked, and ask'd not
For the secret hidden there.

They were gathered for a bridal !
Where a thousand torches glistened ;
When the holy words were spoken,
And the false and faithless listened,
And answered to the vow
Which another heart had taken ;
Yet he was present then,
The once loved, and the forsaken.

They were gathered for a bridal !
And now, now they are dying,
And young Love at the altar
Of broken faith is sighing.
Their Summer life was stainless,
And not like hers who wore **them** ;
They are faded, and the farewell
Of beauty lingers o'er them !



The Lily.

J. G. Percival.

I HAD found out a sweet green spot,
Where a Lily was blooming fair ;
The din of the city disturbed it not,
But the spirit, that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of Love, was there.

I found that Lily's bloom

When the day was dark and chill:
It smiled, like a star in the misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a soft perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

I sat by the Lily's bell,

And watched it many a day:—
The leaves, that rose in a flowing swell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away.

I looked where the leaves were laid

In withering paleness, by,
And, as gloomy thoughts stole on me, said,
There is many a sweet and blooming maid,
Who will soon as dimly die.

Petition for an Absolute Retreat.

Countess of Winchelsea.

GIVE me, O indulgent Fate !
Give me yet, before I die,
A sweet, but absolute retreat
'Mongst paths so lost, and trees so high,
That the world may ne'er invade,
Through such windings and such shade,
My unshaken liberty.

No intruders thither come !
Who visit, but to be from home ;
None who their vain moments pass,
Only studious of their glass ;
News, that charm to list'ning ears,
That false alarm to hopes and fears,
That common theme for every fop,
From the statesman to the shop,
In those coverts ne'er be spread,
Of who's deceas'd, or who's to wed,

Be no tidings thither brought,
 But silent as a midnight thought,
 Where the world may ne'er invade,
 Be those windings and that shade.

* * * * *

Give me there (since Heaven has shown
 It was not good to be alone)
 A partner suited to my mind,
 Solitary, pleas'd and kind ;
 Who, partially, may something see
 Preferr'd to all the world in me ;
 Slighting by my humble side,
 Fame and splendor, wealth and pride.
 When but two the earth possest,
 'Twas their happiest days and best ;
 They by bus'ness, nor by wars,
 They by no domestic cares,
 From each other e'er were drawn,
 But in some grove, or flow'ry lawn,
 Spent the swiftly flying time,
 Spent their own and nature's prime,
 In love ; that only passion given
 To perfect man, whilst friends with Heaven
 Rage and jealousy and hate,
 Transports of his fallen state
 (When by Satan's wiles betray'd),
 Fly those windings, and that shade !

Thus from crowds and noise remov'd
Let each moment be improv'd ;
Every object still produce,
Thoughts of pleasure, and of use.
When some river slides away.
To increase the boundless sea ;
Think we then, how time does haste,
To grow eternity at last.
By the willows, on the banks,
Gathered into social ranks,
Playing with the gentle winds,
Straight the boughs, and smooth the rinds,
Moist each fibre and each top,
Wearing a luxurious crop,
Let the time of youth be shown,
The time, alas ! too soon outgrown
Whilst a lonely stubborn oak,
Which no breezes can provoke,
No less gusts persuade to move,
Than those, which in a whirlwind drove,
Spoil'd the old paternal feast,
And left alive but one poor guest.
Rivell'd the distorted trunk,
Sapless limb, all bent and shrunk,
Sadly does the time presage,
Of our too near approaching age.

• • • • •

Let me then, indulgent Fate,
 Let me still, in my retreat,
 From all roving thoughts be freed,
 Or aims, that may contentions breed;
 Nor be my endeavors led
 By goods, that perish with the dead!
 Fitly might the life of man
 Be indeed esteem'd a span,
 If the present moment were
 Of delight his only share;
 If no other joys he knew
 Than what round about him grew.
 But as those, who stars would trace
 From a subterranean place,
 Through some engine lift their eyes
 To the outward, glorious skies;
 So the immortal spirit may,
 When descended to our clay,
 From a rightly govern'd frame
 View the height, from whence she came,
 To her paradise be caught,
 And things unutterable taught.

Give me then, in that retreat,
 Give me, O indulgent Fate!
 For all pleasures left behind,
 Contemplations of the mind.
 Let the fair, the gay, the vain
 Courtship and applause obtain;

Let the ambitious rule the earth ;
 Let the giddy fool have mirth ;
 Give the epicure his dish,
 Ev'ry one their sev'ral wish ;
 Whilst my transports I employ
 On that more extensive joy,
 When all heaven shall be surveyed
From those windings and that shade.



Not to Myself Alone.

Anon

“**N**OT to myself alone,”
 The little opening flower transported cries ;
 “Not to myself alone I bud and bloom ;
 With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
 And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes ;
 The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
 His dainty fill ;
 The butterfly within my cup doth hide
 From threatening ill.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The circling star with honest pride—

“Not to myself alone I rise and set;

I write upon night's coronal of jet

His power and skill who formed our myriad host

A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,

I gem the sky,

That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,

His home on high.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—

“Not to myself alone from flower to flower

I rove the wood, the garden and the bower,

And to the hive at evening weary come:

For man, for man the luscious food I pile

With busy care,

Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—

A scanty share.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings—

“Not to myself alone I raise the song;

I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue;

And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;

I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,

And God adore;

I call the worldling from his dross to turn,

And sing and soar.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way--

“Not to myself alone I sparkling glide ;

I scatter life and health on every side,

And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay ;

I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,

My gladsome tune ;

I sweeten and refresh the languid air

In drouhty June.”

“Not to myself alone—”

Oh man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest !

Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—

In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.

Chiefest of guests at life's ungrudging feast,

Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,

And self disown ;

Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,

Not to thyself alone.

Spring in the lap of Winter.

Anon.

THE mist still hovers round the distant hills ;
But the blue sky above us has a clear
And pearly softness ; not a white speck lies
Upon its breast ; it is a crystal dome.
There is a quiet charm about this morn
Which sinks into the soul. No gorgeous colors
Has the undraped earth, but yet she shows
A vestal brightness : not the voice is heard
Of sylvan melody, whether of birds
Intent on song, or bees mingling their music
With their keen labor ; but the twittering voice
Of chaffinch, and the wild unfrequent note
Of the lone woodlark, and the minstrelsy
Of the blest robin, have a potent spell
Chirping away the silence ; not the perfume
Of violets scents the gale, nor apple-blossom,
Nor satiating bean-flower ; the fresh breeze
Itself is purest fragrance. Light and air
Are ministers of gladness ; where these spread,
Beauty abides, and joy : where'er Life is
There is no melancholy.

Arcadian Hymn to Flora.

R. H. Stoddard.

COME, all ye virgins fair in kirtles white,
Ye debonair and merry-hearted maids,
Who have been out in troops before the light,
And gathered blossoms in the woodland shades,—
The foot-prints of the fiery-sandalled day
Are glowing in the sky like kindling coals,
The clouds are golden rimmed like burning scrolls,
Jagged and fringed, and darkness melts away ;
The shrine is wreathed with leaves, the holy urns
Brimming with morning dew are laid thereby,
The censers swing, the odorous incense burns,
And floats in misty volumes up the sky ;—
Lay down your garlands and your baskets trim,
Heaped up with floral offerings to the brim,
And knit your little hands, and trip away
With light and nimble feet
To music soft and sweet,
And celebrate the joyous break of day,
And sing a hymn to Flora, Queen of May.

Oh, Flora, sweetest Flora, goddess bright,
Impersonation of selectest things,
The soul and spirit of a thousand springs
Bodied in all their loveliness and light,
A delicate creation of the mind,
Fashioned in its divinest, daintiest mould,
In the bright age of gold,
Before the world was wholly lost and blind,
But saw and entertained with thankful heart
The gods as guests,—Oh Flora, goddess dear,
Immaculate, immortal as thou art,
Thou wert a maiden once, like any here,
And thou didst tend thy flowers with proper care,
And shield them from the sun and chilly air,
Wetting thy little sandals through and through,
As all flower-maidens must in morning dew,
Roving among the urns and mossy pots,
About the hedges and the garden plots,
Straightening and binding up the drooping stalks
That kissed thy sweeping garments in the walks,
Setting thy dibble deep and sowing seeds,
And careful-handed plucking out the weeds,
A simple flower-girl, and lowly born,
Till Zephyr bore thee to the heavens away ;—
And thus it was,—flying one pleasant morn
Behind the golden chariot of the day,
Sighing amid the winged laughing Hours,
In love with something bright which haunted him,
Sleeping on beds of flowers in arbors dim,

Breaking his tender heart with love extreme,
He saw thee on the earth amid thy flowers,
The spirit of his dream !
Entranced with longings deep he called the air,
And melting bodiless in the warm, sweet South,
Twined his invisible fingers in thy hair,
And, stooping, kissed thee with his odorous mouth,
And chased thee flying in thy garden shades,
And wooed, as men are wont to woo the maids,
And won at last, and then flew back to heaven,
Pleading with Jove till his consent was given,
And thou wert made immortal,—happy day !—
The goddess of the flowers and Queen of May !

* * * * *

Oh Flora, sweetest Flora, hear us now,
Gathered to worship thee in shady bowers ;
Accept the benediction and the vow
We offer thee that thou hast spared the flowers ;
The Spring has been a cold belated one,
Dark clouds and showers, and a little sun,
And in the nipping mornings, hoary frost ;
We hoped, but feared the tender seeds were lost,
But, thanks to thee, at last they 'gan to grow,
Pushing their slender shoots above the ground
In cultured gardens trim, and some were found
Beside the edges of the banks of snow,
Like spring-thoughts in the heart of Winter old,
Or children laughing o'er a father's mould.

And now the sward is full and teems with more,
Earth never was so bounteous before ;
Here are red roses, throwing back their hoods
Like willing maids, to greet the kissing wind ;
And here are violets from sombre woods,
With tears of dew within their lids enshrined,
Lilies like little maids in bridal white,
Or in their burial garments if you will ;
And here is that bold flower, the daffodil,
That peers i' th' front of March, and daisies bright,
The vestals of the morn, and crocuses,
Snow-drops, like specks of foam on stormy seas,
And yellow buttercups that gem the fields,
Like studs of richest gold on massive shields,
Anemones that sprang in golden years,
(The story goes, they were not seen before,)
Where young Adonis, tusked by the boar,
Bled life away, and Venus rained her tears—
(Look ! in their hearts a small ensanguined spot !)
And here is pansy and forget-me-not,
And trim Narcissus, vain and foolish elf,
Enamoured (would you think it ?) of himself,
Rooted beside a crystal brook, his glass !
And drooping Hyacinthus, slain, alas !
By rudest Auster, blowing in the stead
Of Zephyrus, then in Flora's meshes bound,
Pitching with bright Apollo in his ground
He blew the discus back and struck him dead !
Pied wind-flowers, oxlips, and the jessamine,

The sleepy poppy and the aglantine,
Primroses, Dian's flowers that ope at night,
 And here's that little sun, the marigold,
And fringed pinks, and water lilies, bright
 As floating naiads in the river cold ;
Carnations, gilliflowers, and savory rue,
And rosemary that loveth tears for dew,
And many nameless flowers and pleasant weeds
That grow untended, in the marshy meads
Where flags shoot up and ragged grasses wave
Perennial, when autumn seeks her grave
Among the withered leaves ; and breezes blow
A dirge, and winter weaves a shroud of snow.
Flowers ! oh what loveliness there is in flowers !

 What food for thought and fancy rich and new !

 What shall we liken or compare them to ?
Stars in this trodden firmament of ours ;
Jewels and rare mosaics, dotting o'er
Creation's tessellated palace floor ;
Or beauty's dials, marking with their leaves
The pomp and flight of golden morns and eves ;
Illuminate missals open on the meads,
Bending with rosaries of dewy beads ;
Or characters inscribed on nature's scrolls,
 Or sweet thoughts from the heart of mother earth ;
Or wind-rocked cradles, where the bees in rolls
 Of odorous leaves are wont to lie in mirth,
Full-hearted, murmuring the hours away
Like little children busy at their play ;

Or cups and beakers of the butterflies,
Brimming with nectar ; or a string of bells
Tolling unheard a requiem for the hours !
Or censers swinging incense to the skies ;
Pavilions, tents, and towers,
The little fortresses of insect powers,
Winding their horns within ; or magic cells,
Where little fairies dream the time away,
Night elfins slumbering all a summer's day ;
Sweet nurslings thou art wont to feed with dew
From out thy urns, replenished in the blue.—
But this is idlesse all !—away ! away !
White-handed maids, and scatter buds around,
And let the lutes awake and tabours sound,
And every heart its due devotion pay.

Once more we thank thee, Flora, and once more
Perform our rites, as we were used to do.
Oh bless us, smile upon us, fair and true,
And watch the flowers till summer's reign is o'er ;
Preserve the seeds we sow in winter time
From burrowing moles, and blight, and icy rime,
And in their season cause the shoots to rise,
And make the dainty buds unseal their eyes,
And we will pluck the finest, and entwine
Chaplets, and lay them on thy rural shrine,
And sing our choral hymns, melodious, sweet,
And dance with nimble feet,
And worship thee as now, serenely gay
The goddess of the flowers and Queen of May !

Flowers.

H. W. Longfellow.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld ;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those flowers above ;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours,
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sun-light shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay.

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gayly, in the golden light ;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues ;
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming,
Workings are they of the self-same powers,
Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself, and in the flowers.

Every where about us they are glowing ;
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top and by the brink
Of the sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient games of Flowers.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection ;
Emblems of the bright and better land.

Early Morning.

Miss A. E. Starr.

OH waning moon, that with diminished horn
Now mak'st thy tardy exit from the sky,
And with thy mournful and complaining eyes
Art saddening all the beauty of the morn,
I hasten from a presence so forlorn,
Nor e'er will emblem find, when most I sigh,
For love so dear as mine, in aught so wry
As thy wan aspect at this cheerful dawn.
But waning now, the sooner wilt thou sail
In nobler lustre and of ampler size,
The sooner o'er the budding forests rise
With that sweet light which lovers inly hail;
And thus, sad moon, when most thou art apale,
Thou hast a promise for my hopeful eyes.

Song in Praise of Spring.

Barry Cornwall.

WHEN the wind blows
In the sweet rose-tree,
And the cow lows
On the fragrant lea,
And the stream flows
All bright and free,
'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me;
'Tis not for any *one* here, I trow:
The gentle wind bloweth,
The happy cow loweth.
The merry stream floweth,
For all below!
Oh, the Spring! the bountiful Spring!
She shineth and smileth on every thing!

Where come the sheep?
To the rich man's moor.
Where cometh sleep?
To the bed that's poor.

Peasants must weep,
And kings endure ;
That is a fate that none can cure !
Yet Spring does all she can, I trow :
She brings the bright hours,
She weaves the sweet flowers,
She dresseth her bowers,
For all below !
*Oh, the Spring ! the bountiful Spring !
She smilith and smilith on every thing !*

“Come ! let us go to the Land.”

Barry Cornwall.

COME ;—let us go to the land
Where the violets grow !
Let's go thither hand in hand,
Over the waters and over the snow,
To the land where the sweet, sweet violets blow !

There,—in the beautiful south,
Where the sweet flowers lie,
Thou shalt sing, with thy sweeter mouth,
Under the light of the evening sky,
That Love never fades, though violets die !

March.

W C Bryant.

THE stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun doth bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

A Spring Song.

Edward Youl.

LAUD the first Spring daisies ;
Chant aloud their praises ;
Send the children up
To the high hill's top :
Tax not the strength of their young hands
To increase your lands.
Gather the primroses ;
Make handfals into posies ;
Take them to the little girls who are at work in mills :
Pluck the violets blue,—
Ah, pluck not a few !
Knowest thou what good thoughts from Heaven the violet
instils ?

Give the children holidays,
(And let these be jolly days,)
Grant freedom to the children in this joyous Spring.
Better men, hereafter,
Shall we have, for laughter
Freely shouted to the woods, till all the echoes ring.

Send the children up
To the high hill's top,
Or deep into the wood's recesses,
To woo Spring's caresses.

See, the birds together,
In this splendid weather,
Worship God,—(for he is God of birds as well as men ;)
And each feathered neighbor
Enters on his labor,—
Sparrow, robin, redpole, finch, the linnet and the wren.
As the year advances,
Trees their naked branches
Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their green apparel.
Insect and mild beast
Keep no Lent, but feast ;
Spring breathes upon the earth, and their joy is increased.
And the rejoicing birds break forth in one loud carol.

Ah, come, and woo the Spring ;
List to the birds that sing ;
Pluck the primroses ; pluck the violets ;
Pluck the daisies,
Sing their praises ;
Friendship with the flowers some noble thought begets.
Come forth and gather these sweet elves,
(More witching are they than the fays of old,)
Come forth and gather them yourselves,
Learn of these gentle flowers, whose worth is more than gold

Come, come into the wood ;
Pierce into the bowers
Of these gentle flowers,
Which not in solitude
Dwell, but with each other keep society ;
And, with a simple piety,
Are ready to be woven into garlands for the good.
Or, upon summer earth,
To die, in virgin worth,
Or to be strewn before the bride,
And the bridegroom, by her side.

Come forth on Sundays ;
Come forth on Mondays ;
Come forth on any day ;
Children, come forth, to play :—
Worship the God of Nature in your childhood ;
Worship Him at your tasks with best endeavor ;
Worship Him in your sports ; worship Him **ever** ;
Worship Him in the wildwood ;
Worship Him amidst the flowers ;—
In the green-wood bowers ;
Pluck the buttercups, and raise
Your voices in His praise.

The Voice of the Grass.

Anonymous.

HERE I come creeping, creeping every where;
By the dusty roadside,
On the sunny hillside,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping every where.

All around the 'open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play,
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping every where.

In the noisy city street,
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part,
Silently creeping, creeping every where.

You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping every where.

More welcome than the flowers,
In Summer's pleasant hours ;
The gentle crow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping. creeping every where.

When you're numbered with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy Spring I'll come,
And deck your silent home ;
Creeping, silently creeping, every where.

My humble song of praise,
Most gratefully I raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land ;
Creeping, silently creeping, every where.

Flowers.

Anonymous

THERE are flowers round about me
As I sit beneath the lime ;
Sweet lowly things are breathing
The breath of olden time.

They look so kindly upward,
I greet them as my friends ;
And my mind to each small blossom
Such holy beauty lends,

That, as if to living creatures,
Where'er my glance may fall,
On the blue-bells or the daisies,
I say, " God bless you all !"

Go forth, my little daughter,
The mid-day heat is o'er,
Go forth among the flowers,
And gather thee a store.

The little fairy Speedwell,
With its many eyes of blue,
How well I can remember
Green lanes wherein it grew.

The Daisies, see how gayly
Like little stars they shine,
The darlings of thy childhood,
As once they were of mine.

The Blue-bell—when I see it,
My thoughts fly back once more,
To a pine-wood, whose recesses
With its bloom were purpled o'er.

Go forth, dear child, and pluck them,
And bring thy spoils to me ;
Thou lov'st the gay, bright colors,
Though thou seest not what I see !

To me they bring remembrance
Of many long past Springs ;
They are types to me and shadows
Of yet more lovely things.

They have sprung in joyous beauty
From the drear and wintry earth,
When all was dead and dreary,
They have brought their new-born mirth

Their stems are weak and fragile,
To the faintest wind they bend,
Yet their coming is a token
That death is not our end.

Not more of love than wisdom
Was theirs, who round the tomb
First brought, in faith far-seeing,
Gay flowers to bud and bloom.

On every leaf is written
A sweet consoling thought;
The hope of life upspringing
From death, by them is brought.

My child, my happy darling,
Go pluck me many a one,
Though thou'rt the gayest flower
That smiles beneath the sun!

Go forth, thou blessed being,
And bring thy sweet spoils here,
Though I need no other token
Of heaven, when thou art near!

I need no other token
Than thy fair and happy face,
Through which on me are beaming
God's mercy and God's grace.

Blue Flowers.

Caroline Eustia.

YOU ask what flowers I love the best,
When Spring calls forth her pretty train
And, each in cheerful garments dressed,
She sends them forth o'er hill and plain.
Give me *blue* flowers
To grace my bowers,
The perfect color—heaven's own blue ;
Sweet violet,
In emerald set,
And glistening with the fragrant dew ;
Or by the brook,
With downcast look,
The modest harebell's fairy form
I love to see,
Where, lovely, she
Doth bend her head to meet the storm.

Blue flowers !—Oh give me fair blue flowers !

So pleadingly their azure eyes

Uplook in mine in morning's hours,

Taking their color from the skies :

Of heaven they learn ;

To heaven they turn

Their opening eyes at break of day ;

And heaven doth shed

On each fair head,

A blessing on them where they lay ;

A blessing meet

For flowers so sweet,

A portion of her glory bright.

Let our prayer be,

Oh thus may we

Be clothed upon with robes of light !

The Garden.

Andrew Marvell

HOW vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays ;
And their incessant labors see
Crown'd from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garlands of Repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear !
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties her exceed !
Fair trees, where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow.
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
The nectarine, the curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensna'ed with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness ;

The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here, at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide :
Here, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets, and claps its silver wings ;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walk'd without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two Paradises are in one,
To live in Paradise alone

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new :
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :

And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes his time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flowers?

Flowers.

Barry Cornwall.

WE have left behind us,
The riches of the meadows,—and now come
To visit the virgin primrose where she dwells,
'Midst harebells and the wild-wood hyacinths.
'Tis here she keeps her court. Dost see yon bank
The sun is kissing? Near,—go near! for there,
(Neath those broad leaves, amidst yon straggling grasses)
Immaculate odors from the violet
Spring up for ever! Like sweet thoughts that come
Winged from the maiden fancy, and fly off
In music to the skies, and there are lost,
These ever-steaming odors seek the sun,
And fade in the light he scatters

The Vernal Shower.

Mrs. Hemans

NOW the lucid tears of May
Gem the blossoms of the spray ;
Every leaf and bending flower
Glitters in the vernal shower.

Lovely in the clouded sky
See, the Rainbow shines on high ;
Mark the heavenly colors bright
Ere they vanish from the sight.

Fairer now the view around ;
Brighter verdure decks the ground ;
Flora, smiling in her bower,
Hails the tender vernal shower.

Cool and fragrant is the gale,
Breathing sweets from yonder vale ;
Where the flowers in freshened pride
Smile upon the fountain side.

See ! again the skies appear
Clad in blue, serenely clear :
Mild and genial is the hour ;
Sweet the balmy vernal shower.

The Sun.

Southey

[MARVEL not, O Sun ! that unto thee
In adoration men should bend the knee,
And pour forth prayers of mingled awe and love ;
For like a god thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest with benignant ray,
Beauty and life and joyance from above.
No longer let these mists thy radiance shroud,
These cold, raw mists that chill the comfortless day ,
But shed thy splendor thro' the opening cloud,
And cheer the world once more. The languid flowers
Lie scentless, beaten down with heavy rain ;
Earth asks thy presence, saturate with showers ,
O Lord of light ! put forth thy beams again,
For damp and cheerless are the gloomy bowers.

The Daisy.

Wordsworth

IN youth, from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill, in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy ;
But now my own delights I make,—
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And Nature's love of thee partake,
Her much-loved Daisy !

Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few gray hairs ;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee ;
Whole Summer-fields are thine by right ;
And Autumn, melancholy wight !
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane,
Pleased at his greeting thee again ;
 Yet nothing daunted,
Nor grieved if thou be set at naught :
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
 When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose ;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
 Her head impearling ;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame ;
Thou art, indeed, by many a claim,
 The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine, lie
 Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare ;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art !—a friend at hand, to scare
 His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
 Some apprehension ;
Some steady love ; some brief delight ;
Some memory that has taken flight ;
Some chime of fancy, wrong or right ,
 Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to thee should turn,
I drink out of an humbler urn
 A lowlier pleasure ;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life our nature breeds ;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
 Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful Flower ! my spirits play
 With kindred gladness :
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
 Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
 To thee am owing ;
An instinct call it, a blind sense ;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
 Nor whither going.

Child of the year ! that round dost run
Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun
As ready to salute the sun
 As lark or leveret,
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain ;
Nor be less dear to future men
Than in old time ;—thou not in vain
 Art Nature's favorite.

Mossgiel.

Wordsworth.

“**T**HERE,” said a stripling, pointing with much pride,
Towards a low roof, with green trees half-concealed
“Is Mossgiel farm ; and that’s the very field
Where Burns plough’d up the daisy !” Far and wide
A plain below stretch’d seaward ; while, descried
Above sea clouds, the peaks of Arran rose ;
And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea and air was vivified.
Beneath the random field of clod or stone
Myriads of daisies here shone forth in flower
Near the lark’s nest, and in their natural hour
Have passed away ; less happy than the one
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.

The May Morning.

Grace Greenwood.

THE morning brightness showereth down from heaven;
The morning freshness goeth up from earth;
The morning gladness shineth everywhere !
Soon as the sun, in glorious panoply,
Parting the crimson curtains of his tent,
Begins the day's proud march, the voice of song
And flush of beauty live along his way !
The maiden flowers, whom all the dreamy night,
The starlight vainly wooed, with wan, cold smile,
Blush as his presence breathes upon their bloom,
And feel his kiss through all their glowing veins,
And shake the night dew from their joyous heads,
And pour thick perfumes on the golden air.

The trees bow at his coming and look brave
In all the richness of their new attire ;
The Aspen's shining leaves give back his smile,
Dancing in glee, yet whispering in awe.

Like bashful maidens at some gorgeous fete,
Graced by a monarch's presence ; aged Oaks
Grow young again at their stout, loyal hearts ;
The stately brotherhood of mountain Pines
Give forth a solemn greeting, like a band
Of stern old monks, in sombre vestments clad.
Like Ganymede, the Magnolia stands,
Graceful and fair ; his silver chalice lifts,
Brimmed with night's nectar, to the thirsty god.
The garden Lilac, rich in purple bloom,
Scatters her royal largess far and wide ;
And the warm bosom of the opening Rose
Pants out its odorous sighs to the "sweet south,"
That soft-plumed, low-voiced rover from afar,
Whose wings are heavy with the perfume stolen
From the cleft hearts of his forsaken loves.
The Mignonette breathes tenderly and deep,
The pure home-fragrance of an humble heart ;
And even the tiny Violet can make
Her little circle sweet as love ; the Vine
Swaying in mid-air to the frolic wind,
Rains scented blossoms on the clover tufts,
And cheerful daisies, lighting up the grass.
The Robin and the Oriole awake
With the first sunshine glancing on their wings,
To thrill the young leaves quivering round their nests
With glad, wild gushes of exulting song,—
To pour swift waves of clear, delicious sound
Fresh and rejoicing, on the morning air.

Evening Rainbow.

Southey.

MILD arch of promise, on the evening sky,
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray
Each in the other melting ; much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee, for the day
Changeful and many weathered, seemed to smile,
Flashing brief splendor thro' the clouds the while,
Which deepened dark anon and fell in rain.

But pleasant is it now to pause and view
Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.
Such is the smile that piety bestows

On the good man's pale check, when he, in peace,
Departing gently from a world of woes
Anticipates the world where sorrows cease.

Night.

William Habington

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ;

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character
Remov'd far from our human sight :

But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge **learn**.

It tells the conqueror
That far stretch'd power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest **sway**.

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in **vice**.

And they likewise shall
Their ruin have ;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a **grave**.

There those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watch'd since first
The world had birth,
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

May.

Percival.

I FEEL a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours,—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves.

And from its darkening shadow floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May ;
The tresses of the woods
With the light dallying of the west wind play ;
And the full brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run
Hail the returning sun.

— • • • —

Hymn to the Flowers.

Horace Smith.

DAY stars ! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew drops on her lovely altars sprinkle
As a libation !

Ye matin worshippers ! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high !

Ye bright mosaics ! that with storied beauty
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive **duty**
Your forms create !

'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath plann'd.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply ;
Its choir the wind and waves—its organ, thunder—
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod ;
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God,—

Your voiceless lips, Oh flowers ! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles ! that in dewy splendor,
“ Weep without wo, and blush without a crime,”
O, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your lore sublime !

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory,
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented picture, heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,—
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interr'd in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
A second birth!

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

Hector in the Garden.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

I.

NINE years old ! The first of any
Seem the happiest years that come ;—
Yet when *I* was nine, I said
No such word !—I thought, instead,
That the Greeks had used as many
In besieging Ilium.

II.

Nine green years had scarcely brought me
To my childhood's haunted spring ;—
I had life, like flowers and bees,
In betwixt the country trees ;
And the sun, the pleasure taught me,
Which he teacheth every thing.

III.

If the rain fell, there was sorrow ;—
Little head leaned on the pane.
Little finger drawing down it
The long trailing drops upon it,—
And the " Rain, rain, come to-morrow,"
Said for charm against the rain.

IV.

Such a charm was right Canidian,
Though you meet it with a jeer !
If I said it long enough
Then the rain hummed dimly off,
And the thrush, with his pure Lydian,
Was left only to the ear ;

V.

And the sun and I together
Went a-rushing out of doors :
We our tender spirits drew
Over hill and dale in view,
Glimmering hither, glimmering thither,
In the footsteps of the showers.

VI.

Underneath the chestnuts dripping,
Through the grasses wet and fair,
Straight I sought my garden-ground,
With the laurel on the mound,
And the pear-tree oversweeping
A side shadow of green air.

VII.

In the garden, lay supinely
A huge giant, wrought of spade !
Arms and legs were stretched at length
In a passive giant strength,—
And the meadow-turf, cut finely,
Round them laid and interlaid.

VIII.

Call him Hector, son of Priam !
Such his title and degree.
With my rake I smoothed his brow,
Both his cheeks I weeded through :
But a rhymers such as I am,
Scarce can sing his dignity.

IX.

Eyes of gentianella's azure,
Staring, winking at the skies ;
Nose of gillyflowers and box ;
Scented grasses, put for locks—
Which a little breeze, at pleasure,
Set a-waving round his eyes.

X.

Brazen helm of daffodillies,
With a glitter towards the light ;
Purple violets, for the mouth,
Breathing perfumes west and south ;
And a sword of flashing lilies,
Holden ready for the fight.

XI.

And a breastplate, made of daisies.
Closely fitting, leaf by leaf ;
Periwinkles interlaced
Drawn for belt about the waist ;
While the brown bees, humming praises,
Shot their arrows round the chief.

XII.

And who knows (I sometimes wondered),
If the disembodied soul
Of old Hector, once of Troy,
Might not take a dreary joy
Here to enter, if it thundered,
Rolling up the thunder-roll?

XIII.

Rolling this way, from Troy-ruin,
In this body rude and rife,
He might enter, and take rest
'Neath the daisies of the breast—
They, with tender roots, renewing
His heroic heart to life.

XIV.

Who could know? I sometimes started
At a motion or a sound!
Did his mouth speak, naming Troy,
With an *οποποποποπο*?
Did the pulse of the Strong-hearted
Make the daisies tremble round?

XV.

It was hard to answer, often:
But the birds sang in the tree—
But the little birds sang bold,
In the pear-tree green and old;
And my terror seemed to soften,
Through the courage of their glee.

XVI.

Oh, the birds, the tree, the ruddy
And white blossoms, sleek with rain !
Oh, my garden, rich with pansies !
Oh, my childhood, bright romances !
All revive, like Hector's body,
And I see them stir again !

XVII.

And despite life's changes—chances,
And despite the death-bell's toll,
They press on me in full seeming !—
Help, some angel ! stay this dreaming
As the birds sang in the branches,
Sing God's patience through my soul !

XVIII.

That no dreamer, no neglecter,
Of the present's work unsped,
I may wake up and be doing,
Life's heroic ends pursuing,
Though my past is dead as Hector,
And though Hector is twice dead.

Hymn.

ANON

THOU Giver of all earthly good—
Thou wonder-working Power,
Whose Spirit smiles in every star,
And breathes in every flower ;
How gratefully we speak Thy name,
How gladly own Thy sway,
How thrillingly Thy presence feels
When 'mid Thy works we stray !

We may forget Thee for a time,
In scenes with tumult rife,
When worldly cares or pleasures claim
Too large a share of life ;
But not in Nature's sweet domain,
Where every thing we see,
From loftiest mount to lowliest flower
Is eloquent of Thee.

Where waves lift up their tuneful voice,
And solemn anthems chime,
Where winds through echoing forests peal
Their melodies sublime ;
Where'er insensate objects breathe
Devotion's grateful lays—
Man cannot choose but join the choir
That hymns his Maker's praise.

Beneath the city's gilded domes,
In temples decked with care,
Where Art and Splendor vie to **make**
Their earthly mansions fair ;
Our forms may lowly bend, our lips
May breathe a formal lay,
The while our wayward hearts refuse
The holy rites to pay.

But in that grander temple, reared
By thine Almighty hand,
Where glorious Beauty bids the mind's
Diviner powers expand ;
Our thoughts, like grateful vassals, **give**
A homage glad and free,
Our souls in adoration bow,
And mutely reverence Thee.

Late Spring.

Southey.

THOU lingerest, Spring, still wintry is the scene ;
The fields their dead and sapless russet wear ;
Scarce does the glossy Celandine appear
Starring the sunny bank, or, early green,
The Elder yet its circling tufts put forth ;
The sparrow tenants still the eave-built nest,
Where we should see our martin's snowy breast
Oft darting out. The blasts from the bleak north
And from the keener east still frequent blow ;
Sweet Spring, thou lingerest, and it should be so—
Late let the fields and gardens blossom out !
Like man, when most with smiles thy face is drest,
'Tis to deceive, and he who knows you best.
When most ye promise, even most will doubt.

Fine Weather in May.

Leigh Hunt

READER! what soul that loves a verse can see
The Spring return, nor glow like you and me?
Hear the rich birds, and see the landscape fill,
Nor long to utter his harmonious will?

This, more than ever, leaps into the veins,
When Spring has been delayed by winds and rains,
And, coming like a burst, comes with a show
Blue all above, and basking green below,
And all the people culling the sweet prime:
Then issues forth the bee, to clutch the thyme,
And the bee-poet rushes into rhyme.

For lo! no sooner have the chills withdrawn,
Than the bright elm is tufted on the lawn;
The merry sap has run up in the bowers,
And burst the windows of the buds in flowers;
With song the bosoms of the birds run o'er;
The cuckoo calls; the swallow's at the door;

And apple-trees at noon, with bees alive,
 Burn with the golden chorus of the hive.
 Now all these sweets, these sounds, this vernal blaze—
 Is but one joy expressed a thousand ways ;
 And honey from the flowers, and song from birds,
 Are from the poet's pen his overflowing words.

Ah, friends ! methinks it were a pleasant sphere,
 If, like the trees, we blossomed every year ;
 If locks grew thick again, and vernal dyes
 Returned in cheeks, and raciness in eyes ;
 And all around us, vital to the tips,
 The human orchard laughed with cherry lips !

So natural is the wish, that bards gone by
 Have left it all in some immortal sigh.

* * * * *

But see ! the weather calls me. Here's a bee
 Comes bounding in my room imperiously,
 And, talking to himself, hastily burns
 About mine ear, and so in heat returns.
 O little brethren of the fervid soul,
 Kissers of flowers, lords of the golden bowl,
 I follow to your fields and tufted brooks :
 Winter's the time to which the poet looks
 For hiving his sweet thoughts, and making honeyed books.

To a Flower.

Anon

DAWN, gentle flower,
From the morning earth !
We will gaze and wonder
At thy wondrous birth !

Bloom, gentle flower !
Lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower,
Fondled by the night !

Fade, gentle flower !
All thy white leaves close ;
Having shown thy beauty,
Time 'tis for repose.

Die, gentle flower,
In the silent sun !
So,—all pangs are over,
All thy tasks are done.

Day hath no more glory,
Though he soars so high;
Thine is all man's story,
Live,—and love,—and die!

The Origin of Dimples.

A FANCY.

ONE morning in the blossoming May,
A child was sporting 'mongst the flowers
Till, wearied out with his restless play,
He laid him down to dream away
The long and scorching noontide hours.
At length an Angel's unseen form
Parted the air with a conscious thrill,
And poised itself like a presence warm
Above the boy who was slumbering still.
Never before had so fair a thing
Stayed the swift speed of his shining wing;
And gazing down with a wonder rare,
On the beautiful face of the dreamer there,
The Angel stooped to kiss the child,
When lo! at the touch the baby smiled—
And just where the unseen lips had prest,
A *dimple* lay in its sweet unrest,—

Sporting upon his cheek of rose
Like a ripple waked from its light repose,
On a streamlet's breast when the soft wind blows.
—And the Angel passed from the sleeping one,
For his mission to Earth was done.

A fair face bent above the boy ;
It must have been the boy's own mother,—

For never would such pride and joy
Have lit the face of any other.
And while she gazed, the quiet air
Grew tremulous with a whispered prayer ;
Anon it ceased, and the boy awoke,
And a smile of love o'er his features broke.

The mother marked with a holy joy
The dimpling cheek of her darling boy,
And caught him up, while a warm surprise
Stole like a star to her midnight eyes !—
And she whispered low, as she gently smiled,
“ I know an Angel has kissed my child ! ”

To Corianna, to go a Maying.

Herrick.

GET up, get up for shame! the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since. yet you are not drest,
Nay, not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whereas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;

Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you ;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying ;
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time ;
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun ;
And as a vapor, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again ;
So, when you and I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying.
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

The Close of Spring.

Charlotte Smith.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower which she had nursed in dew,
Anemonies that spangled every grove—

The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,

Or purple orchis variegate the plain.
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,

And dress with humid hands her wreaths again —
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,

Are the fond visions of thine early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care

Bid all thy fairy colors fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?

Summer.

R. H. Stoddard

THE Summer-time has come again,
With all its light and mirth.
And June leads on the laughing hours,
To bless the weary earth.

The sunshine lies along the street,
So dim and cold before,
And in the open window creeps.
And slumbers on the floor.

The country was so fresh and fine
And beautiful in May,
It must be more than beautiful,
A Paradise to-day !

If I were only there again,
I'd seek the lanes apart,
And shout aloud in mighty words,
To ease my happy heart.

But prisoned here with flat brick walls,
I sit alone and sigh;
My only glimpse of Summer near,
A strip of cloudy sky.



June.

Mary Noel Meigs

LAUGHINGLY thou comest,
Rosy June,
With thy light and tripping feet,
And thy garlands fresh and sweet,
And thy waters all in tune;
With thy gifts of buds and bells,
For the uplands and the dells,
With the wild-bird and the bee
On the blossom or the tree,
And my heart leaps forth to meet thee,
With a joyous thrill to greet thee,
Rosy June;
And I love the flashing ray
Of the rivulets at play,
As they sparkle into day,
Rosy June!
Most lovely do I call thee,
Laughing June!

For thy skies are bright and blue,
As a sapphire's brilliant hue,
And the heats of Summer noon,
Made cooler by thy breath—
O'er the clover-scented heath,
Which the scythe must sweep so soon ;
And thou fann'st the fevered cheek
With thy softest gales of balm,
Till the pulse so low and weak
Beateth stronger and more calm.
And the student's listless air,
As a dreamy sound and dear,
Hath caught a pleasant murmur of the insect's busy hum,
Where arching branches meet,
O'er the turf beneath his feet.
And a thousand Summer fancies with the melody have come ;
And he turneth from the page
Of the prophet or the sage,
And forgetteth all the wisdom of his books ,
For his heart is roving free
With the butterfly and bee,
And chimeth with the music of the brooks,
Singing still their merry tune
In the flashing light of noon,
One chord of thy sweet lyre,
Laughing June !
A glimpse thou art of Heaven,
Lovely June !

Type of a purer clime
Beyond the flight of time,
Where the amaranth flowers are rife
By the placid stream of life,
 For ever gently flowing ;
Where the beauty of the rose
In that land of soft repose,
No blight nor fading knows
 In immortal fragrance blowing.

And my prayer is still to see
In thy blessed ministry,

A transient gleam of regions that are all divinely fair ;
A foretaste of the bliss

In a holier world than this,

**And a place beside the loved ones who are safely gathered
there.**

The Tulip and Eglantine.

Anon.

THE Tulip called to the Eglantine,
“ Good neighbor, I hope you see
How the throngs that visit the garden come
To pay their respects to me.

“ The florist admires my elegant robe,
And praises its rainbow ray,
Till it seems as if, through his raptured eyes
He was gazing his soul away.”

“ It may be so,” said the Eglantine ;
“ In an humble nook I dwell,
And what is passing among the great,
I cannot know so well.

“ But they speak of me as the flower of love,
And that low-whispered name,
Is dearer to me, and my infant buds,
Than the loudest breath of fame.”

On Observing a Blossom on the First of February.

S. T. Coleridge.

SWEET Flower! that peeping from thy russet stem
Unfoldest timidly (for in strange sort
This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering Month
Hath borrowed Zephyr's voice, and gazed on thee
With blue, voluptuous eye), alas, poor Flower!
These are but flatteries of the faithless year.
Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave,
E'en now, the keen North East is on its way
Flower that must perish! Shall I liken thee
To some sweet girl, of too, too rapid growth,
Nipped by consumption 'mid untimely charms?
Or to Bristowa's bard,* the wondrous boy!
An amaranth, which earth scarce seemed to own,
Till disappointment came, and pelting wrong
Beat it to Earth? or with indignant grief
Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's hope,
Bright flower of hope, killed in the opening bud?
Farewell, sweet blossom! better fate be thine

* Chatterton.

And mock my boding! dim similitudes
 Weaving in moral strains, I stole one hour
 From anxious self, Life's cruel taskmaster!
 And the warm wooings of this sunny day
 Tremble along my frame, and harmonize
 The attempered organ, that even saddest thoughts
 Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes
 Played deftly on a soft-toned instrument.

Valentine.

Southey

GO, Valentine, and tell that lovely maid
 Whom fancy still will image to my sight
 How here I linger in this sullen shade,
 This dreary gloom of dull, unvarying night.
 Say that from every joy of life remote,
 At evening's closing hour I quit the throng,
 Listening in solitude the ring-dove's note,
 Who pours like me her melancholy song.
 Say that her absence calls the sorrowing sigh;
 Say that of all her charms I love to speak
 In fancy feel the magic of her eye,
 In fancy view the smile illumine her cheek;
 Court the lone hour when Silence rules the grove,
 And heave the sigh of Memory and of Love.

The Birdie's Song.

Anon.

AS I came o'er the distant hills,
I heard a wee bird sing :
O pleasant are the primrose buds
In the perfumed breath of spring !
And pleasant are the mossy banks,
Beneath the birchen bowers,—
But a home wherein no children play,
Is a garden shorn of flowers !”

And once again I heard the bird,
His song was loud and clear :
“ How glorious are the leafy woods
In the summer of the year !
All clothed in green, the lovely boughs
Spread wide o'er land and lea,—
But the home wherein no son is born,
Is a land without a tree !”

The birdie ceased its happy song,
 I heard its notes no more ;
 The water rippled silently
 To the blue lake's quiet shore :
 But a mother sang her cradle hymn :
 " All hallowed be your rest,
 And Angels watch the shining heads
 That leaned on Jesus' breast !"

A City Lyric.

T. Westwood.

'MID the crowds I needs must linger,
 Aye, and labor day by day,—
 But I send my thoughts to wander,
 And my fancies far away.
 In the flesh I'm cloud encompassed,
 Through the gloom my path doth lie ;—
 In the spirit, by cool water,
 Under sunny skies am I.

Do not pity me, my brother,—
 I can see your fountains play ;
 I can see your streams meander,
 Flashing in the golden ray.

And mine ear doth drink your music,
Song of birds or rippling leaves,
Or the reapers' staves sung blithely
'Mid the ripe brown barley sheaves.

I go forth at will, and gather
Flowers from gardens trim and fair;
Or among the shady woodlands
Cull the sweet blooms lurking there.
Little wot you. O! my brother,
While I toil with sweat of brow,
Of the leisure that doth wait me
'Neath the far-off forest bough.

Little wot you, looking upward
At the smoke-wreaths low'ring there,
That my vision is not bounded
By this dull and murky air;—
That these thick close streets and alleys
At my bidding vanish quite,
And the meadows ope before me,
And the green hills crowned with light.

Do not pity me, my brother,—
God's dear love to me hath given
Comfort 'mid the strife and turmoil,
And some blessings under heaven;

In the flesh I'm cloud encompassed,
In the gloom my footsteps stray,
But I send my thoughts to wander,
And my fancies far away ;
And they bring me strength for trial
And sweet solace day by day.

The Teachings of Eva.

FLOWERS.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith

THE opening bud that lightly swung
Upon the dewy air,
Moved in its very sportiveness
Beneath angelic care ;
For pearly fingers gently oped
Each curved and painted leaf,
And where the canker-worm had been
Were looks of angel grief.

She loved all simple flowers that spring
In grove or sunlit dell,
And of each streak and varied hue
A meaning deep would tell.
She said a language was impressed
On every leaf that grew,
And lines revealing brighter worlds,
That seraph fingers drew.

Each tiny leaf became a scroll
 Inscribed with holy truth,
 A lesson that around the heart
 Should keep the dew of youth;
 Bright missals from angelic throngs
 In every by-way left—
 How were the earth of glory shorn
 Were it of flowers bereft.

They tremble on the Alpine height—
 The fissured rock they press—
 The desert wild, with heat and sand
 Shares too their blessedness;
 And wheresoe'er the weary heart
 Turns in its dim despair,
 The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
 Inviting it to prayer.



Life.

Charles Mackay.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
 Strewed acorns on the lea,
 And one took root and sprouted up,
 And grew into a tree.
 Love sought its shade at evening time,
 To breathe its early vows,
 And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
 To bask beneath its boughs :

The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore !

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern ;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn ;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo ! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside !

A dreamer dropped a random thought ;
'Twas old and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true ;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo ! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great ;
A watchfire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still !

A nameless man, amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
 Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied from the heart;
 A whisper on the tumult thrown—
 A transitory breath—
 It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
 O germ ! O font ! O wold of love !
 O thought at random cast !
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last !



Song.

Tennyson.

I.

A SPIRIT haunts the year's last hours,
 Dwelling amidst these yellowing bowers:
 To himself he talks;
 For at eventide, listening earnestly,
 At his work you may hear him sob and sigh,
 In the walks;
 Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks of the mouldering
 flowers:
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 O'er its grave i' the earth so chilly:
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

II.

The air is damp, and hushed, and close,
 As a sick man's room, where he taketh repose
 An hour before death:
 My very heart faints, and my whole soul grieves
 At the moist, rich smell of the rotting leaves,
 And the breath
 Of the fading edges of box beneath, and the year's last rose.
 Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
 O'er its grave i' the earth so chilly:
 Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
 Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.



Song for August.

Harriet Martineau.

BENEATH this starry arch
 Nought resteth or is still;
 But all things hold their march
 As if by one great will.
 Moves one, move all;
 Hark to the foot-fall!
 On, on, for ever.

Yon sheaves were once but seed;
 Will ripens into deed;
 As eave-drops swell the streams,
 Day thoughts yield nightly dreams.

And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song,
On, on, for ever.

By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by;
I never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all;
Hark to the foot-fall!
On, on, for ever.

They pass the cradle head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave;
They bear through every clime,
The harvests of all time,
On, on, for ever.

The Fire-Fly.

Barry Cornwall.

TELL us, O Guide ! by what strange natural laws
This wingèd flower throws out, night after night,
Such lunar brightness. *Why?* for what grave cause
Is this earth-insect crowned with heavenly light ?

Peace ! Rest content ! see where, by cliff and dell,
Past tangled forest paths and silent river,
The little lustrous creature guides us well,
And where we fail, his small light aids us ever.

Night's shining servant ! Pretty star of earth !
I ask not why thy lamp doth ever burn ;
Perhaps it is thy very life,—thy mind ;
And thou, if robbed of that strange right of birth,
Might be no more than Man—when Death doth turn
His beauty into darkness, cold and blind.

Autumn Flowers.

Caroline Southey.

THOSE few pale Autumn Flowers !
How beautiful they are !
Than all that went before,
Than all the Summer store,
How lovelier far !

And why ?—They are the *last*—
The last!—the last!—the last !
Oh ! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirr'd !
That sister of the past !

Pale Flowers !—pale, perishing Flowers !

Ye're types of precious things,
Types of those bitter moments
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That time the fastest spends),
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words, half utterèd,
Last looks of dying friends !



Songs and Chorus of the Flowers.

Leigh Hunt.

ROSES.

WE are blushing Roses,
Bending with our fulness,
'Midst our close-capped sister buds
Warming the green coolness.

Whatsoe'er of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,—
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath
Took a shape in roses.

Hold one of us lightly,
See from what a slender
Stalk we bow'd in heavy blooms,
And roundness rich and tender.

Know you not our only
Rival flower,—the human ?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
Joy-abundant woman ?

LILIES.

We are Lilies fair,
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held us forth and said,
“Lo ! my thoughts of white.”

Ever since then, angels
Hold us in their hands;
You may see them where they take
In pictures their sweet stands.

Like the garden's angels
Also do we seem,
And not the less for being crown'd
With a golden dream.

Could you see around us
The enamored air,
You would see it pale with bliss
To hold a thing so fair.

VIOLETS.

We are Violets blue,
 For our sweetness found
 Careless in the mossy shades,
 Looking on the ground.
 Love's dropp'd eyelids and a kiss,—
 Such our breath and blueness is.

Io, the mild shape
 Hidden by Jove's fears,
 Found us first i' the sward, when she
 For hunger stoop'd in tears.
 "Wheresoe'er her lip she sets,"
 Jove said, "be breaths call'd Violets."

SWEET-BRIER.

Wild-rose, Sweet-brier, Eglantine,
 All these pretty names are mine,
 And scent in every leaf is mine,
 And a leaf for all is mine,
 And the scent—oh, that's divine !
 Happy sweet and pungent-fine,
 Pure as dew, and picked as wine.

As the Rose in gardens dress'd,
 Is the lady self-possess'd ;
 I'm the lass in simple vest,
 The country lass whose blood's the best ;

Were the beams that thread the brier
In the morn with golden fire
Scented too—they'd smell like me,
All Elysian pungency.

POPPIES.

We are slumberous Poppies,
Lords of Lethe downs,
Some awake, and some asleep,
Sleeping in our crowns.
What perchance our dreams may know,
Let our serious beauty show.

Central depth of purple,
Leaves more bright than rose,
Who shall tell what brightest thought
Out of darkest grows?
Who, through what funereal pain
Souls to love and peace attain?

Visions aye are on us,
Unto eyes of power,
Pluto's always-setting sun,
And Proserpina's bower.
There, like bees, the pale souls come
For our drink with drowsy hum.

Taste, ye mortals, also;
Milky-hearted we;
Taste, but with a reverent care;
Active, patient be.
Too much gladness brings to gloom
Those who on the gods presume.

A Still Day in Autumn.

Mrs. Whitman.

I LOVE to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft light of an Autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of Beauty glides away.

How in each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild-grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst.

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel shining,
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldy halls;
With hoary plumes the Clematis entwining
Where o'er the rock her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning,
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams thro' their fringes raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,
The Gentian nods in dewy slumbers bound.

The little birds upon the hill-side lonely
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray;
Silent as a sweet wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers in the warm sunlight dreaming,
Forget to breathe their fulness of delight,
And through the trancèd woods soft airs are streaming,
Still as the dew-fall of the Summer night.

So in my heart, a sweet, unwonted feeling
Stirs like the wind in ocean's hollow shell,
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no word its mystic charm to tell.



The Moon.

Hood.

MOTHER of light ! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led !
Art thou that Huntress of the silver bow
Fabled of old ? Or rather, dost thou tread

Those cloudy summits hence to gaze below,
Like the wild chamois on her Alpine snow,
Where hunter never climbed—secure from dread ?
A thousand ancient fancies I have read
Of that fair presence, and a thousand wrought,
 Wondrous and bright,
 Upon the silver light,
Tracing fresh figures with the artist thought.

What art thou like ? Sometimes I see thee ride
 A far-bound galley on its perilous way,
 Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray :
Sometimes behold thee glide,
 Clustered by all thy family of stars,
Like a lone widow through the welkin wide,
 Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars.
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
 Till in some Latinian cave I see thee creep,
 To catch the young Endymion asleep,
Leaving thy splendor at the jagged porch.

O thou art beautiful, howe'er it be !
 Huntress, or Diana, or whatever named, —
 And he the veriest Pagan who first framed
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipped thee ;
It is too late, or thou should'st have my knee,—
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows ;

Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild moon,
Behind those chestnut boughs,
Casting their dappled shadows at my feet;
I will be grateful for that simple boon,
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.



The Evening Gilliflower.

Anon.

COME, look at this plant, with its narrow, pale leaves,
And its tall, slim, delicate stem,
Thinly studded with flowers!—yes, with flowers!—
There they are !
Don't you see at each joint there's a little brown star ?
But in truth, there's no beauty in them.

So you ask why I keep it ? the little mean thing!
Why I stick it up here, just in sight,—
'Tis a fancy of mine,—“ A strange fancy ! ” you say ;
“ No accounting for tastes ! ” In this instance, you may,
For the flower . . . But I'll tell you to-night.

Some six hours hence, when the Lady Moon
Looks down on that bastion'd wall,
When the twinkling stars dance silently
On the rippling surface of the sea,
And the heavy night-dews fall ;

Then meet me again in this casement niche,
 On the spot where we're standing now.—
 Nay, question not wherefore ! Perhaps, with me,
 To look out on the night, and the broad, bright sea,
 And to hear its majestic flow !

* * * * *

Well, we're met here again ; and the moonlight sleeps
 On the sea, and the bastion'd wall,
 And the flowers there below.—How the night wind brings
 Their delicious breath on its dewy wings !
 “But there's one,” say you, “sweeter than all !”

Far sweeter ! and where, think you, groweth the plant
 That exhaleth such perfume rare ?
 Look about, up and down—But take care, or you'll break,
 With your elbow, the poor little thing that's so weak :
 “Why, 'tis *that* smells so sweet, I declare !”

Ah ha ! is it *that* ? Have you found out now
 Why I cherish that odd little fright ?
 All is not gold that glitters, you know ;
 And it is not all worth makes the greatest show
 In the glare of the strongest light.

There are *human* flowers full many, I trow,
 As unlovely as that by your side,
 That a common observer passeth by
 With a scornful lip and a careless eye,
 In the heyday of pleasure and pride.

But move one of these to some quiet spot,
From the mid-day Sun's broad glare,
Where domestic peace broods with dove-like wing;
And try if the homely, despised thing,
May not yield sweet fragrance there.



The Reaper and the Flowers.

Longfellow.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“Shall I have naught that is fair?” saith he ;
“Have naught but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves :
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
“Dear tokens of the earth are they
Where he was once a child.

“They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care;
And saints, upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
Those flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an Angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

The Falls of the Passaic.

Washington Irving.

IN a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,
Where Nature had fashioned a soft, sylvan scene,
The retreat of the ringdove, the haunt of the deer,
Passaic in silence rolled gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astounded the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight ;
Here the wild flow'ret blossomed, the elm proudly waved
And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the Spirit that ruled o'er the thick-tangled wood,
And deep in its gloom fixed his murky abode,
Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder, and lightning, and storm ;

All flushed from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encountered the children of flame,
While the noise of the war-whoop still rang in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears :

With a glance of disgust he the landscape surveyed,
With its fragrant wild flowers, its wide waving shade :—
Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid low ;
He taught the pure streams in rough channels to flow ;
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurled down the chasm the thundering wave.

Countless moons have since rolled in the long lapse of time ,
Cultivation has softened those features sublime ;
The axe of the white man has lightened the shade,
And dispelled the deep gloom of the the thicketed glade.

But the stranger still gazes, with wondering eye,
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high ;
Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong, embosomed in foam.

The Wasted Flowers.

W. Bowen, M. D

WHEN sycamores were throwing
 Their arms across the stream,
The cadence of whose flowing
 Like a Naiad's song might seem,
A rosy child was playing—
 A child of face so fair,
That she seemed a being straying
 From the brighter realms of air

On her grassy couch reclining,
 By the streamlet's margin green,
A rose-bud wreath entwining
 Her fair young neck was seen;
And many bright-hued flowers,
 In field and wild-wood sought,
Culled in their gladsome hours,
 That little child had brought.

And as the stream went dancing,
In all its gladness on,
Its silver ripples glancing,
Like mirrors in the sun—
Anon, a beauteous blossom
From out her lap she drew,
Which on the water's bosom,
In her childish glee she threw.

Nor noted she the measure
Of the loss her store sustained,
'Till of all her pretty treasure,
Nor bud, nor flower remained ;
Then for those blossoms sighing,
Which she never more might see
She to the stream stood crying,
"Bring back my flowers to me"

But onward, nothing caring
What the weeping child might say,
The waters flowed, still bearing,
All her blooming gems away ;
And oft in after hours
Came back such words as these,
"O bring me back my flowers,"
Borne on the fitful breeze.

Thou gay one, who art wasting
Thine hours in idle mirth,
Who from thee time art casting,
As a thing of little worth,
She who sat thoughtless, throwing
Her treasure on the stream,
Is but thy emblem, showing
What thou to others seem.

The moments in their fleetness,
Are flowers of rich perfume—
Waste not their precious sweetness,
While yet for thee they bloom—
Lest when thou seest the hours,
Receding swift from thee,
Thou cry “Bring back my flowers,
O, bring them back to me!”

The Chosen Tree.

"Estelle"

"I'LL choose this tree for mine !
When I'm afar, if thou wouldst learn my fate,
Look on it—if it flourish or decline,
Such destiny, believe, will me await !

"At the return of Spring,
See, if its leaves come forth all fresh and bright ;
List, if the robin in its branches sing
A carol gay—then know my heart is light !

"Come in the Summer days,
And visit it, and sit beneath its shade ;
Seek its cool shelter from the noontide rays,
Nor let it thy forgetfulness upbraid.

"And when with Autumn's blast,
Its golden-tinted leaves abroad are hurled,
Look if its trunk be hardy to the last,
For such will be my courage through the world.

“Watch it, dear friend, for me !
'Tis bending now, to catch the water's tone !
The wave, perhaps, may whisper to the tree,
Of him, who blends its thriving with his own.”

And then, his name he graved
Upon the bark, and turned his steps away—
And o'er the river, still the branches waved,
And still the stream flowed on, from day to day.

And she, as years went by,
Oft wandered in her walks to that lone spot ;
But to her questionings came no reply,
The waves were mute, the breezes answered not.

Dreamer, where art thou now ?
The axe has hewn thy tree, but not destroyed—
Rough hewn, perchance thy fortunes. Where art thou ?
In what far land dost wander, how employed ?

The sympathetic chain
Of friendship, ever circles thee around,
And by its strong, magnetic power, again
Thy image to thy chosen tree is bound.

For still thy friend of old,
Is watching o'er thy visioned destiny,
Bound by her promised word, her faith to hold
In this, thy speculative prophecy.

A Nocturnal Reberie.

Countess of Winchelsea

IN such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confin'd,
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings;
Or from some tree, fam'd for the owl's delight,
She, hallooing clear, directs the wand'rer right.
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face;
When in some river, overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshen'd grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite;
Whence springs the woodbird, and the bramble rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip shelter'd grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet checkers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scatter'd glow-worms, but in twilight fine
Show trivial beauties, watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Sal'sb'ry stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright;
When odors, which deelin'd repelling day,
Through temp.'rate air uninterrupted stray;

When darken'd groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear ;
When through the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose ;
Whilst sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale ;
When the loos'd horse, now as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through th' adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthen'd shade we fear,
Till torn up forage in his teeth we hear,
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine re-chew their cud ;
When curlews cry beneath the village-walls,
And to her struggling brood the partridge calls ;
Their short-liv'd jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant-man does sleep ;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals ;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something, too high for syllables to speak ;
Till the free soul to a compos'dness charm'd,
Finding the elements of rage disarm'd,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in th' inferior world, and thinks it like her own
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all's confus'd again ;
Our cares, our toils, our clamors are renew'd,
Or pleasures, seldom reach'd, again pursu'd.

The Use of Flowers.

Mary Howitt.

GOD might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The one within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow ;
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.
The clouds might give abundant rain ;
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night:—
Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them ~~not~~—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim.
For who so careth for the ~~flowers~~
Will much more care for **him**.

The Setting Sun.

Sir Walter Scott

THOSE evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints serve to display
Their great Creator's praise ;
Then let the short-lived thing called man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,
To Him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.

The Elm Sylph.

H. W. Parker.

A BEAUTIFUL Elm, with a maidenly form,
That smiles in the sunlight and swings in the storm.
Has shaded my window for many a year,
And grown, like a sister, more lovely and dear.
It whispers me dreams in the soft Summer days,
It sprinkles my table with gold-floating rays;
It sings me its music through all the hushed night,
And shows me a glimpse of the stars' stealthy light;
It curtains the glare of the wakening dawn,
And woos back the dusk on the shadowy lawn.

Oh, long have I loved thee, my Elm, gentle Elm!
Thou standest as proud as the queen of a realm,
And winningly waviest thy soft leafy arms,
Like a beautiful maid who is conscious of charms.
Oh, oft have I leaned on thy rough-rinded breast,
And thought of it oft as an iron-like vest—
No breast-plate of steel, but a corslet of bark
That hid the white limbs of my Joan of Arc!

Shout, shout to thy brothers, the forests, I said,
 And lead out the trees with a soldierly tread ;
 Thou art armed to the head, and hast many a plume,—
 So marshal the trees and avert their sad doom ;
 Enroll all their squadrons and lead out the van,
 And turn the swift axe on your murderer—man !
 But ah, thus I said evermore,—ah, the trees,
 Though they wail in the tempest and sing in the breeze
 Have never a soul, and are rooted in earth !
 They live and they die where they spring into birth ;
 The stories of Dryads are only a dream,
 And trees are no more than they outwardly seem.



The Anemone.

Hartley Coleridge.

WHO would have thought a thing so slight,
 So frail a birth of warmth and light,
 A thing as weak as fear or shame,
 Bearing thy weakness in thy name—
 Who would have thought of seeing thee,
 Thou delicate Anemone !

* * * * *

What power has given thee to outlast
 The pelting rain, the driving blast—

To sit upon thy slender stem,
A solitary diadem,
Adorning latest Autumn with
A relic sweet of vernal pith?
O Heaven! if, as faithful I believe,
Thou wilt the prayer of faithful love receive,
Let it be so with me! I was a child—
Of large belief, though froward, wild.
Gladly I listened to the holy word,
And deemed my little prayers to God were heard
All things I loved, however strange or odd,
As deeming all things were beloved by God.
In youth and manhood's careful sultry hours,
The garden of my youth bore many flowers
That now are faded; but my early faith,
Though thinner far than vapor, spectre, wraith,
Lighter than aught the rude wind blows away,
Has yet outlived the rude tempestuous day,
And may remain, a witness of the Spring,
A sweet, a holy, and a lovely thing;
The promise of another Spring to me,
My lovely, lone, and lost Anemone!

October.

Bryant.

AY, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath !
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow weak, and the weak suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death,
Wind of the sunny south ! Oh, still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age, released from care,
Journeying in long serenity, away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bowers and brooks
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices, ever nigh ;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

Grief's Neglect.

Tennyson.

UNWATCHED the garden bough shall sway
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away.

Unloved, the sunflower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose carnation feed
With Summer spice the humming air.

Unloved, by many a sandy bar
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon, or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star.

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crake;
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove.

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child.

As year by year the laborer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades ;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.



The Sensitive Plant.

Percy B. Shelley

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt every where ;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss,
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mœnad, its moonlight colored cup,
Till the fiery star which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
And all rare blossoms from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.



Ode on Melancholy.

Keats.

NO, no ! go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine ;
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd
By night shade, ruby grape of Proserpine ;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrows' mysteries ;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud :

Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt-sand wave,
Or on the wealth of globed peonies ;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Imprison her soft hand and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die :
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu : and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips :
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine ;
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

The Child and the Autumn Leaf.

Samuel Lover

DOWN by the river's bank I stray'd
 Upon an Autumn day ;
Beside the fading forest there,
 I saw a child at play.
She play'd among the yellow leaves—
 The leaves that once were green,
And flung upon the passing stream
 What once had blooming been :
Oh ! deeply did it touch my heart
 To see that child at play ;
It was the sweet, unconscious sport
 Of childhood with decay.

Fair child, if by this stream thou stray
 When after-years go by,
The scene that makes thy childhood's sport
 May wake thy age's sigh ;

When fast you see around you fall
The Summer's leafy pride,
And mark the river hurrying on
Its ne'er returning tide ;
Then may you feel in pensive mood
That life's a Summer dream ;
And man, at last, forgotten falls—
A leaf upon the stream.

Birth-Day Flowers.

Anon.

GO whisper to the gentle one
All that our hearts would say,
Ye emblems of the fondest hopes
That crown her life to-day !

Tell her, pale Lily, as thy leaves
Benign protection yield,
So would our love around her cast
A broad and silent shield.

Breathe prophecies of happy years,
Thou sweet and blushing Rose—
Years fragrant with as pure delight
As from the chalice flows.

And thou, meek Violet, appeal
Unto her guileless heart,
And with thy quiet loveliness
Celestial dreams impart.

Interpret thus her destiny,
Whose gifts of kindred birth
Lend sweetness to our daily life,
And beauty to the earth.

A blooming garland softly rests
Upon her modest brow,
And may the Dew-Drops ne'er exhale
That sparkle on it now !

Song for the Season.

Eliza Cook.

LOOK out, look out. there are shadows about ;
The forest is donning its doublet of brown,
The willow-tree sways with a gloomier flout,
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown !
'Tis true we all know that Summer must go,
That the swallow will never stay long on our eaves !
Yet we'd rather be watching the wild rose blow,
Than be counting the colors of Autumn leaves !

Look high, look high, there's the lace-winged fly,
Thinking he's king of a fairy realm,
As he swings with delight on the gossamer tie,
That is linked 'mid the boughs of the sun-tipped elm !
Alas ! poor thing, the first rustle will bring
The pillars to dust, where your pleasure clue weaves.
And many a spirit, like thine, will cling
To hopes that depend upon Autumn leaves !

Look low, look low, the night-gusts blow,
And the restless forms in hectic red,
Come whirling and sporting wherever we go,
Lighter in dancing, as nearer the dead !
Oh ! who has not seen rare hearts, that have been
Painted and painting, in garb that deceives,
Dashing gayly along in their fluttering sheen
With Despair at the core, like the Autumn leaves !

Look on, look on, morn breaketh upon
The hedge-row boughs, in their withering hue ;
The distant orchard is sallow and wan,
But the apple and nut gleam richly through.
Oh ! well it will be if our life, like the tree,
Shall be found when old Time of green beauty bereaves,
With the fruit of good works for the Planter to see
Shining out in Truth's harvest through Autumn leaves !

Merrily pours, as it sings and soars,
The West wind over the land and seas,
Till it plays in the forest, and moans and roars,
Seeming no longer a mirthful breeze!
So Music is blest, till it meeteth a breast
That is probed by the strain, while Memory grieves
To think it was sung by a loved one at rest,
Then it comes like the sweet wind in Autumn leaves!

Nor in an hour are leaf and flower
Stricken in freshness and swept to decay;
By gentle approaches, the frost and the shower,
Make ready the sap veins for falling away!
And so is Man made to as peacefully fade,
By the tears that he sheds, and the sigh that he heaves,
For he's loosened from earth by each trial-cloud's shade,
Till he's willing to go, as the Autumn leaves!

Look back, look back, and you'll find the track
Of human hearts strown thickly o'er
With Joy's dead leaves, all dry and black,
And every year still flinging more.
But the soil is fed, where the branches are shed
For the furrow to bring forth fuller sheaves,
And so is our trust in the future spread
In the gloom of Mortality's Autumn leaves!

Lessons from the Gorse.

Mrs. Browning.

"To win the secret of a weed's plain heart."

LOWELL

MOUNTAIN Gorses, ever golden !
Cankered not the whole year long !
Do you teach us to be strong,
Howsoever pricked and holden
Like your thorny blooms, and so
Trodden on by rain and snow
Up the hill-side of this life, as bleak as where ye grow ?

Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms !
Do ye teach us to be glad
When no Summer can be had
Blooming in our inward bosoms ?
Ye, whom God preserveth still,
Set as lights upon a hill,
Tokens to the wintry earth, that Beauty liveth still ?

Mountain Gorses, do ye teach us
From that academic chair
Canopied with azure air.

That the first fruit Wisdom reaches
Hath the hue of childly cheek?

Ye, who live on mountain peak,
Yet live low along the ground, beside the grasses meek!

Mountain Gorses! since Linnæus
Knelt beside you on the sod,
For your beauty thanking God,—

For your beauty, ye should see us
Bowing in prostration new,—

Whence arisen, if one or two
Drops be on our cheeks,—oh world! they are not tears, but
dew.

Work without Hope.

Coleridge.

ALL Nature seems at work. Stags leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.
Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow:
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, Oh ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll;
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.

Emblems of Flowers.

Burns.

A DOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring !
Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

The Daisy amused my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild ;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child.

The Rosebud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :
How fair and how pure is the Lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbor,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :
Her breath is the breath of the Woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
That wakes through the green spreading grove,
When Phæbus peeps over the mountains,
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

The Rose.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

OF all flowers,
Methinks a Rose is best . . .
It is the very emblem of a maid;
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! When the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briars.

The Captive and the Flowers.

From the German of Goethe.

CAPTIVE.

A FLOWER that's wondrous fair, I know,
My bosom holds it dear;
To seek that flower I long to go,
But am imprisoned here.
'Tis no light grief oppresses me;
For in the days my steps were free,
I had it always near.

Far round the tower I send mine eye,
The tower so steep and tall;
But nowhere can the flower desery
From this high castle wall;
And him who'll bring me my desire,
Or be he knight, or be he squire,
My dearest friend I'll call.

ROSE.

My blossoms near thee I disclose,
And hear thy wretched plight;
Thou meanest me, no doubt, the Rose,
Thou noble, hapless knight.
A lofty mind in thee is seen,
And in thy bosom reigns the queen
Of flowers, as is her right.

CAPTIVE.

Thy crimson bud I duly prize
In outer robe of green;
For this thou'rt dear in maiden's eyes,
As gold and jewels' sheen.
Thy wreath adorns the fairest brow,
And yet the flower—it is not thou,
Whom my still wishes mean.

LILY.

The little Rose has cause for pride,
And upwards aye will soar;
Yet am I held by many a bride
The Rose's wreath before.

And beats thy bosom faithfully,
And art thou true, and pure as I,
Thou'lt prize the Lily more.

CAPTIVE.

I call myself both chaste and pure,
And pure from passions low ;
And yet these walls my limbs immure
In loneliness and woe.
Though thou dost seem, in white array,
Like many a pure and beauteous maid,
One dearer thing I know.

PINK.

And dearer I, the Pink, must be,
And me thou sure dost choose,
Or else the gard'ner ne'er for me
Such watchful care would use ;
A crowd of leaves enriching bloom !
And mine through life the sweet perfume,
And all the thousand hues.

CAPTIVE.

The Pink can no one justly slight,
The gard'ner's favorite flower ;
He sets it now beneath the light,
Now shields it from its power.
Yet 'tis not pomp, who o'er the rest
In splendor shines, can make me blest ;
It is a still, small flower.

VIOLET.

I stand concealed, and bending low,
And do not love to speak ;
Yet will I, as 'tis fitting now,
My wonted silence break.
For if 'tis I, thou gallant man,
Thy heart desires, thine, if I can,
My perfumes all I'll make.

CAPTIVE.

The Violet I esteem indeed,
So modest and so kind ;
Its fragrance sweet yet more I need,
To soothe mine anguished mind.
To you the truth will I confess ;
Here, 'mid this rocky dreariness,
My love I ne'er shall find.
The truest wife by yonder brook
Will roam the mournful day,
And hither cast the anxious look,
Long as immured I stay.
Whene'er she breaks a small blue flower,
And says, "Forget me not!" the power
I feel, though far away.
Yes, e'en though far, I feel its might,
For true love joins us twain,
And therefore 'mid the dungeon's night
I still in life remain.
And sinks my heart at my hard lot,
I but exclaim, "Forget me not!"
And straight new life regain.

Fragment.

Sir Walter Scott.

AND well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all his round surveyed,
And still I thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power.

Sonnet.

Spenser.

SWEET is the Rose, but growes upon a brere;
Sweet is the Juniper, but sharpe his bough;
Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
Sweet is the Firbloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the Cypress, but his rind is tough,
Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the Broome-flowere, but yet sowre enough;
And sweet is Moly, but his roote is ill.

So every sweet with sowre is tempered still,
 That maketh it be coveted the more:
 For easie things that may be got at will,
 Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
 Why then should I account of little pain,
 That endless pleasure shall unto me gaine?



Children of the Sun's First Glancing.

Schiller.

CHILDREN of the sun's first glancing,
 Flowers that deck the bounteous earth;
 Joy and mirth are round ye dancing,
 Nature smiled upon your birth;
 Light hath veined your petals tender,
 And with hues of matchless splendor
 Flora paints each dewy bell;
 But lament, ye sweet spring blossoms,
 Soul hath never thrill'd your bosoms,
 All in cheerless night ye dwell.

Nightingale and lark are singing
 Many a lay of love to you;
 In your chaliced blossoms swinging,
 Tiny sylphs their sylphids woo;
 Deep within the painted bower
 Of a soft and perfumed flower,
 Venus once did fall asleep;
 But no pulse of passion darted
 Through your breast, by her imparted—
 Children of the morning, weep.

When my mother's harsh rejection
Bids me cease my love to speak—
Pledges of a true affection,
When your gentle aid I seek—
Then by every voiceless token,
Hope, and faith unchanged, are spoken,
And by you my bosom grieves;
Love himself among you stealeth,
And his awful form concealeth,
Shut within your folding leaves.

Flowers for the Heart.

E. Elliott.

FLOWERS ! winter flowers—the child is dead,
The mother cannot speak;
Oh, softly couch his little head,
Or Mary's heart will break !

Amid those curls of flaxen hair
This pale pink riband twine,
And on the little bosom there
Place this wan lock of mine.

How like a form in cold white stone,
The coffin'd infant lies !
Look, mother, on thy little one,
And tears will fill thine eyes.

She cannot weep, more faint she grows,
More deadly pale and still;
Flowers ! oh, a flower ! a Winter Rose,
That tiny hand to fill.

Go, search the fields ! the lichen wet
Bends o'er th' unfailing well;
Beneath the furrow lingers yet
The scarlet Pimpernel.

Peeps not a Snowdrop in the bower,
Where never froze the spring ?
A Daisy ? ah ! bring childhood's flower !
The half-blown Daisy bring !

Yes, lay the Daisy's little head
Beside the little cheek ;
Oh, haste ! the last of five is dead !
The childless cannot speak !



Flowers :

SENT ME DURING ILLNESS.

Richard H. Dana.

I LOVED you ever, gentle flowers,
And made you playmates of my youth ;
The while your spirit stole
In secret to my soul,
To shed a softness through my ripening powers,
And lead the thoughtful mind to deepest truth.

And now, when weariness and pain
Had cast you almost from my breast,
 With each a smiling face,
 In all your simple grace,
You come once more to take me back again
From pain to ease, from weariness to rest.

Kind visitants! through my sick room
You seem to breathe an air of health,
 And with you looks of joy
 To wake again the *boy*,
And to the pallid cheek restore its bloom,
And o'er the desert mind pour boundless wealth.

And whence ye came, by brimming stream,
'Neath rustling leaves, with birds within,
 Again I musing tread—
 Forgot my restless bed,
And long sick hours—Too short the blessed dream !
I woke to pain !—to hear the city's din !

But time nor pain shall ever steal
Or youth or beauty from my mind ;
 And blessings on ye, flowers,
 Though few with me your hours,
The youth and beauty and the heart to feel,
In her who sent you, ye will leave behind !

The Dandelion.

James Russel Lowell.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold;
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and full of pride, behold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An El Dorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth,—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder Summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease,
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space nor time;
Not in mid-June, the golden cuirassed bee
Feels a more Summer-like, warm ravishment,
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His conquered Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways;—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind,—or waters blue
That from a distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap,—and of a sky above
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark oak tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art !
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
 Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.



To the Snowdrop.

Barry Cornwall.

PRETTY firstling of the year !
 Herald of the host of flowers !
 Hast thou left thy cavern drear,
 In the hope of Summer hours ?
 Back unto thy earthen bowers !
 Back to thy warm world below,
 Till the strength of suns and showers
 Quell the now relentless snow.

Art *still* here ?—Alive and blythe ?
 Though the stormy night hath fled,
 And the frost hath passed his scythe,
 O'er thy small unsheltered head ?
 Ah ! some lie amidst the dead,
 (Many a giant stubborn tree,—
 Many a plant, the spirit shed,)
 That were better nursed than thee !

What hath saved thee? Thou wast not
'Gainst the arrowy Winter furred,—
Armed in scale,—but all forgot

When the frozen winds were stirred.
Nature, who doth clothe the bird,
Should have hid thee in the earth,
Till the cuckoo's song was heard,
And the Spring let loose her mirth.

Nature,—deep and mystic word!
Mighty mother still unknown!
Thou did'st sure the Snowdrop gird
With an armor all thine own!
Thou, who sent'st it forth alone
To the cold and sullen season,
(Like a thought at random thrown,)
Sent it thus for some grave reason!

If 'twere but to pierce the mind
With a single gentle thought,
Who shall deem thee harsh or blind?
Who that thou hast vainly wrought?
Hoard the gentle virtue caught
From the Snowdrop,—reader wise?
Good is good, wherever taught,
On the ground or in the skies!

Field Flowers.

Campbell.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet wildings of nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to Summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams,
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm ;
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep, mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note,
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June ;
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of the spell.

Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.



The Rhodora.

Emerson.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods ;
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay ;
Here might the red-breast come, his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora ! if the sages ask thee why
Thy charm is wasted on earth and sky,

Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
 Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
 Why thou wert here, O rival of the rose !
 I never thought to ask—I never knew ;
 But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
 The self-same power that brought me there, brought you.

The Flower.

George Herbert.

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are thy returns, e'en as the flowers in Spring ;
 To which, besides their own demean,
 The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
 Grief melts away
 Like snow in May ;
 As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
 Could have recovered greenness ? It was gone
 Quite underground, as flowers depart
 To see their Mother-root when they have blown ;
 Where they together
 All the hard weather
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
 Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
 And up to heaven in an hour ;

Making a chiming of a passing bell,
 We say amiss
 This or that is :
Thy word is all ; if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither !
 Many a Spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at Heaven, growing and groaning thither :
 Nor doth my flower
 Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent as if Heaven were mine own,
 Thy anger comes and I decline :
What frost to that ? What pole is not the zone
 Where all things burn,
 When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown ?

And now in age I bud again ;
After so many deaths I live and write ;
 I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing ; O my only light
 It cannot be
 That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night !

These are thy wonders, Lord of love !
To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
 Which when we once can find and prove

April.

H. W. Longfellow.

ALL day the low-hung clouds have dropped
Their garnered fulness down ;
All day that soft gray mist hath wrapped
Hill, valley, grove and town.

There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of nature ;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life, or living creature,—

Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing,
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—
The rain's continuous sound ;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell
Down straight into the ground.

For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen,
Though every dripping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I looked at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs;—

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steaming air,
Is all with fragrance rife;
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores!
Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,—
Then thins, decreases, stops.

And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west, a parting gleam
Breaks forth of amber light.

But yet, behold ! abrupt and loud,
Comes down the glittering rain ;
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of her train.



Buttercups and Daisies.

Mary Howitt.

BUTTERCUPS and Daisies—
Oh! the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the Spring-time
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and Daisies
Spring up here and there.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth;
Ere the crocus bold;
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold ;
Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright!
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the Daisy white.

Little hardy flowers
Like to children poor
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door;

Purple with the north-wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not and caring not,
Though they be a-cold!

What to them is weather!
What are stormy showers!
Buttercups and Daisies
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength,
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow Buttercups!
Welcome, Daisies white!
Ye are in my spirit
Visioned, a delight!
Coming ere the Spring-time,
Of sunny hours to tell—
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth *all things well*.

May.

Willis.

O H, the merry day has pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide.
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music,
Like a tune with pleasant words.

The verdure of the meadow-land
Is creeping to the hills,
The sweet, blue-blossom'd violets
Are blowing by the rills ;
The lilac has a load of balm
For every wind that stirs,
And the larch stands green and beautiful
Amid the sombre firs.

There's perfume upon every wind—
Music in every tree—
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers,
Sweets for the sucking bee ;

The sick come forth for the healing south,
The young are gathering flowers;
And life is a tale of poetry
That is told by golden hours.

If 'tis not a true philosophy,
That the spirit, when set free,
Still lingers about its olden home,
In the flower and the tree,
It is very strange that our pulses thrill
At the sight of a voiceless thing,
And our hearts yearn so with tenderness
In the beautiful time of Spring.

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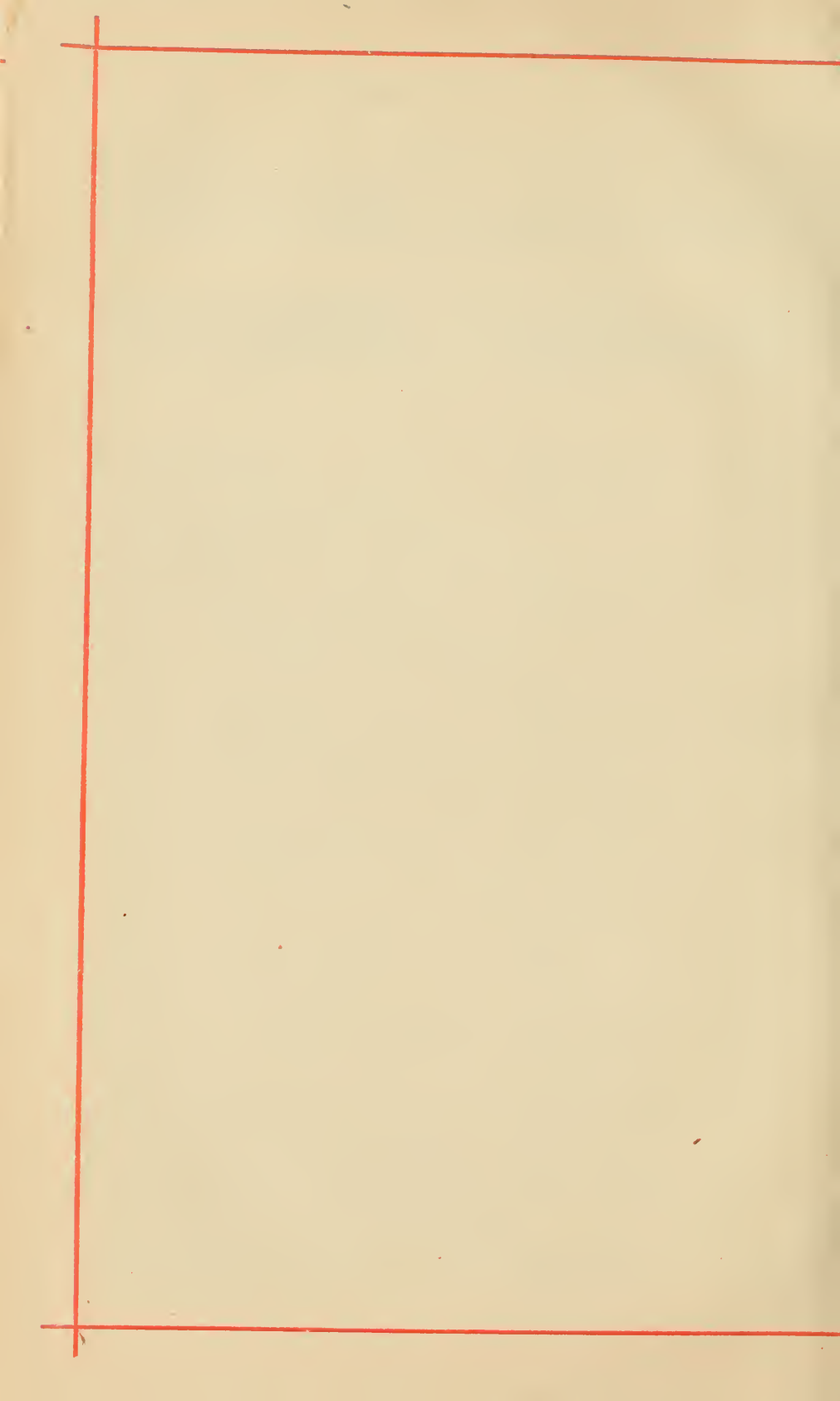
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